

Sept. 24, 1979

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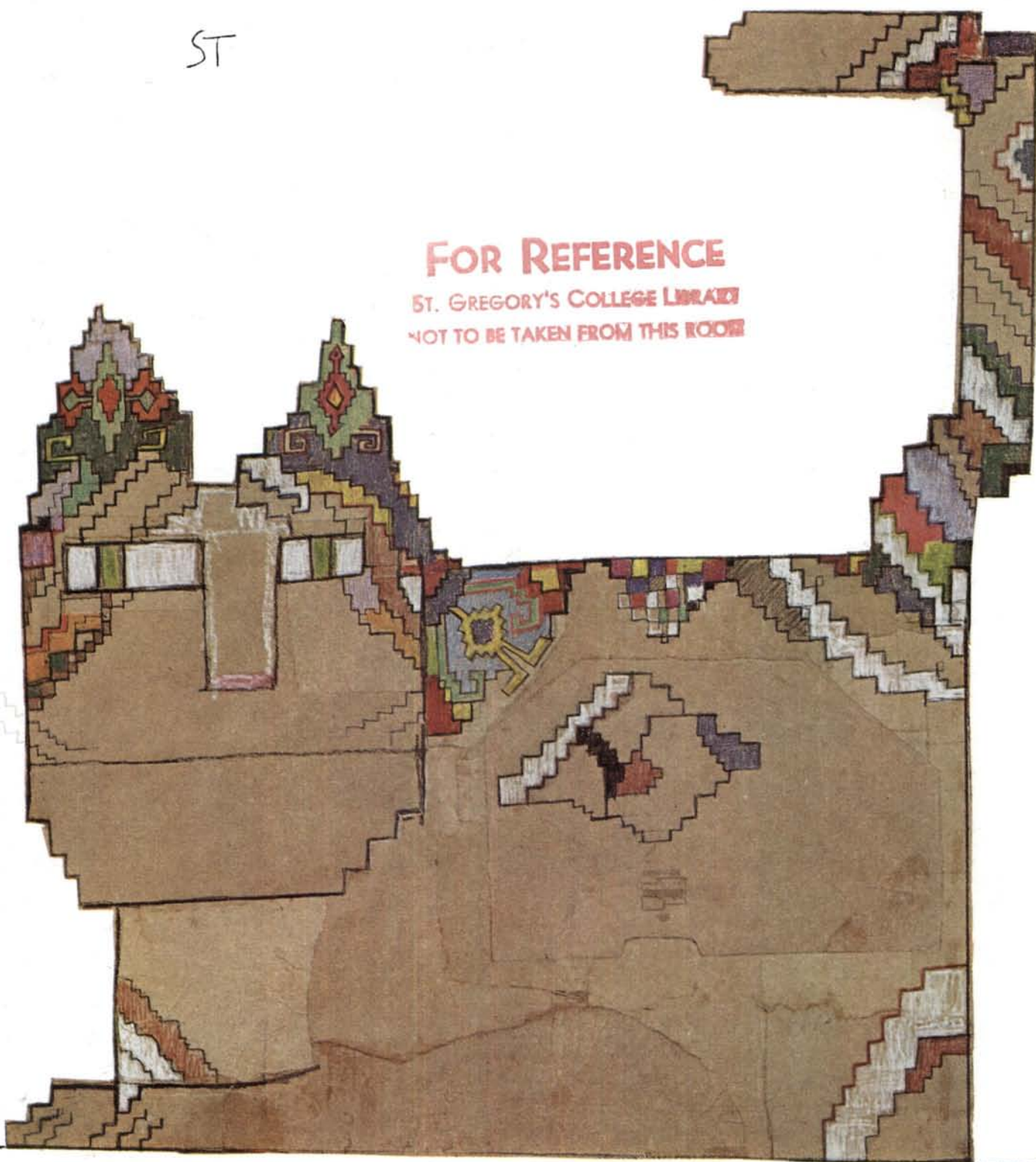
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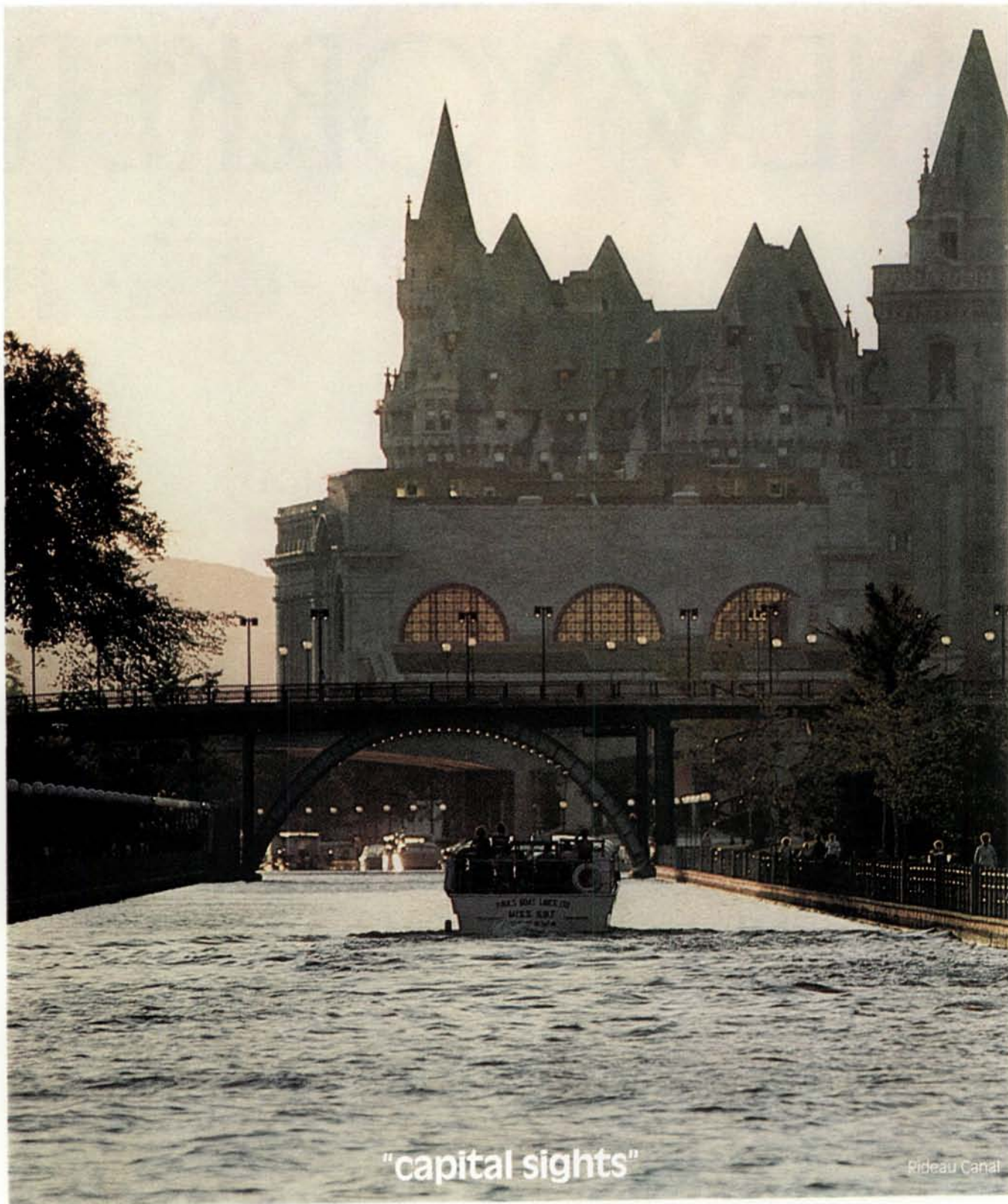
NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE BANANA BOX—A comedy by Eric Chappell, imported from London. Previews through Thursday, Sept. 20. Opens officially on Friday, Sept. 21, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 21. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

BEDROOM FARCE—A very funny play by Alan Ayckbourn, about four married couples of assorted ages and appetites. With Mildred Natwick, John Lithgow, and Robert Coote. Directed by the author and Peter Hall. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BIG BAD BURLESQUE—A musical entertainment conceived and directed by Don Brockett. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, is the author of a comic horror play, **BURIED CHILD**. The setting is a blighted farm in Illinois, and the performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15. Closes Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . A play by Marty Martin, **GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN**, with Pat Carroll. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

DIVERSIONS AND DELIGHTS—Vincent Price portrays Oscar Wilde in a return engagement of a one-character play by John Gay. (4/24/78) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 7.)

THE ELEPHANT MAN—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsis directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5960. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE ENCHANTED PIG—Charles Ludlam's fairy tale for his Ridiculous Theatrical Company is not entirely for children; there are enough references to "King Lear" and "Macbeth" and other classics to keep their escorts alert. Even in its stretches of depressing coyness, one is always aware of an original dramatic imagination at work. Directed by Mr. Ludlam. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 5.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's **THE SOUND OF MUSIC** will be the first in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 20, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 14. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EVITA—A musical with lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, and a cast headed by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. Directed by Harold Prince. Previews through Monday, Sept. 24. Opens officially on Tuesday, Sept. 25. (Broadway

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Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GETTING OUT—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. Directed by Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

GILDA RADNER—LIVE FROM NEW YORK—Two stars of the TV show "Saturday Night Live"—Miss Radner and Don Novello—in a series of funny skits, along with some pleasant singing and dancing. (8/13/79) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Sept. 22.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, Sept. 23: **RUDDIGORE**. . . . Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 26-30: **IOLANTHE**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LOOSE ENDS—Michael Weller reports on his

generation, now in its thirties. As one might expect, its members are getting ahead, as well as along; as one might also expect, this doesn't bring happiness. Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline play the leads with exceptional grace and strength. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PETER PAN—High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE PRICE—This revival of Arthur Miller's play, which has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway, is better than the original 1968 production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Mat-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is superior. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

SCRAMBLED FEET—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN—A revival of Sean O'Casey's play. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 19, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 30. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinéés Sundays at 2:30.)

SPELL #7—Ntozake Shange's new show—a mosaic of scenes and recitations and music and dancing, set in a bar frequented by black actors and actresses—is a spellbinder indeed. The performances, under Oz Scott's direction, are very good; those of Mary Alice, Reyno, La Tanya Richardson, and Larry Marshall are even better than that. (7/16/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

STRIDER: THE STORY OF A HORSE—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 5.)

SWEENEY TODD—A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With Len Cariou as the murderer and Angela Lansbury as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG—A two-speed musical with Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?—A brilliant performance by Tom Conti in a play by Brian Clark about a young man who believes he has the right to choose death over life. A grim-sounding topic, but the playwright has invested it with humor and warmth. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bor-



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dello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **CHAPTER TWO**: A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Laurence Luckinbill plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ...

A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DRACULA**: Jean LeClerc co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **EUBIE!**: A captivating old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. The music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-six. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,064 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.) ... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TO-**

GETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Sundays at 3.) ... **MUMMENSCHNITZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Sundays at 3.) ... **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

PEARL PRIMUS—Miss Primus and her company in "Earth Theatre." (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-7190. Thursdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

CHARLES MOORE DANCES & DRUMS OF AFRICA—"Awassa Astrige," "Tokai," "Souvenir d'Haiti," and other works. (Marymont Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday, Sept. 28, at 7:30; Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8; and Sunday, Sept. 30, at 2. For information about tickets, call 924-5451.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-7812)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, Dry Jack, a jazz-rock quartet from Kansas City, will perform; on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 26-27, Janet Lawson will sing with her quartet; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, pianist Barry Miles will head up a quartet. Other bands round out the schedule. Music Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club that shrewdly books jazz, new-wave, country, blues, and, above all, rock bands. Two bluesy rock bands—Roomful of Blues and the Fabulous Thunderbirds—will trade sets on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22; on Tuesday, Sept. 25, sixteen performers who usually work street corners will be brought in to play the club (and there will be only one show that night, beginning at seven-thirty); Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 26-27, will be given over to the English jazz-rock band Brand X; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, the Shirts, a new-wave band from Brooklyn, will be present. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

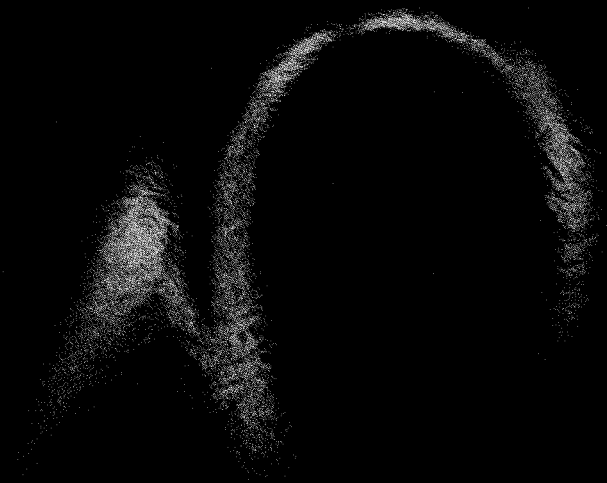
BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. Mondays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays, pianist and composer RAY BRYANT is on hand with his bassist. Sundays are the domain of singer and pianist Joe Derise. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Nightly homage to Brazil's Tin Pan Alley. The room is chic and urbane, cleverly done up with mirrors, plants, and subtle lighting—it all somehow suggests a nighttime view of Rio. A capable trio and a singer perform bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—BUCKY PIZZARELLI, a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist TONY MONTE and bassist RON NASPO from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—BOBBY SHORT, exuberant as ever, is back in the Café Carlyle with his bassist, BEVERLY PEER, and his drummer, GENE GAMMAGE. They go on at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . In the Bemelmans Bar, BARBARA CARROLL has her way with the keyboard Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist ELLIS LARKINS is a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's backed Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers. And he's just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A pioneer new-wave (formerly punk) rock club, and still one of the most important outlets. The bands: The Rudies, Colors, the Decks, and the Big Fat Pet Clams from Outer Space on Wednesday, Sept. 19; the Helen Wheels Band and Sore Throat Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 20-22. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large corner club with a past—it has been known as Nick's, Your Father's Mustache, and Alfredo's Settebello. It is now a country-and-Western hangout, though one needn't arrive in a pickup truck in order to be admitted. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—This redesigned corner bar has brought in singer and pianist RONNY WHYTE, who works with bassist JACK SIX Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—ALBERTA HUNTER is not only a famous blues singer and composer but also a funny, rocking, and totally delightful entertainer. She's present with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Aaron Bell Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays belong to pianist SAMMY PRICE, who performs at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—HUGH SHANNON has come back to claim this singer-pianist's room, in which all the tables are close to the piano, and all the customers are usually very attentive. Mr. Shannon works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine until two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Sept. 23, SCOTT HAMILTON, a young tenor saxophonist influenced by the swing era, will lead a quintet that features BUDDY TATE, a tenor saxophonist who influenced the swing era. They will begin playing at eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A beautiful, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room with one of the most bizarre entrances in town: a green-tinted Plexiglas door and a long, narrow hallway that challenges one's depth perception.

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The music: TED CURSON, who plays trumpet, pocket trumpet, and whistle—which he uses to signal his soloists—performs out-there jazz as well as straight-ahead hard bop with infectious good humor through Saturday, Sept. 22. On Tuesday, Sept. 25, guitarist JOE PASS, who is out-and-out revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike—and by a lot of non-playing listeners, too—will move in. Sets begin at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—On Mondays guitarist ATTILA ZOLLER collaborates with pianist DON FRIEDMAN; on Tuesdays, guitarist CHUCK WAYNE leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist JOE PUMA usually holds down the fort with bassist FRANK LUTHER, pianist HOD O'BRIEN, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sunday, when they start at nine. On Sundays, BROOKS KERR sings and plays piano from five to nine. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards team up on the tiny bandstand.

HORS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. Singer and pianist NINA SHELDON and her trio play for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Joe Albany alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

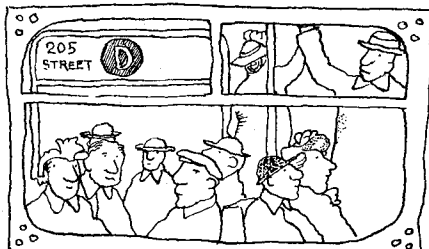
HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with live and taped new-wave and old-wave rock, and dancing to both. On Wednesday, Sept. 19, the Necessaries and the Motels; on Thursday, Sept. 20, the A's and the Proof; on Friday, Sept. 21, the Bloodless Pharaohs and Chi Pig; and on Saturday, Sept. 22, Rob Stoner and Levi and the Rockats. Live music after eleven; taped music from nine. Closed Sundays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A carpeted jazz loft with a living-room atmosphere: One just stretches out while the musicians perform on the bandstand. Various jazz players turn up to jam Fridays through Sundays from nine. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, Brazilian trumpeter CLAUDIO RODITI will be the guest musician. Soft drinks and snacks.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—ROY ELDRIDGE, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, MAX KAMINSKY leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant, bar, and piano-bass depot. Pianist BILLY TAYLOR and his bassist, VICTOR GASKIN, are present through Saturday, Sept. 22; on Tuesday, Sept. 25, pianist JIMMY ROWLES and bassist GEORGE MRIZ will move in. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas is a place where women are women and men wear Bermuda shorts all summer; the Lone Star is an authentic (despite its Yankee locale) Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two.



Anne Burgess

The big news on the current schedule is a new band co-piloted by RICK DANKO, the bassist and vocalist with the Band—now disbanded—and PAUL BUTTERFIELD, who, without a doubt, is the most convincing bluesman ever to come out of the University of Chicago. They'll be here Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 25-27. Other highlights: Wednesday, Sept. 19, ALBERT KING and his blues band; Thursday, Sept. 20, folkie and comic Kinky Friedman; and Sunday, Sept. 23, fiddler VASSAR CLEMENTS and his country band. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. Baritone ARTHUR PRYSOCK runs through new and old standards with his backing crew Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at ten-thirty and midnight. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The lineup: Crayola and Get Wet Wednesday, Sept. 19; the Elliott Murphy band Thursday, Sept. 20; Joy Ryder, Avis Davis, and the Billies Friday, Sept. 21; the Heat and 2-Timers Saturday, Sept. 22; Von Lmo, the Features, and the 4 Skins Sunday, Sept. 23; and Terrorist, Hooks, and Power Tools Tuesday, Sept. 25. Music after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The current tribute is to Bing Crosby: instrumental interpretations of songs associated with Crosby are performed by cornettist RUBY BRAFF, bassist MICHAEL MOORE, pianist JOHN BUNCH, guitarist AL CAIOLA, and drummer MEL LEWIS. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinetist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of the line of people waiting outside, one might think that there was a Woody Allen film being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A little neighborhood place that brings in jazz, blues, funk, and disco musicians. Trumpeter Tom Browne and his jazz-rock quintet perform Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 26-29. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-club bar. BEN ARONOV is now at the piano every night except Monday and Friday from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer FREDDIE MOORE, who worked with King Oliver a season or two ago and who just pounced on his eightieth year. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Not everybody here is a folkie: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, will be devoted to the jazz-rock arrangements of electric violinist MICHAEL URBANIAK; and Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 25-27, to the altogether charming hot-jazz solos of violinist STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. A sign in the lobby proclaims that one should "see and hear Cole Porter's piano." It's true that Mr. Lyon's instrument, a Louis XVI Steinway, did belong to Porter, who lived in the hotel, but Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, is the real draw. His touch seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band—SY OLIVER's bouncy septet—populate this room. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The black-and-white-tiled stage of this famous seventies cabaret is claimed Thursdays through Saturdays by Barbara Cook, who sings at nine and eleven-thirty. Karen Akers sings here on Tuesdays and Wednesdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcase nights. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS**, saxophonist **RICKY FORD**, drummer **JIMMY COBB**, and bassist **WALTER BOOKER** work together on Wednesday, Sept. 19; Friday through Sunday, Sept. 21-23, drummer **BERNARD PURDIE** will guide his R.-&-B. group; on Monday, Sept. 24, several musicians, including singer **DENISE DELAPENHA** and trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER**, will be on hand; and on Thursday, Sept. 27, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will bring in his quartet, which will feature tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN**. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In a lounge called the French Quarter, one will find **THE WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND OF YANK LAWSON** and **BOB HAGGART**; through Saturday, Sept. 22. On Monday, Sept. 24, vibraharpist **TERRY GIBBS** will come in with his quartet. Music after nine nightly, except Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Flugelhornist **ART FARMER** leads his quartet through Saturday, Sept. 22; on Sunday and Monday, Sept. 23-24, Roberta Baum will sing with her fine backing trio; and on Tuesday, Sept. 25, tenor saxophonist and flutist **JAMES MOODY** will move in with a quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. Pianist **SADIK HAKIM** and tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** join forces on Wednesday, Sept. 19; on Thursday, Sept. 20, Vea Williams, a young singer, will get heavy-weight support from bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, pianist **HILTON RUIZ**, and drummer **STEVE MCCALL**; Friday through Sunday, Sept. 21-23, **REGGIE WORKMAN** will head up a quartet; Monday, Sept. 24, will belong to the **CHARLES MOFFETT FAMILY**—bassist **CHARNETT** (age twelve), drummer **CODARVL** (sixteen), and tenor saxophonist **CHARLES, JR.** (twenty); and on Friday, Sept. 28, tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** will perform with pianist **JOHN HICKS**, bassist **WALTER BOOKER**, and drummer **JIMMY COBB**. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club is currently bringing in a lot of blues players. Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **OTIS RUSH** performs through Saturday, Sept. 22; on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 26-27, **SID SELVIDGE**, a Memphis resident, an ex-teacher of anthropology, and a relaxed, funny interpreter of blues songs, will be onstage; and on Friday, Sept. 28, **STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY**, a bluesy, ragtime, slapstick-rock team, will arrive for a three-night visit. Shows usually begin at nine and eleven Sundays through Thursdays; at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for unestablished rock bands, but sometimes established performers make their way onto the stage, too. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music after eleven, usually. Closed Sundays. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the large downstairs room, tenor saxophonist **Stanley Turrentine** leads his disco-jazz-funk quartet through Sunday, Sept. 23. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, **MEMPHIS SLIM**, a literally towering blues pianist, singer, and legend, who has lived in Paris for years, will be here. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. At the Top of the Gate, actor **MICHAEL MORIARTY** will be singing at nine and eleven on Sunday, Sept. 23. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work in the sidewalk lounge on Tuesdays from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**RED GARLAND** last showed up in New York a year and a half ago after a long absence. He drew large crowds, who lined up patiently on the stairs, happily pre-

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tending it was 1957 again—that's when Garland worked with Miles Davis and made some historic records—and Garland's playing, with its unmistakable locked chords and swinging, punching comping, certainly made it seem so. This time, through Sunday, Sept. 23, Garland is working with his own homegrown Dallas quartet. On Tuesday, Sept. 25, altoist **PHIL WOODS** will take over with a quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Most of the patrons of this comfortable bar and soul-food restaurant make a special point of coming—they don't just stroll by and decide to drop in. After all, this isn't a Village club, which thrives on a casual passerby clientele; this is a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way (unless one is a trucker or in the slaughterhouse business) corner. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by pianist **Sonellus Smith**; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to **Harris Simon**. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and his Ellington-minded quartet, which is even called **Ellingtonia**, perform swing music for the new crop of students and any other listeners who happen to be on hand. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SHIRLEY BASSEY—Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 19-20, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, at 7:30 and 10.

ANNE MURRAY—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, Sept. 19, at 8.

BENEFIT CONCERTS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. (564-4400)—Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 19-20, at 7:30: Jackson Browne, the Doobie Brothers, John Hall, Graham Nash, Bonnie Raitt, and James Taylor. . . . Friday, Sept. 21, at 7:30 (for the record only; no seats are left): Mr. Browne, Ry Cooder, Chaka Khan, Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band, Sweet Honey in the Rock, and Jesse Colin Young. . . . Saturday, Sept. 22, at 7:30: Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers, Miss Raitt, Gil Scott-Heron, Mr. Springsteen & the E Street Band, and Peter Tosh.

SUN RA, OREGON, and THE CARLA BLEY BAND—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 20, at 8.

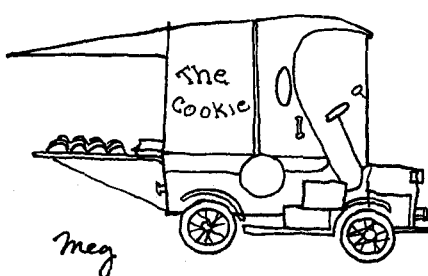
THE CLASH—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 20-21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

REVEREND JAMES CLEVELAND and HIS GOSPEL SINGERS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 22, at 8.

JAMES JARBO WARE'S ORCHESTRA—Jazz Gallery. 55 W. 19th St. Saturday, Sept. 22, at 9. For tickets, call 924-5026.

NANA MOUSKOURI—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday and Monday, Sept. 23-24, at 8.

JAZZ AT CITICORP—A series of one-and-a-half-hour performances that start at 5. Monday, Sept. 24: Marian McPartland. . . . Tuesday, Sept. 25: Corky Hale. . . . Wednesday, Sept. 26: Eubie Blake and Melba Moore. . . . Thursday, Sept. 27: The Lori Butler Band,



Dave Matthews, and Tasha Thomas. (Citicorp Center Plaza, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Free.)

JON LUCIEN—With Esther Satterfield. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

ROBERT PALMER—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. Friday, Sept. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

LITTLE RIVER BAND—With New Riders of the Purple Sage. (Palladium. Friday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

AIR and AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, at 9:30.

JOE JACKSON—Palladium. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29-30, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BILLY AL BENSTON—A series of semi-abstract paintings done in Hawaii. Through Oct. 20. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—Pole-like carved-wood sculptures dated 1942 to 1952. Through Oct. 13. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

PHYLLIS BRAMSON—Colored drawings in which simple narratives are depicted, usually on a stage—the fall of Eve, for instance. Through Oct. 3. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

IGOR GALANIN—Highly varnished fantasy paintings, a number of which depict immense, Boteroesque nudes with tiny heads. Through Oct. 6. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—This artist is best known for pouring acrylics onto a canvas and tilting it this way and that to get the effects he wants. In these new canvases, he brushes the paint on instead. The background is snowy white, and the colors are explosive. Through Oct. 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WILBUR NIEWALD—Straightforward oil paintings—still-lives, portraits, and cityscapes of Kansas City. Through Wednesday, Sept. 26. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

KENDALL SHAW—Pattern paintings inspired by the life of the artist's New Orleans grandmother, and making complicated use of paint, beads, feathers, fur, mirrors, rhinestones, and the like. Through Oct. 3. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

HAP TIVEY—New paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

CHRIS VAN ALLSBURG—Graphite drawings of comic themes done with sober exactitude—a catfish escaping from a bouillabaisse, for example, or a huge ocean liner shouldering through the canals of Venice. The artist is a teacher at the Rhode Island School of Design. Through Oct. 4. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

ITALIAN RENAISSANCE PAINTINGS FROM THE HERMITAGE—A show of eleven paintings, including Leonardo da Vinci's "Madonna and Child" ("Benois Madonna") and works by Correggio and Titian. Through Sept. 30. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Open daily.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ROBERT COTTINGHAM—Drawings and prints of details of neon signs, done with almost machine precision. Through Oct. 6. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

DON DUDLEY—Large abstract wall pieces, made of strips of wallboard arranged in chevron-like patterns and painted in two contrasting colors. Through Oct. 6. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

PETER FLACCUS/SIDNEY GORDIN—This artist's personal stamp is an oblong emblem, variously colored, that he painted on the background of his earlier works to break up an otherwise more or less solid-color surface. In these new paintings, the emblems are the same in shape but have increased in size and number, and now dominate the background rather than accent it. / Lean, crisp drawings, mostly black-and-white, by this Constructivist sculptor who lives in California. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JEDD GARET—This artist depicts, in well-executed



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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oils on canvas, the kind of sculpture that adorned the movie palaces of the twenties and thirties, and also what look like satires of de Chirico. An acquired taste. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JENE HIGHSTEIN—Large sculptural forms—cylindrical, lens-shaped, or simply lumpish—done in raw cast iron. A couple of them weigh a ton apiece. Through Oct. 13. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JOYCE KOZLOFF—A sumptuous environment that takes up the whole gallery space and has a strong Middle Eastern atmosphere. Through Wednesday, Sept. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

JOHN McLAUGHLIN (1898-1976)—A retrospective of the simple, powerful abstracts turned out by this California artist, who was a registered Constructivist but avoided the clutter one usually associates with that movement. Through Oct. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

BARBARA SIEGEL—This artist gets unusual mileage out of any given subject; for instance, she makes a papier-mâché mask, paints it, photographs it, draws it, photographs the drawing, and arranges all the results in a grid pattern, which she draws on the wall with a pencil. Through Oct. 3. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

ELIHU VEDDER (1836-1923)—Figure and landscape drawings by a Romantic artist. Through Oct. 6. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

FRANK LINCOLN VINER—Delicate hanging constructions of reeds, straw, cloth, wire, paint, and so on, inspired (recognizably, in most cases) by such marine creatures as shrimp, spiral sea worms, and Portuguese men-of-war. Through Oct. 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

ISAAC WITKIN / SUSAN HALL—Bronzes. / Paintings. Through Oct. 13. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

EMERSON WOELFFER—Abstract collages. Through Oct. 6. (Grueenbaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

REPRESENTATIONAL PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, AND SCULPTURES—Six West Fifty-seventh Street galleries have banded together to show works by contemporary American artists. The entire effort is sponsored by a group called Artists' Choice Museum. At the **KORNBLER**, 20 W. 57th St.: Still-lives by Janet Fish, Wayne Thiebaud, and others. . . . **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Paul Georges, Rackstraw Downes, and others. . . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Landscapes by Willem de Kooning, Yvonne Jacquette, and others. . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: An exception: paintings by like-minded artists from abroad, among them Hockney and Botero. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by Jack Beal, Alice Neel, and others. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by Lenart Anderson, Alex Katz, and others. All shows through Saturday, Sept. 22.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Susan Wilmarth and Bruce Boice are two of five artists showing abstract paintings. Through Oct. 6. . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper, mostly by Arp, Kline, Natkin, and others. Through Oct. 6. . . . **NOBÉ**, 250 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by forty-nine contemporary Brazilian artists. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . **OOSTEROM**, a new gallery at 50 W. 57th St.: A showing by four artists includes wall pieces that resemble archery butts pierced by colorful but impractical arrows by Kathleen Ferguson; paintings of outsize flowers by Randal Rupert; altered photographs by Aileen Bassis; and primitive works by the late Bill Traylor, a former slave who took up drawing at the age of eighty-seven and died nine years later, in 1948. Through Oct. 3. . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century American folk art from a private collection: a number of paintings, three weathervanes, a pair of life-size blue-heron decoys. Through Oct. 6.

GALLERIES—SoHo

JOHN ALTOON (1925-69)—Drawings. Through Oct. 13. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

VICTOR BURGIN—Large photographs with texts printed over them. Through Oct. 10. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

BRAD DAVIS—Large canvases in which a decorative motif—one of Siva's dogs, say, or a magnolia blossom or a couchant faun—is blown up to a commanding size and framed in polyester double knit that passes for an-

tique tapestry. The artist is a pioneer member of the emerging Decorative School. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

LOUISE FISHMAN—Abstract architectural forms, evocative of doorways and windows, by an artist who applies the oil with a palette knife. Through Oct. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

GUY JOHNSON / JERRY OTT—Wildly implausible compositions, done in oil over photographic collages, in which, for example, a dirigible noses into the window beside a baby girl who is curled up in a chair. / Photo-Realist studies of photographers' models. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

DIANE KAISER—Fired-clay wall reliefs painted with translucent acrylics. Also prints. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by Carl Andre, Lynda Benglis, Alan Shields, and others. Through Oct. 10. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by eleven promising artists turned up by the Center's screening process. Among the exhibits are subtle floral watercolors by Barbara Novak; gouaches of domestic scenes by Ellen Evjen; and handsomely illuminated poetic excerpts by the calligrapher Bernard Maisner. Through Oct. 20. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Works by Irma Blank, Hai Knafo, Mary Neumuth, and Jeff Russell. Through Oct. 6.

OTHER GALLERIES

JENNIFER BARTLETT—Nine large paintings commissioned for an Atlanta courthouse. Through Oct. 13. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

DON GUMMER—A six-sided painted-wood and stone sculpture. Through Sunday, Sept. 23. (Castle Clinton, Battery Park. Open daily until 4:30.)

TATIANA McKINNEY—Metal leaf and linen that has been cut or burned are applied to canvases to create a texture that is reminiscent of Russian ecclesiastical vestments. Through Oct. 12. (Interchurch Center, 475 Riverside Dr., at 120th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

AMISH QUILTS—From the collection of Phyllis Haders. Through Oct. 19. (American-Standard, 40 W. 40th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 4.)

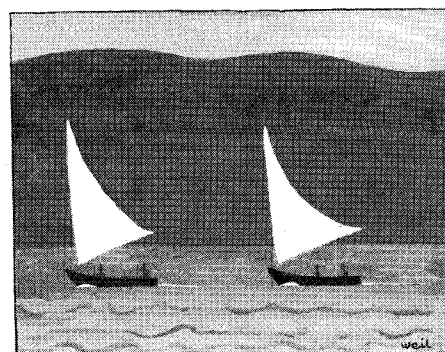
PHOTOGRAPHY

ANSEL ADAMS—The Museum of Modern Art has on view more than a hundred and fifty of his Western landscapes. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

ROBERT ADAMS—Seven photographs in the "From the Missouri West" series. Through Oct. 6. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

BRASSAI—Photographs of artists in their studios, among them Maillol, Giacometti, Dali, and Matisse. Through Oct. 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

BENJAMIN HERTZBERG / EVA FUKA—Photojournal-



ism. / Surrealistic prints. Through Oct. 6. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

GUSTAVE LE GRAY (1820-82)—Twenty-five photographs: early landscapes at Fontainebleau and military maneuvers at the Camps de Châlons through late works made in Egypt. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RUTH ORKIN—A retrospective of photographs, including views of Central Park from her window, and portraits. Through Oct. 10. (Rizoli, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 6.)

WILLIAM HENRY FOX TALBOT (1800-77)—The Morgan Library has mounted a show of forty photographs that trace his entire career. Among the examples, a city view of London dated 1839. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

TODD WEBB—A selection of prints that date from the forties to the present. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Color Polaroid SX-70s by William Larson; portraits, photo-collages, and Arizona landscapes by Frederick Sommer; and landscapes by Ansel Adams (see also, above). Through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A show of works, dated 1900 to 1930, by thirty-four American photographers, among them the Photo-Secessionists Alfred Stieglitz and Gertrude Käsebier, and the Pictorialists Paul Outerbridge and Doris Ulmann. Through Nov. 25. See below, under "Museums," for times. . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by nine contemporary photographers. Through Oct. 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A sampling of major twentieth-century art movements can be seen in a show of eighty-five paintings and sculptures on loan (mostly) from private New York collections. Among the works: Picasso's "Bather," Brancusi's "Kiss," and an untitled painting by Nabil Nahas. Among the collectors are Ethel Redner Scull, Clement Greenberg, and Christophe de Menil. Through Sept. 30. . . . **Eleven** fragments of sculptures from the façade of Notre Dame Cathedral, in Paris, which disappeared during the French Revolution and were found two years ago underneath a courtyard on the Right Bank. Through Nov. 25. . . . **Eighty** European landscape drawings, spanning five centuries, from the Lehman Collection. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

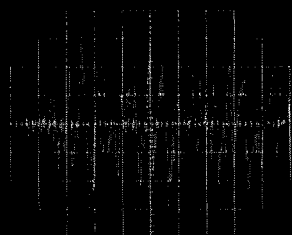
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of furnishings and decorative objects designed by artists, architects, and designers, including Charles Rennie Mackintosh, Louis Tiffany, and Marcel Breuer. Through Sept. 30. . . . **A** show of still-lives by Patrick Henry Bruce (1881-1936), an American modernist neglected in his lifetime. Through Oct. 9. . . . **An** exhibit of eighty newly acquired drawings by Europeans and Americans. Through Nov. 13. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Western landscapes by Ansel Adams. Through Oct. 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Matisse and Master Drawings from the Baltimore Museum of Art," a show of seventy-three Matisse paintings, drawings, and sculptures together with ninety-one drawings and watercolors by other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. . . . **George** Rick-ey's kinetic sculptures range from jewelry to large mobiles. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Oct. 14.

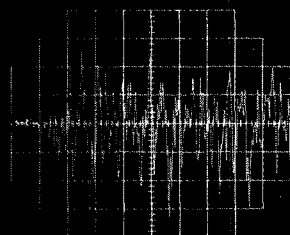
WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—In anticipation of its fiftieth anniversary, the museum has organized three shows of works whose dates precede the museum's founding. The first two of these are "Tradition and Modernism: 1900-30," which has paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints from the permanent collection (through Nov. 11); and a photography exhibit also covering the first three decades of this century

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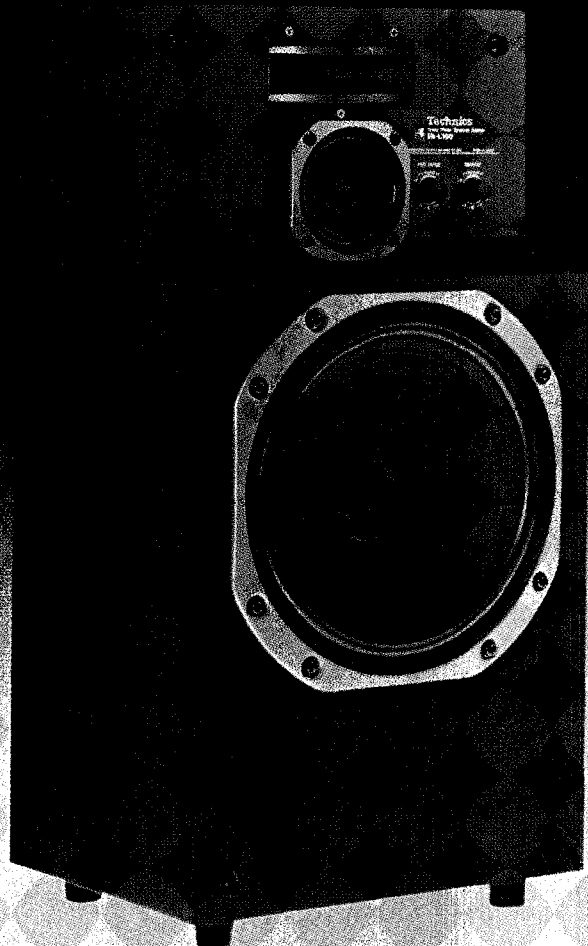
It's difficult to tell them apart. And how did we achieve this level of waveform fidelity? We started by giving each driver unit, including the wide-dispersion radial-horn tweeter, a frequency response that's as flat as it is wide. Then we developed a unique phase-controlled crossover network that compensates for the characteristics of each driver. Finally we staggered the driver units for optimum acoustic position.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(through Nov. 25)...**Selected Recent Acquisitions: Graphics**, includes works by Isabel Bishop, Richard Estes, and Larry Rivers. Through Oct. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Sculptures dated 1943 to 1957 from the museum's permanent collection. The show includes works by Lipton, Nevelson, and David Hare. Through Oct. 17. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred examples of glass objects that date from the first century to the present, with emphasis on the past three centuries. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of British literary manuscripts, 800 to 1800, including Pope's "Essay on Man," and Johnson's "Life of Pope." Starting Friday, Sept. 21....**William Blake's** twenty-one watercolor illustrations for the Book of Job and his illustrations for Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Through Dec. 2....**Photographs** by William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-77). Through Oct. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of works made by New York State Shaker communities: furniture, domestic wares, spirit drawings. Through Nov. 21. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, April 19—Monday evening, Sept. 24: "Otello," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; conducted by James Levine....**Tuesday evening, Sept. 25:** "Le Prophète," with Rita Shane, Marilyn Horne, and Guy Chauvet; Charles Mackerras....**Wednesday evening, Sept. 26:** "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Isola Jones, Batyah Godfrey, Juan Lloveras, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Ryan Edwards. Michelangelo Veltri conducting both....**Thursday evening, Sept. 27:** "Eugene Onegin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Lenus Carlson, Neil Shicoff, Jerome Hines, and Isola Jones; Emil Tchakarov....**Friday evening, Sept. 28:** "Otello," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine....**Saturday matinée, Sept. 29:** "Le Prophète," with Rita Shane, Marilyn Horne, and Guy Chauvet; Charles Mackerras....**Saturday evening, Sept. 29:** "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Isola Jones, Batyah Godfrey, Juan Lloveras, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Ryan Edwards. Michelangelo Veltri conducting both. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday evening, Sept. 19: The New York premiere of Menotti's "La Loca" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, John Bröcheler, Joseph Evans, and Robert Hale; conducted by John Mauceri....**Thursday evening, Sept. 20:** "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Ermanno Mauro, Richard Fredricks, Robert Hale, and John Seabury; Imre Pallo....**Friday evening, Sept. 21:** "Faust," with Mariana Niculescu, Rico Serbo, Samuel Ramey, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher

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Keene....**Saturday matinée, Sept. 22:** "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Diana Soviero, Riccardo Calleo, and Charles Long; Charles Wendelken-Wilson....**Saturday evening, Sept. 22:** "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Joshua Hecht; Cal Stewart Kellogg....**Sunday matinée, Sept. 23:** "La Loca" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, John Bröcheler, Joseph Evans, and Robert Hale; John Mauceri....**Sunday evening, Sept. 23, and Tuesday evening, Sept. 25:** A new production of Rossini's "Count Ory" (in English), with Ashley Putnam, Faith Esham, Jane Shaulis, Rockwell Blake, David Holloway, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo....**Wednesday evening, Sept. 26:** "La Loca" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, John Bröcheler, Joseph Evans, and Robert Hale; John Mauceri....**Thursday evening, Sept. 27:** "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Charles Long; John Crosby....**Friday evening, Sept. 28:** "Count Ory" (in English), with Ashley Putnam, Faith Esham, Jane Shaulis, Rockwell Blake, David Holloway, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo....**Saturday matinée, Sept. 29:** "La Loca" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, John Bröcheler, Joseph Evans, and Robert Hale; John Mauceri....**Saturday evening, Sept. 29:** "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting—Thursday, Sept. 20, at 8; Friday, Sept. 21, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 22, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 7:30 (no soloists); Thursday, Sept. 27, at 8; Friday, Sept. 28, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 7:30 (all with Yuuko Shiokawa, violin).

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—An all-Bach program, with Naoka Tanaka, violin. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Sept. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

RECITALS

ANDRZEJ WASOWSKI—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—A varied program, with Jaime Laredo, violin and viola; Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler and Kim Kashkashian, viola; and Sharon Robinson and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

BERT PHILLIPS AND TOBY BLUMENTHAL—Cello and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Sept. 20, at 8.)

JOYCE MATHIS—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Sept. 23, at 2:30.)

MUSIC PROJECT—A Haydn-Beethoven-R. Strauss program. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Sept. 23, at 3. For tickets, call 222-9311.)

HERNAN V. PELAYO—Baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Sept. 24, at 8.)

FREDERICK ZLOTKIN—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

MICHEL BLOCK—Piano, in an all-French program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y,

Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

AARON ROSAND AND JOHN COVELLI—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 19-20, at 5:35 (two-night doubleheaders)....**St. Louis**, Friday, Sept. 21, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 22, at 7:05; and Sunday, Sept. 23, at 2:05....**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 25-27, at 8....**Toronto**, Friday, Sept. 28, at 8 and Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Exhibition games—**MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Boston vs. Philadelphia and Knicks vs. Nets, Thursday, Sept. 27, at 6....**Washington** vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Sept. 29, at 6....**RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER**, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Sept. 20, at 8:05. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, SEPT. 22: Colgate vs. Lehigh, at Hamilton, at 1:30....**Columbia** vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30....**Dartmouth** vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30....**Fordham** vs. Rochester, at Fordham, at 1:30....**Manhattan** vs. Siena, at Mount St. Michael Field, at 1:30....**Pennsylvania** vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30....**Rutgers** vs. Bucknell, at New Brunswick, at 2:30....**Yale** vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 1:30....**SATURDAY, SEPT. 29:** Army vs. North Carolina, at West Point, at 2....**Cornell** vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 1:30....**Dartmouth** vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 1:30....**Fordham** vs. Wagner and Pace vs. St. Johns, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 12:35....**Princeton** vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 1:30....**Yale** vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Sept. 23: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 4....**Jets** vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo.

HOCKEY—Exhibition games—**MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 7:35....**NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Sept. 22....**Islanders** vs. Buffalo Sabres, Tuesday, Sept. 25....**Islanders** vs. Atlanta Flames, Thursday, Sept. 27....**Islanders** vs. Rangers, Saturday, Sept. 29. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Games begin at 8:05.)

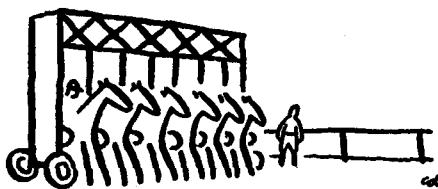
RACING—At **BELMONT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 22. The Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 22; the Manhattan Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 23; the Matron, Monday, Sept. 24; the Grey Flight Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 26; and the Ruffian Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.)....**ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Wednesday and Friday at 7:30, and Saturday at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 22....**MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31. The Paterson, Thursday, Sept. 20.

TROTTING—At **Yonkers Raceway**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 17.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Sept. 20, at 10:15 and 2: Netsuke, inro, and lacquer ware; from a number of owners....**Thursday, Sept. 27**, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese paintings, from several sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 22....**CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Sept. 20, at 2: Oriental rugs, from many owners.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 23: "Freaks" (at 6 and 10:30). Also "Mark of the Vampire" (Sept. 19), "The Mystic" (Sept. 20), "The Iron Man" (Sept. 21), and "The Devil Doll" (Sept. 22-23), all directed by Tod Browning.

Sept. 24: Theatre closed.

From Sept. 25: A program of Japanese films directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, all with English subtitles. Call theatre for exact titles and dates.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Life of Brian."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9202)
Through Sept. 20: "Moonraker" and "Murder by Decree."
Sept. 21-27: "Alien" and "Silver Streak."
From Sept. 28: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Sept. 27: "Shame of the Jungle" and "Tunnelvision."
From Sept. 28: "The Legacy."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Onion Field."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Sept. 27: "Dracula."
From Sept. 28: "Time After Time."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 27: "Run After Me Until I Catch You."
From Sept. 28: "The Legacy."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Green Room."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Sept. 27: "Nest of Vipers."
From Sept. 28: "A Man, a Woman, and a Bank."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Till Marriage Do Us Part."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Rich Kids."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Breaking Away."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Harold and Maude."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Yanks."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Orchestra Rehearsal."

GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Sept. 20: "Manhattan."
From Sept. 21: "Mr. Mike's Mondo Video."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Onion Field."

LOEWS NEW YORK I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Sept. 27: "Rocky II."
From Sept. 28: "Time After Time."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Peppermint Soda."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Life of Brian."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 20: "Moonraker."
Sept. 21-27: "The In-Laws."
From Sept. 28: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 20: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.
From Sept. 21: "Sammy Stops the World," a filmed concert with Sammy Davis, Jr.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 19. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Sept. 27: "North Dallas Forty."
From Sept. 28: "The Stud."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Sept. 27: "City on Fire."
From Sept. 28: "A Man, a Woman, and a Bank."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 20: "Dracula."
Sept. 21-27: To be announced. From Sept. 28: "The Legacy."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 20: "Love and Bullets." From Sept. 21: "Mr. Mike's Mondo Video."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Muppet Movie."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Frisco Kid."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Manhattan."
Theatre 2: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."
Theatre 3: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 27: "Woyzeck."
From Sept. 28: "El Super."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The In-Laws."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Apocalypse Now."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Manhattan."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Peppermint Soda."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Sept. 23: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."
From Sept. 24: "Rape of Love."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Why Not!"

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Meetings with Remarkable Men."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 21: "The Muppet Movie."
From Sept. 22: Films made by independent American filmmakers; see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.

CINEMA STUDIO I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Aguirre, the Wrath of God."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Sept. 20: "Star Wars."
From Sept. 21: "The In-Laws."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 20: "The Frisco Kid." From Sept. 21: "A Touch of Class" and "I Will, I Will... For Now."
Theatre 2: "Dracula."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 20: "Manhattan."
From Sept. 21: "Alien."
Theatre 4: "Life of Brian."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Sept. 20: "Moonraker" and "The Great Train Robbery."
Sept. 21-27: "The In-Laws" and "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"
From Sept. 28: "The Amityville Horror" and "Winter Kills."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien." (†)

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Sept. 27: "Shame of the Jungle" (†) and "Tunnelvision." (†)
From Sept. 28: "Sleeping Beauty."

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 20: "Bloodline." From Sept. 21: "Escape from Alcatraz."
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 27: "Meatballs." From Sept. 28: "Shame of the Jungle" (†) and "Tunnelvision." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Sept. 20: "Escape from Alcatraz." From Sept. 21: "Mr. Mike's Mondo Video."

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Sept. 27: "City on Fire." (†)
From Sept. 28: "A Man, a Woman, and a Bank." (†)

LOEWS STATE I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Sept. 27: "North Dallas Forty." (†)
From Sept. 28: "The Stud." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Dracula." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Life of Brian." (†)

REVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Sept. 20: "Love and Bullets." (†)
Sept. 21-27: "The Hitter."
From Sept. 28: "The Legacy." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Sept. 27: "Rocky II." (†)
From Sept. 28: "Time After Time." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Onion Field." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Sept. 20: "Star Wars." (†)
From Sept. 21: "Sammy Stops the World."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 19: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson; and "Providence" (1977), directed by Alain Resnais, with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch.

Sept. 20: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" (1976), directed by Lewis John Carlino, with Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson.

Sept. 21-22: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

Sept. 23: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

Sept. 24: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" (†) and "Play It As It Lays." (†)

Sept. 25: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Sept. 26: "Shame" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970),



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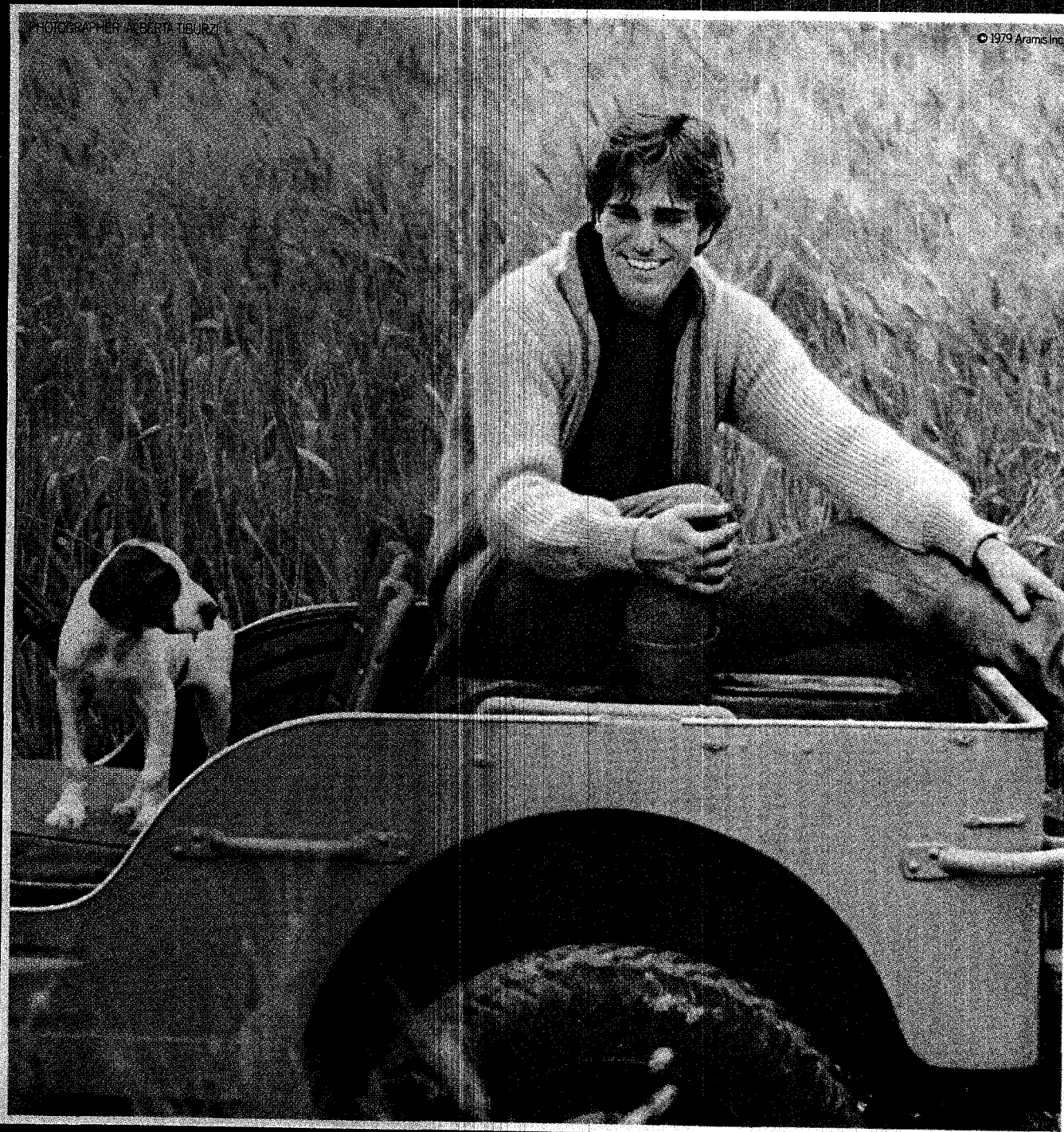
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

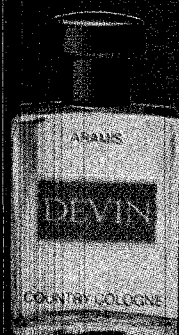
- in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.
- Sept. 27: "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "Los Olvidados." (†)
- Sept. 28: "Love on the Run" (†); and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani.
- Sept. 29: "Beat the Devil" (1954), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.
- CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
- Sept. 19: "Special Section" (1975), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras; and "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas.
- Sept. 20: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "Edge of the City" (1957), directed by Martin Ritt, with John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier, Jack Warden, and Ruby Dee.
- Sept. 21: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn.
- Sept. 22: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
- Sept. 23: "The Emigrants" (†) and "The New Land." (†)
- Sept. 24: "The Pawnbroker" (†) and "Umberto D." (†)
- Sept. 25: "The Royal Hunt of the Sun" (†) and "Don Quixote." (†)
- Sept. 26: "One, Two, Three" (1961), directed by Billy Wilder, with James Cagney, Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Arlene Francis, and Lilo Pulver; and "Kiss Me, Stupid." (†)
- Sept. 27: "Nazarin" (1958), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal; and "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Claude Laydu.
- Sept. 28: "I'm All Right, Jack" (†); and "The Ladykillers" (1956), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom.
- Sept. 29: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Jack Nicholson, with Bruce Dern and Ellen Burstyn.
- CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
- Through Sept. 20: "Madame Rosa" (1978), in French, directed by Moshe Mizrahi, with Simone Signoret; and "Mr. Klein" (1977), in French, directed by Joseph Losey, with Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau, and Michel Lonsdale.
- Sept. 21-22: "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974), directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste.
- Sept. 23-24: "1900." (†)
- Sept. 25: "Hardcore" (1979), directed by Paul Schrader, with George C. Scott, Season Hubley, and Peter Boyle; and "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro.
- Sept. 26-27: "Therese and Isabelle" (1968), in French, directed by Radley Metzger, with Essy Persson; and "The Killing of Sister George" (1968), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Beryl Reid, Susannah York, and Coral Browne.
- Sept. 28-29: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978) and "Going Places" (1974), both films in French, directed by Bertrand Blier, with Gérard Depardieu.
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
- Through Sept. 20: Theatre closed.
- From Sept. 21: "Mr. Mike's Mondo Video" (1979).
- REGENCY**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
- Through Sept. 22: "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941), directed by Alexander Korda, with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; and "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven.
- Sept. 23-24: "Hamlet." (†)
- Sept. 25-26: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.
- Sept. 27-29: "Smilin' Through" (1932), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, and Fredric March; and "Random Harvest." (†)
- THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
- Sept. 19: A program of film outtakes, interviews with performers, screen tests, and other formerly unseen footage.
- Sept. 20: "The Sugarland Express" (1974), directed by Steven Spielberg, with Goldie Hawn, Ben Johnson, William Atherton, and Michael Sacks; and "Cactus Flower" (1969), directed by Gene Saks, with Walter Matthau, Ingrid Bergman, and Goldie Hawn.
- Sept. 21-22: "The Mad Magician" (1954), directed by John Brahm, with Vincent Price, Mary Murphy, and Eva Gabor; and "Hannah Lee" (1953), directed by John Ireland and Lee Garmes, with MacDonald Carey, Joanne Dru, and Ireland.
- Sept. 23: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "Accattone!" (†)
- Sept. 24: "Brief Encounter" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard; and "Blithe Spirit." (†)
- Sept. 25: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea; and "Meet John Doe." (†)
- Sept. 26: "Duel in the Sun" (1947), directed by King Vidor, with Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten, Charles Bickford, and Lillian Gish; and "Ruby Gentry" (1952), directed by King Vidor, with Jennifer Jones, Charlton Heston, and Karl Malden.
- Sept. 27: "The Miracle" (1948), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini; and "A Voyage to Italy." (†)
- Sept. 28-29: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Frenzy" (1972), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen.
- THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
- Through Sept. 20: "The Sea Hawk" (1940), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Flora Robson, and Brenda Marshall; and "Captain Blood" (1935), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone.
- Sept. 21-22: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Anne Revere; and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Keenan Wynn, Dean Stockwell, and Phillip Reed.
- Sept. 23-24: "Key Largo" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall, and Claire Trevor; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.
- Sept. 25: "The Princess Comes Across" (1936), directed by William K. Howard, with Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray; and "Swing High, Swing Low." (†)
- Sept. 26: "42nd Street" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Footlight Parade" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Ruby Keeler.
- Sept. 27: "Curse of the Demon" (1958), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Dana

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Andrews, Peggy Cummins, and Niall MacGinnis; and "Nightfall" (1957), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Aldo Ray, Brian Keith, and Anne Bancroft. Sept. 28-29: "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Niagara" (1953), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, Jean Peters, Richard Allan, and Denis O'Dea.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 20 at 2:30: "Allá en el Rancho Grande" (1936), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Tito Guizar; English subtitles. . . . Sept. 20 at 6: "The Phantom of the Convent" (1934), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Marta Roel; English subtitles. . . . Sept. 20 at 8:30: "The Women Command" (1936), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Alfredo del Diestro; English subtitles. . . . Sept. 21 at 2:30: "The Dressel Family" (1935), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Consuelo Frank; English subtitles. . . . Sept. 21 at 6: A program of films made by Charlie Chaplin at Essanay and Mutual between 1915 and 1917—"The Bank," "The Vagabond," "Easy Street," "The Immigrant," and "The Adventurer." . . . Sept. 22 at noon: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), directed by Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan, with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, John Astin, and Rex Ingram. . . . Sept. 22 at 2:30: "Allá en el Rancho Grande." . . . Sept. 22 at 5: "The Dressel Family." . . . Sept. 23 at noon: "The Thief of Bagdad." . . . Sept. 23 at 2:30: "The Big Boss" (1940), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Leopoldo Orfin; English subtitles. . . . Sept. 23 at 5: "The Wave" (1935), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fred Zimmerman and Go-

mez Muriel; English subtitles. . . . Sept. 24 at noon: A program of student films. . . . Sept. 24 at 2:30: "The Big Boss." . . . Sept. 24 at 6: "Doña Bárbara" (1943), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with María Félix; English subtitles. . . . Sept. 25 at noon: A program of student films. . . . Sept. 25 at 2:30: "The Wave." . . . Sept. 25 at 6: "That's How They Love in Jalisco" (1942), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Jorge Negrete; English subtitles. . . . Sept. 27 at 2:30: "Doña Bárbara." . . . Sept. 27 at 6: "Jungle Fire" (1945), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Dolores del Río; English subtitles. . . . Sept. 27 at 8:30: "The Woman Without a Soul" (1943), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with María Félix; English subtitles. . . . Sept. 28 at 2:30: "That's How They Love in Jalisco." . . . Sept. 28 at 6: A program of films made in Italy between 1909 and 1914, some with English inter-titles. . . . Sept. 29 at noon: "The Sword and the Rose" (1953), directed by Ken Annakin, with Richard Todd, Glynis Johns, and James Robertson Justice. . . . Sept. 29 at 2:30: "Jungle Fire." . . . Sept. 29 at 5: "The Woman Without a Soul." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Sept. 23: "Der Eintänzer" (1978), directed by Rebecca Horn; and "Altered to Suit" (1979), directed by Lawrence Weiner. Showings at noon, 1:30, and 3. . . . Starting Sept. 25: A video installation by Kit Fitzgerald and John Sanborn. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (7:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

GOETHE HOUSE, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (744-8310)—The first programs in a series of films made by German directors when they worked in Hollywood. Sept. 20 at 9 and Sept. 25 at 6 and 8:30: "Ninotchka" (1939),

directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. . . . Sept. 22 at 1 and 3: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins, and Herbert Marshall. . . . Sept. 29 at 1 and 3: "Variété" (1925), a silent film, directed by E. A. Dupont, with Emil Jannings and Maly Delschaft.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENTS—A series of films by independent American filmmakers. At the Paramount Theatre, B'way at 61st St.—Sept. 22 at 6:15: "The Cool World" (Shirley Clarke; 1964). . . . Sept. 22 at 9: "Heartland" (Richard Pearce; 1979). . . . Sept. 22 at midnight: "Trash" (Paul Morrissey; 1970). . . . Sept. 23 at noon: "Ice" (Robert Kramer; 1970). . . . Sept. 23 at 3: "Heartland." . . . Sept. 23 at 6:15: "Glen and Randa" (Jim McBride; 1971). . . . Sept. 23 at 9 and Sept. 24 at 3: "Alambri" (Robert M. Young; 1978). . . . Sept. 24 at 6:15: "Badlands" (Terrence Malick; 1973). . . . Sept. 24 at 9 and Sept. 25 at 3: "Gal Young Un" (Victor Nunez; 1979). . . . Sept. 25 at 6:15: "Killer's Kiss" (Stanley Kubrick; 1955) and "The Brig" (Adolfas Mekas; 1964). . . . Sept. 25 at 9 and Sept. 26 at 3: "Bush Mama" (Haile Gerima; 1977). . . . Sept. 26 at 6:15: "Crazy Quilt" (John Korty; 1966). . . . Sept. 26 at 9 and Sept. 27 at 3: "Northern Lights" (John Hanson and Rob Nilssen; 1979). . . . Sept. 27 at 6:15: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (Melvin Van Peebles; 1971). . . . Sept. 27 at 9: "The Scenic Route" (Mark Rappaport; 1978). (For information about tickets, call 877-1800.)

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **AVERY FISHER HALL**, Lincoln Center. Sept. 28 at 8:30: "Luna" (Bernardo Bertolucci; Italy, in English). . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL**. Sept. 29 at 12:30: "The Golden Coach" (Jean Renoir; 1952; France, in English). . . . Sept. 29 at 3: "The Bugs Bunny/Road-Runner Movie" (Chuck Jones; United States). . . . Sept. 29 at 6: "Black Jack" (Kenneth Loach; Great Britain). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ACCATONE! (1961)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's film about a Catholic boy at the bottom of the heap. The characters and the story are simple and anti-bourgeois by nature; Pasolini's coldly humorless theories and haut-bourgeois intellect sabotage practically everything that he hopes to do emotionally in the picture. In Italian. (Thalia; Sept. 23.)

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbersome armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagoguery. In German. (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio 1.)

ALIEN—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/79.) (Criterion. . . . St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 21-27. . . . Loews 83rd Quad; starting Sept. 21.)

THE AMITYVILLE HORROR—Based on the book. A young couple (James Brolin and Margot Kidder) move into a new house and ascribe everything that goes wrong to demons. Everything that goes wrong in the movie can be ascribed to cheap tricks. With Rod Steiger as the obligatory priest. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (8/13/79) (Olympia; starting Sept. 28.)

APOCALYPSE NOW—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who has done four movies for Bertolucci.)

The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Ziegfeld.)

BLITHE SPIRIT (1945)—Noël Coward wrote this flippant, ectoplasmic comedy in 1941 to provide some relief for war-torn London; it was airy in the theatre then, but it sags more than a little in this arch David Lean version. Rex Harrison plays the English novelist who, in order to gather material for a story, jestingly arranges for a medium to conduct a séance. Inadvertently, he conjures up the ghost of his pouty, blond first wife (the husky-voiced Kay Hammond), and she ensconces herself in the home he now shares with his second wife (Constance Cummings), and flits about, making salacious comments. The novelist finds himself in an involuntary state of "astral bigamy." Margaret Rutherford plays Madame Arcati, the brisk, exuberant medium, who wears long woollen scarves, moves with a skating motion, and whoops clichés like a football coach. "Let's make it a real rouser!" she cries at the start of a séance. (Thalia; Sept. 24.)

BREAKING AWAY—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscape of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Coronet.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES—A brilliant comedy about a

pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

CITY ON FIRE—With Henry Fonda, Barry Newman, and Shelley Winters; directed by Alvin Rakoff. (Loews Ciné, and Loews Astor Plaza; through Sept. 27.)

DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE (1970)—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgrass). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 24.)

DON QUIXOTE (1957)—A doggedly faithful version of the Cervantes classic. With Nikolai Cherkassov as the Knight. Directed by Gregory Kozintsev. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

DRACULA—A decorative, romantic variation on the legend, with roots in a 1927 play. Frank Langella offers a dashing characterization of the popular fiend, opposed in his drive to fulfill himself by Laurence Olivier, who politely plays straight as a Dutch doctor, and Donald Pleasence as the proprietor of a madhouse. Directed by John Badham (who did "Saturday Night Fever") as a melodrama of light and darkness with the emphasis on atmosphere. (7/30/79) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State 2. . . . R.K.O. 86th St.; through Sept. 20. . . . 34th St. East; through Sept. 27.)

THE EMIGRANTS (1971) and **THE NEW LAND** (1973)—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant work, Troell's achievement is prodigious. At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wants to go on and discover if the survivors among the immigrants found what they had hoped for. In "The New Land," Troell shows what happened to them in Min-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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nesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann (in both) have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 23.)

FREAKS (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naive, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Sept. 23, at 6 and 10:30.)

THE FRISCO KID—Gene Wilder, as a nubile Polish rabbi, and Robert Aldrich, the director, seem to have been set loose in the Wild West with no more to guide them than a bright idea and Wilder's angelic blue eyes. (7/16/79) (Greenwich... Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 20.)

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea; the film is a fictionalized version of what, according to Michael Crichton, who directed, and adapted from his own novel, was the first train robbery. There's a total absence of personal obsession—even moviemaking obsession—in the way Crichton works; he never excites us emotionally or imaginatively, but the film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. With Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (Olympia; through Sept. 20.)

THE GREEN ROOM—With François Truffaut, Natalie Baye, and Jean Dasté; directed by Truffaut. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton.)

HAMLET (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), and Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Regency; Sept. 23-24.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (D. W. Griffith.)

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK (1960)—This isn't one of these gentle, inventive English comedies with glancing bits of social spoofery; it's a cynical and raucous English slapstick farce about labor-management conflicts, and its view of the philosophy of the citizens of the welfare state is summed up in the title, derived from the English armed-forces catch phrase: "—you, I'm all right, Jack." The big businessmen are the villains in the plot, but the film also shows the trade unionists as smug and self-centered, and though the satire of union practices is much more affectionate, it is so accurately aimed—and we are so unused to it—that it comes off much the better. This movie is the one really funny film satire of trade unionism. As the shop steward, Peter Sellers is avid to protect the workers' rights—he's earnest, he's monstrously self-serious. He wears a little Hitler mustache—that mustache was always an oddly lower-middle-class adornment on Hitler—and while this shop steward is certainly lower middle class in his habits, he's a fanatical proletarian in theory, and he speaks in a self-induced jargon that derives from political pamphlets. The movie parodies this bead-eyed little stuffed shirt and the featherbedding practices of his union. The cast includes Terry-Thomas as an Army officer turned personnel manager; Ian Carmichael as an innocent from Oxford who wants to become a business executive; Den-

nis Price and Richard Attenborough as capitalist tricksters; and Margaret Rutherford, Miles Malleon, Irene Handl, Marne Maitland, Liz Fraser, Raymond Huntley, and Malcolm Muggeridge—as himself, of course. Produced and directed by Roy and John Boulting; from the novel by Alan Hackney, adapted by John Boulting, Frank Harvey, and Hackney. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

THE IN-LAWS—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Guild, and Embassy... 72nd Street East, and Olympia; Sept. 21-27... Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 21.)

I WILL, I WILL... FOR NOW (1976)—The worst. Combines the most imperilingly forced elements of fifties mistaken-identity farces with a mushy soft-core version of the sex-manual pornos. Elliott Gould is fairly thoroughly trashed, but Diane Keaton manages to save face despite what's going on around her. Norman Panama directed. (Loews 83rd Quad; starting Sept. 21.)

KISS ME, STUPID (1964)—This Billy Wilder box-office failure isn't more grating than some of his hits—it's just more insecure. Essentially, it's an old-fashioned boulevard farce, but it was generally panned as "coarse and smutty" and "repellent," and it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency (the first such condemnation of a major-studio production since "Baby Doll," in 1956). United Artists, uneasy about public criticism, sent it out under the label of Lopert Pictures, a subsidiary that usually distributed foreign films. Bad luck plagued this marital-mixup comedy from the start: Peter Sellers, who had been cast as the central character (a composer stuck teaching piano in the desert town of Climax, Nevada), had a heart attack a few weeks into shooting and was replaced by Ray Walston, who is singularly charmless in the role. The plot has the composer attempting to sell his songs to the lecherous star Dino (Dean Martin), who happens to be passing through town, but he's so fearful that Dino will seduce his wife (Felicia Farr) that he sends her away overnight and brings in the local B-girl, Polly the Pistol (Kim Novak), to pose as his wife. The central miscasting is compounded by the chortling tone, the overemphatic double-entendres, and the drab look of the film, but there's something going on in it. Maybe because of all the dumb leering, Kim Novak is touching in her dreamy-floozy, Marilyn Monroe-like role. Her clothes are so tight she seems to be wearing her dresses under her skin; she seems exposed, humiliated. Her lostness holds the film together. With Henry Gibson, Cliff Osmond, Alice Pearce, Doro Merande, Barbara Pepper, and Mel Blanc. Script by Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond, based on a play by Anna Bonacci. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 26.)

THE LEGACY—With Katharine Ross, Sam Elliott, and Roger Daltrey; directed by Richard Marquand. (Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; starting Sept. 28.)

LIFE OF BRIAN—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chap-

man—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the Judean People's Front, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will feel a bit overstuffed if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (8/27/79) (Art, Loews Tower East, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

LOVE AND BULLETS—With Charles Bronson, Jill Ireland, and Rod Steiger; directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; through Sept. 20.)

LOVE ON THE RUN (1936)—Pitiful. One of the big-star pictures nobody ever talks about. Not for the first time, Joan Crawford appears as an heiress. Clark Gable and Franchot Tone are antic reporters, and there are international spies. There isn't anything recognizable as love, but the whole movie is on the run—London, the Riviera, Fontainebleau, Continental trains, and airplanes. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 28.)

A MAN, A WOMAN, AND A BANK—With Brooke Adams, Donald Sutherland, and Paul Mazursky; directed by Noel Black. (Trans-Lux East, Loews Ciné, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting Sept. 28.)

MANHATTAN—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Quad Cinema, and Festival... Gemini 1, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 20.)

MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE MEN—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sutherland as a young priest. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Cinema 3.)

MEET JOHN DOE (1941)—An odd, socially conscious picture, directed by Frank Capra and starring Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck, about a man who tries to commit suicide in order to call attention to a right-wing plot. For the sake of a happy ending that would keep Gary Cooper alive, the meanings were so distorted that the original authors sued. (Thalia; Sept. 25.)

MOONRAKER—James Bond XI or XII, with Roger Moore vs. the metal-toothed giant Jaws (again) and a quasi-Nixonian mastermind called Drax. The glamour of the usual sex, violence, and amazing technical effects is a matter of taste. (7/9/79) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Sept. 20.)

THE MUPPET MOVIE—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al., travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into showbiz and become stars. (7/2/79) (Waverly... Paramount; through Sept. 21.)

MURDER BY DECREE—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but as unconvincing as he is in his other roles. And, as Hopkins has written the role, this Holmes seems less a master of deduction than a wet-eyed saintly firebrand trying (ineffectively) to save mankind from the corruption of those in power. This Holmes also patronizes the common man, in the form of Dr. Watson, with whom he lives in an "odd couple" relationship that is the film's best comic resource.



James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. With Genevieve Bujold, who does one of her finest child-woman numbers, and Donald Sutherland, John Gielgud, David Hemmings, Susan Clark, Frank Finlay, and the tedious-as-usual Anthony Quayle—luckily, reddish foliage hides most of his bland face. The dialogue is fairly lively, though the plot is impenetrable. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 20.)

NEST OF VIPERS—With Senta Berger, Ornella Muti, and Capucine; directed by Tonino Cervi. (Trans-Lux East; through Sept. 27.)

1900 (1977)—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. Next to it, most other movies are like something you hold up at the end of a toothpick. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Cinema Village; Sept. 23-24.)

NORTH DALLAS FORTY—A funny, lazy satire about the kind of professional football that turns its players into pieces of equipment. Nick Nolte, as a veteran with a Bad Attitude and the best hands in the game, turns in a virtuoso performance based on respiratory noises, and shows of flair for comedy. Mac Davis plays the flashy quarterback. Good football, good supporting cast. Based on the novel by former Dallas Cowboy Peter Gent, and directed by Ted Kotcheff. (8/13/79) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1; through Sept. 27.)

LOS OLVIDADOS ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950)—Set in Mexico, Luis Buñuel's ruthless—almost surgical—examination of how the poor prey on one another is the most horrifying of all films about juvenile crime. The one masterwork on this subject, it stands apart from the genre by its pitilessness, its controlled passions. Buñuel doesn't treat his characters as ideas but as morally responsible human beings; there is little of the familiar American-movie cant that makes everyone responsible for juvenile crimes except the juveniles. There's no pathos in this film; it's a squalid tragedy that causes the viewer to feel a moral terror which doesn't go away when the film is over. Buñuel, whose early work fascinated Freud, creates scenes that shock one psychologically, and that remain shocking despite one's best efforts to pigeon-hole them. Among them here is the mother-meat dream sequence—perhaps the greatest of all movie dream sequences—that is disturbing long after the lacerations of the more realistic material have healed. Buñuel had intended much more in this surreal vein but he did not have a completely free hand. For example, in the scene in which one of the boys goes to beat up and kill another boy, the camera reveals in the distance a huge eleven-story building under construction; Buñuel had wanted to put an orchestra of a hundred musicians in the building. The cast includes Estela Inda and Roberto Cobo; cinematography by Gabriel Figueroa. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 27.)

THE ONION FIELD—Based on the Joseph Wambaugh novel. With John Savage, James Woods, Franklyn Seales, and Ronny Cox; directed by Harold Becker. (Murray Hill, Beekman, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (8/27/79) (Cinema II.)

THE PAWNBROKER (1965)—Rod Steiger plays a benumbed Jewish survivor of the concentration camps who lives on in Harlem running a pawnshop—fat, sagging, past pain, past caring. Adapted from the Edward Lewis Wallant novel and directed by Sidney Lumet, the film is trite, and you can see the big pushes for powerful effects, yet it isn't negligible. It wrenches audiences, making them fear that they, too, could become like this man. And when events strip off his armor, he doesn't



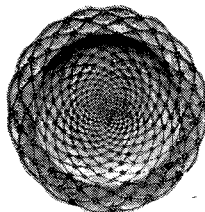
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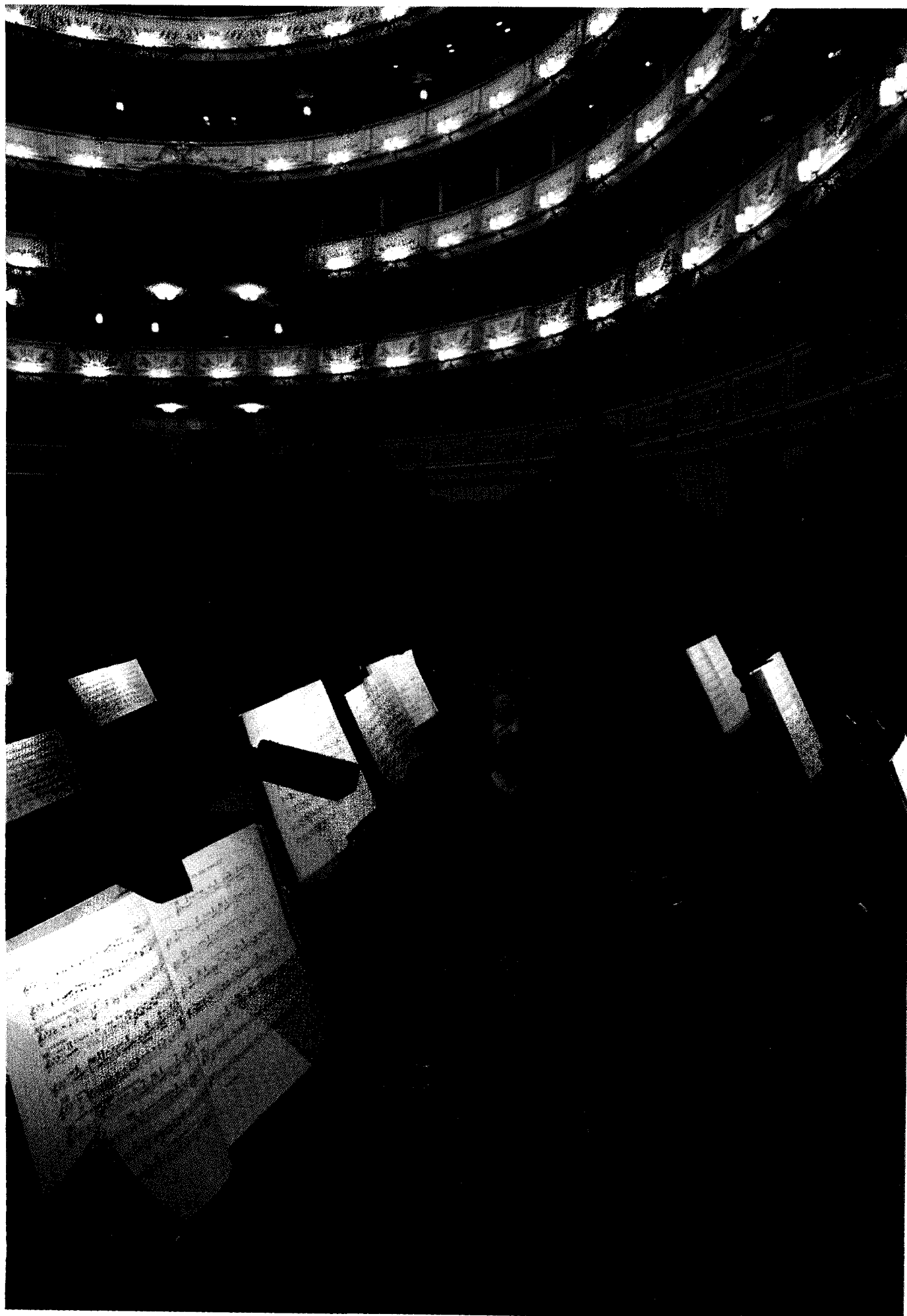
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discover a new, warm humanity, he discovers sharper suffering—just what his armor had protected him from. Most of the intensity comes from Steiger's performance and from the performance of the great old Juano Hernandez, as a man who comes into the shop to talk. With Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters, and Jaime Sanchez. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 24.)

PEPPERMINT SODA—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (7/30/79) (Loews New York 2, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

PLAY IT AS IT LAYS (1972)—About empty lives, acute anguish, Hollywood and Hell. As Joan Didion's hurting waif-heroine who has discovered the nothingness of life, Tuesday Weld wanders around numbly, looking like a great pumpkin-headed doll. The movie is bound to be a touchstone, like the book: people have different levels of tolerance for stories celebrating soulless high life, and catatonic alienation has never been more poshly narcissistic than in this one. Frank Perry directed; it's visually handsome but a peculiarly passive viewing experience. With Tony Perkins, Tammy Grimes, Adam Roarke, and Ruth Ford. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 24.)

RANDOM HARVEST (1942)—Ronald Colman is the amnesiac who falls in love with Greer Garson, having forgotten that he'd been in love with her before; he must be the only person lucky enough to forget that sticky, arch great lady of the screen. The only reason to see this hunk of twaddle is the better to savor the memory of the Carol Burnett-Harvey Korman parody, which also was shorter. Mervyn LeRoy, who directed many a big clinker, also gets the blame for this one; it's taken from a James Hilton novel, and M-G-M gave it the full false-English treatment. The cast includes Philip Dorn, Susan Peters, Reginald Owen, Edmund Gwenn, Margaret Wyckly, Peter Lawford, Henry Daniell, Una O'Connor, Jill Esmond, Ian Wolfe, and Bramwell Fletcher. (Regency; Sept. 27-29.)

RAPE OF LOVE—With Nathalie Nell, directed by Yannick Bellon. In French. (Little Carnegie; starting Sept. 24.)

RICH KIDS—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (Baronet.)

ROCKY II—As the ads say, "the story continues..." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Loews New York 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Sept. 27.)

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN (1969)—One doesn't know whether to laugh or to groan: As the King of the Incas, Christopher Plummer carries on like a mad queen, while Robert Shaw, as Pizarro, and the rest of the cast play it straight. No doubt Plummer should be scolded, but he's so entertaining, and the movie is a mess, anyway. From Peter Shaffer's play. Directed by Irving Lerner. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

RUN AFTER ME UNTIL I CATCH YOU—Annie Girardot is wonderful to watch in this film—a strained, splendid face—but the vehicle itself is limp, deriving what little zest it has from the universal hatred of tax officials, which is what Girardot's would-be lover, Jean-Pierre Marielle, is. In French. (9/17/79) (Eastside Cinema; through Sept. 27.)

THE SEDUCTION OF JOE TYNAN—An airless, pious study of political corruption. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Meryl Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry

Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, and Trans-Lux 85th St. ... Little Carnegie; through Sept. 23.)

SHAME OF THE JUNGLE—An animated film, directed by Picha and Boris Szulzinger. (Gramercy, and Embassy 1; through Sept. 27. ... Embassy; starting Sept. 28.)

SILVER STREAK (1976)—Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. Pryor wakes things up when he's expressing utter disbelief in Wilder's white way of moving, but when Pryor is required to show pure-hearted affection for Wilder you have never seen such a bad actor. The villains are art forgers. (Has there ever been a good movie about art forgery? The idea is even more hopeless than having an amnesiac hero.) Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double entendres. This movie also includes a callously unfunny gag—a plane buzzing a flock of sheep. (St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 21-27.)

STAR WARS (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tennial creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. (The two last trudge across what is actually the Tunisian desert bickering inseparably, like man and wife in Beckett.) Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (Embassy 72nd St., and Victoria; through Sept. 20.)

THE STUD—With Joan Collins and Oliver Tobias, directed by Quentin Masters. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1; starting Sept. 28.)

EL SUPER—A modest, non-polemical film about the adaptation of a small group of Cuban expatriates to life in New York. The main character is Roberto, a building superintendent beset by cold weather, the English language, and middle age, who decides to move with his wife and daughter to Miami. Directed by León Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. Roberto is played by Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. In Spanish. (7/23/79) (Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 28.)

SWING HIGH, SWING LOW (1937)—A screwball comedy that tries to be effervescent and is merely overactive. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon, and Charles Butterworth look giddy and buzz around in bars in Panama and night clubs in New York. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 25.)

TILL MARRIAGE DO US PART—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Plaza.)

TIME AFTER TIME—With Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen; directed by Nicholas Meyer. (34th St. East, Loews New York 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Sept. 28.)

A TOUCH OF CLASS (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose.

Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and with a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (Loews 83rd Quad; starting Sept. 21.)

THE TREE OF WOODEN CLOGS—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio 2.)

TUNNELVISION (1976)—With Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor, directed by Brad Swirloff and Neil Israel. (Gramercy, and Embassy 1; through Sept. 27. ... Embassy; starting Sept. 28.)

UMBERTO D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's Umberto D. is a stubborn old gentleman with bourgeois standards and no means, isolated in an impersonal modern city, unable to communicate with anyone. His alienation has such pride and spirit that he is not unworthy to stand as a symbol of man's fate. But men do not necessarily want to view their fate: this great, pure, and compassionate work has been seen by relatively few people. Yet for those few—and their numbers grow each year—it may be a rare, transforming experience. Script by Cesare Zavattini. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 24.)

A VOYAGE TO ITALY (1953)—Roberto Rossellini made this study of a marriage in trouble, starring Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders; in the film's finest scene, the couple visit Pompeii and see two petrified embracing bodies that have just been uncovered. An influential film (there are echoes of it in both Godard's "Contempt" and Bergman's "The Touch"), which is deeply marred by banality and clumsiness. In Italian. (Thalia; Sept. 27.)

WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE?—Robert Morley's legs, his arms, and even his head are appendages of his stomach. In this macabre farce, he plays Max, the editor of a gourmet magazine, and he enters his scenes by pointing his gut and then following it—the legs are a distance behind, holding it up. Max is an imperious child, ruling the world of haute cuisine. At seventy, the incomparable Morley is clearly overjoyed at having this chance to play an enfant terrible. It's a completely controlled debauch: he knows the precise effects of his pendulous scowl, his sagging lower lip and trembling jellyfish chins; he knows that his eyes are so close together that when he knits his bushy brows the wiry hairs commingle and he's a cartoon. In dealing with the debonair slapstick ghouliness, the director, Ted Kotcheff, doesn't have the reserve intended by the scriptwriter, Peter Stone; the film is pushed and bumpy. But bad as it is, it's spirited, it's fun. With Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Stefano Satta Flores, Philippe Noiret, Jean Rochefort, and, as the romantic lead, George Segal, who looks as if he hasn't slept for four years—his smile is like a wince. From the book by Nan and Ivan Lyons. (11/13/78) (Olympia; Sept. 21-27.)

WHY NOT!—A beautifully generous, funny, emotionally detailed view of a three-sided love affair. Sami Frey, Mario Gonzalez, and Christine Murillo are the decent, loving three; Nicole Jamet has to decide whether to make it four. Written and directed by Coline Serreau. In French. (8/6/79) (Paris.)

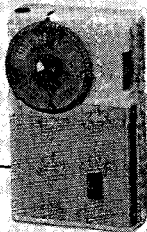
WINTER KILLS—A rampaging thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a novel by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb as a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer. (6/4/79) (Olympia; starting Sept. 28.)

WOYZECK—A Standard Authorized Version of the Büchner play, from the hand of Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski, as Woyzeck, is a splendid actor but overpowers both cast and text. With Eva Mattes, who won a Best Supporting Actress award at Cannes for this performance. In German. (9/10/79) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 27.)

YANKS—With Richard Gere, Vanessa Redgrave, and William Devane; directed by John Schlesinger. (Cinema I.)



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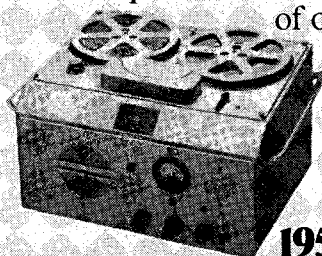
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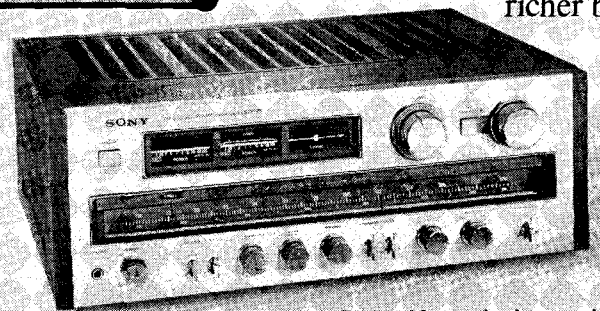
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- 1959:** Invented "Tunnel Diode"; basis of all high-speed, low-distortion semiconductor.
- 1965:** First all-silicon solid state amplifier.
- 1966:** The first servo-controlled turntable. Forerunner of quartz-locked turntables.
- 1968:** First electronic end of record sensor.
- 1969:** First digital-synthesized FM tuner.
- 1969:** Invented the ferrite tape head.
- 1973:** Invented the V-FET. Opened era of high-speed transistors.
- 1973:** First to manufacture ferrichrome tape.
- 1973:** Dr. Esaki wins Nobel Prize in Physics for "Tunnel Diode."
- 1975:** First turntable with carbon-fiber tone arm.
- 1977:** The world's first consumer digital audio processor.
- 1977:** First consumer amplifier with pulse power supply.
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Or the way our new separate tuners and amplifiers (not to mention micro components) utilize highly advanced light-weight pulse power supplies

whose levels of distortion are virtually unmeasurable.

Or how they use a NASA developed "Thermodynamic Cooling System" that eliminates heat, excess wire and the distortion and interference that normally accompany them.

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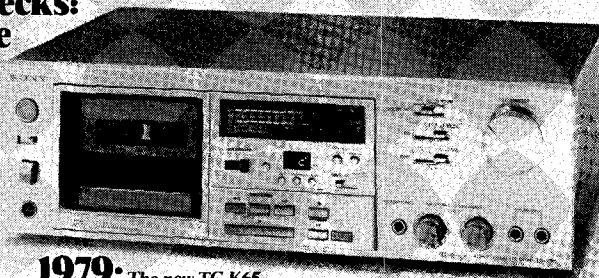
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Like all two-motor cassette decks, the TC-K65 is designed for low wow and flutter. Unlike others, however, we feature "brushless and slotless" motors that reduce this problem to the point of being inaudible.

Instead of using just any tape head material, the TC-K65 features Sony "Sendust and Ferrite" heads that combine wide response with extreme durability.

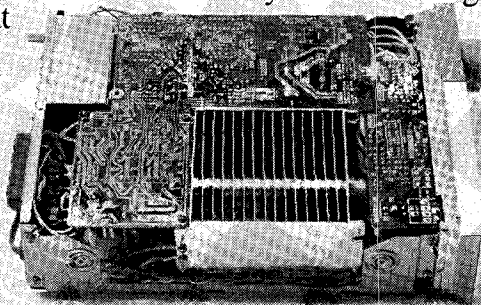
Instead of using an ordinary metering system, we've developed a 16-segment LED meter whose life expectancy far exceeds the fancy blue fluorescent models other companies are currently touting.

And there's also a "Random Music Sensor" for preprogramming tapes, settings for metal



1979:

The new TC-K65. Sony remains one of the only hi-fi companies to produce our own tape transports, motors, meters, heads—even the tape itself.



1979:

The Sony "Thermodynamic Cooling System." Until now, only available in satellites.

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Ever So Gently.

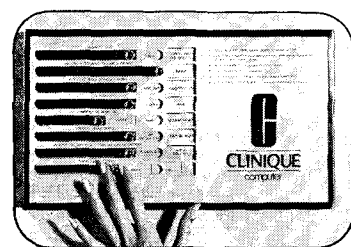
Most experienced dermatologists today believe you should wash your face with soap.

Clinique Soap does this job carefully. Cleanses your face gently without overdoing it—without leaving skin taut or dry. Clinically formulated, this soap knows exactly what to do. How hard to work. Where to stop.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SENATOR HENRY JACKSON has let it be known that in his judgment the SALT II treaty currently under debate in the Senate will "go down the tubes" unless the Soviet Union not only withdraws from Cuba the Soviet brigade that was recently discovered there by American intelligence but also withdraws certain Soviet planes now in the possession of the Cuban military and agrees not to supply the Cubans with any more submarines than they have at present. Concerning Cuban military forces in general, Senator Jackson called for "a national consensus behind our determination that we will not allow the Soviets to turn Cuba into a fortress-state capable of threatening the United States, our allies and friends in this hemisphere, and our vital lines of communication." Concerning "attack submarines" in particular, he said, "Boats of this type are capable of laying mines covertly off our coast. In numbers, they would constitute a major threat to our oil supplies." Though one might say in principle that the fewer weapons and men the Cubans have at their disposal the better (especially considering their recent interventions in African affairs), it is hard to imagine a war in which Cuban submarines would be used to cut off our supply of oil. (As for our vital lines of communication, they consist of, among other things, a global network of satellites stationed hundreds of miles above the

earth, and no Cuban forces can pose a threat to them.) There are, of course, any number of nations in the world that have the military capacity for cutting off a large portion of our oil supplies (a few well-placed air strikes on Middle Eastern oil fields would apparently take care of the matter), but these nations very sensibly refrain from doing so, because they know that such a move would be an act of war and could lead to their destruction, or to the Third World War, or to both. These reasons for prudence would naturally restrain the Cuban government from attacking American ships off Florida just as efficiently as they now restrain Iran or Syria or Iraq from attacking them in the Strait of Hormuz. In our world of already redundant explosive power, an increase in Cuban submarines does not represent an increment in military danger to the United States. Much the same can be said about the Soviet brigade in Cuba. Whatever its mission may be (and no one has yet figured that out), it cannot pose any appreciable direct threat to the United States. At worst, it might help train Cuban troops for their foreign adventures. Such is the relative destructiveness of nuclear weapons and conventional forces that just one extra nuclear bomb on one Soviet missile would be more dangerous to us than any Soviet brigade by a factor of several hundred.

Given the real extent of the over-all threat that the United States and the Soviet Union pose to one another—

their extinction as civilizations—Senator Jackson's remarks about oil-supply routes and vital lines of communication, which he meant as an alarm, have the odd effect of being soothing. They seem to place us firmly in the time when military lines of defense and national boundaries had not yet melted away before the nuclear-armed intercontinental ballistic missile, and the earth had not yet become an open and defenseless target for nuclear destruction. Listening to phrases like "vital lines of communication," one could momentarily imagine oneself again in the period when the military fortunes of great powers depended on control of this or that peninsula, or salient, or "flank," or sea, and populations were still safe from utter annihilation. But that time has passed forever. The military threats of our day are posed by the missiles and bombs that are the subject of the newly jeopardized SALT negotiations. If we derail these in trying to save ourselves from Cuban submarines, we will have bought protection from the imagined perils of a past age at the price of increased exposure to the real perils of our own.

Buttermilk

THE sun at midmorning was virulent enough to render an overhead cloud cover quite useless, but out on Buttermilk Channel—Manhattan just astern, Brooklyn to port—a fine breeze



was keeping us company as we moved seaward at a comfortable three knots. From our freestanding perch, sixty or seventy feet above a plenitude of tiny waves, we could see the whole way around the compass, and it was a simple matter to summon up the I-am-monarch-of-all-I-survey notion: the surveying embraced not merely Manhattan and Brooklyn but Governors Island, Staten Island, Bedloe's Island (the Statue of Liberty), a great sweep of Jersey—as far as the towers of Newark—and the Verrazano Bridge. We had become monarch pro tem because a friend had hauled us out of bed at dawn and down to South Ferry before nine, there to board a saucy little motorboat, the Hocking, that serves as a ship's tender for the Army's Corps of Engineers. The Hocking had, in turn, hauled us and friend out along Buttermilk Channel to the Essayons, the Corps' extremely large suction dredge, whose present assignment is removing the muck at the bottom of the channel and dumping it out at sea. Our perch now was the deck over the bridge of the Essayons (a viable translation of this name is "Let us try"), and a more splendid throne for any monarch is inconceivable. Our friend of the occasion was (and is) E. M. Frimbo, whose fondness for steam—the one natural force that he accords any respect—has kept him aboard the world's railway trains and passenger ships for three-quarters of a century. In furtherance of his fondness, he has joined a number of rather special clubs, one of which, the World Ship Society, delights in putting its members aboard

such enterprises as the Essayons. "She's a sister ship to Cunard's Queen Elizabeth 2 in my book," Frimbo says, "because both vessels are among the few that still use steam for propulsion. The Essayons may *look* like any old matter-of-fact harbor craft, but she's a real long-distance runner; she can do nearly six thousand miles on one load of Bunker C oil, the standard diet of many an oceangoing vessel."

The Essayons does indeed look matter-of-fact; black is the prevailing color, and along her flanks rise huge, grim davits, much like the davits from which lifeboats are slung on less workaday vessels. From these davits are slung correspondingly huge steel pipes, which, when they are in action, are dragged along the bottom of the harbor and inhale silt as they move; the silt is sucked up through flexible connections into hoppers amidships of the Essayons. There the silt settles, and the water in which it was suspended overflows back into the harbor. All this gloop has the hue and the scent of petroleum—a scent powerful enough to persuade us that if, like the silt, it could be separated from the harbor water, we would not need to bother about acquiring the oils of Araby for years to come. The device of the Corps of Engineers is a pair of Martello towers, crenellated at their summits, and a reproduction of this device in metal, white and on a giant scale, appears near the top of the funnel.

A reminder of this device, a single Martello tower, in virginal white, now appeared far ahead, bobbing in the water—the buoy that informs the pilot of

the Essayons that the ship has gone far enough on her appointed round down the harbor and it's time to head back to Buttermilk Channel. "So there's no mistaking it," said Frimbo, "there's a little black 'E' on it. You'll see the letter in a moment."

"Neat!" was all we could think of in reply, and then we watched in admiration as the Essayons—all five hundred and twenty-five feet of her—slowly came about next to the buoy. In a moment, Frimbo was pointing aloft: a Concorde, its fierce long beak and pterodactyl wings at the ready, was on its expensive way—miles above us—to Heathrow. For more than an hour, there had been only the sound of our voices; now, after the Concorde neared the vanishing point, the thunder of its jets overwhelmed us.

"She'll be there before we've finished lunch," Frimbo said, "but I'm not in that much of a hurry, ever."

"Lunch?" we said.

"You have to expect that a sister ship to the QE 2 would observe the amenities," Frimbo said.

Lunch did not arrive—rather, we did not arrive at it—until the Essayons had made another round trip, up almost to the top of Buttermilk Channel and back to the "E" buoy. This time, she did not come about, and Frimbo, announcing that she must be moving on out to sea, led us down through the officers' lounge ("It's the standard lounge on any American freighter," he remarked, "except for that mandatory Jimmy Carter smiling at us from the wall"), along a catwalk above the amidships hoppers, and into the

aft deckhouse and a small, plainspoken dining saloon, where his World Ship Society comrades were sitting down to a meal that in Kansas towns like Mankato and Iowa towns like Ottumwa many thousands of other Americans were sitting down to—a big fresh salad, quantities of rolls and bread and butter, a soup of mixed ancestry, a resolutely well-done big steak, and milk and grape juice and pie. The title man of the Society exacted a toll of just three dollars a head for all this, on behalf of the Corps. We were out at sea some miles beyond Ambrose Light and had let go our cargo of silt before we had dispatched this array; the Essayons was coming about



for the return as we went out onto the catwalk again.

"I know a bunch of chaps who wouldn't trade this sort of life for anything else on earth," Frimbo was now remarking. "They were just eighteen when they got out of high school in their country towns down South, and their fathers were pestering them to get married and settle down on the farm. So were all those pretty little high-school girls—and bewitching creatures they are, and always in excellent supply. Either that or go to work pumping gas at the neighborhood filling station. Then a recruiting officer got them. After a hitch or two in the Marines or the Air Force, they're never going back home." As we came to a crosswalk, he paused to exchange a few words with a middle-aged man in dungarees, and then we continued on our way along the catwalk.

"That's one of those guys now," Frimbo said. "Started in the Air Force, then switched to the Army, and has now had a dozen years on the Essayons. Ten days aboard her, then four days off ashore. And it's not just up and down Buttermilk Channel. On one assignment, the Essayons took him down through the Caribbean and through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific all the way to the Columbia River, in the state of Washington. Because she's built flat-bottomed for riverine work, she can dance a real jig when she's really on what we call the Ocean Sea—that's a line from an old chantey. But just for fun, far out in the Caribbees, they lowered a suction pipe and picked up such a boatload of fish they'd never seen before that they dined like kings for days. Same thing going up the west coast of Mexico. The Corps of Engineers has a very well-appointed lobby on Capitol Hill. The Corps' unemployment rate is way down in the basement. And there's always the prospect of things like going to the Columbia. What a fine cruise ship the Essayons could be—with a crew eager to hobnob with guests who have the sea in their blood, and without a social director or boutiques or slot machines or dance bands or afternoon cha-cha lessons. Not altogether Joseph Conrad yet, but there is in my possession a quiet little rumor that the Egyptians need something the size of the Essayons to do a job on the Suez



"You'd like Beverly. She's deracinated, like Joan Didion."

Canal, and that the Corps is considering making a bid on the assignment. Have you ever thought of being a stowaway?"

Gathering

ON Saturday, September 8th, forty New Yorkers, led by Michael George, a young assignment editor at CBS News, held a parade of buildings down the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue to mark the hundredth anniversary of the founding, way downtown, of McKim, Mead & White, which became the most famous architectural firm in the country and, in the decades before and after the turn of the century, changed the face of New York. George had spent the previous two weeks making all the buildings on his living-room floor on Central Park West: pasting blowups of the elevation drawings that had accompanied the original plans of his favorite McKim, Mead & White buildings—the old Penn Station, the Washington Square Arch, the Villard Houses, Low Library (at Columbia University), 998 Fifth Avenue, Manhattan's General Post Office, the old Tiffany's (on Fifth at Thirty-seventh), the old Gorham Building (on Fifth at Thirty-sixth), the University Club—onto cardboard boxes and then stapling strips of wood to the insides of the boxes for strength. Some bigger models—the Gorham was three feet

wide—were outfitted with loops of string set into the top floor a shoulder width apart, so that marchers could parade inside them. Smaller models, like the Villard Houses, were hand-held. And George nailed the Arch—which he carried himself—to the top of a tall wooden staff that he wielded like a crosier at the head of the parade. There weren't enough buildings to go around; some marchers, like Henry Hope Reed, whose society called Classical America sponsored the outing, carried only themselves. The day was gusty, and the strengthening strips of wood in each model were put to the test at almost every street corner, but they held, and the only casualty took place when a staple that had worked its way loose from the back of Penn Station hooked the cashmere sweater of a passerby. The route of the parade snaked through midtown to take in as many extant McKim, Mead & White structures as possible: from Fifth and Sixtieth, where on the west side of the Avenue the architects had built the base for the statue of General Sherman and on the east side they had built the Metropolitan Club for J. P. Morgan after he found out that some of his partners were being blackballed by other city clubs; down Fifth past the University Club; over to the Villard Houses, on Madison; on east to the Racquet and Tennis Club and the porch of St. Bartholomew's, on Park; then back

to Fifth, winding up in front of the Century Association, on West Forty-third.

There are few traces of the men themselves—of Charles Follen McKim, William Rutherford Mead, and Stanford White—in the city today. Set into a landing between flights of steps leading up to Low Library is a bronze plaque dedicated to McKim which says in Latin that his monuments look down upon us through the ages. McKim himself, not White, laid out the Columbia campus—and designed Penn Station, the University Club, and the Morgan Library. His face appears, in bas-relief, as the head of a sphinx on the façade of the Morgan Library. White, who got most of the fame, survives mostly in old picture books: photographs of White standing atop the Washington Square Arch at the dedication ceremonies in 1892, of White at the two-hundred-thousand-dollar costume ball thrown by James Hazen Hyde in 1905. Mead, who stayed home and minded the store, is perhaps even less well preserved, though there is a bust of him in the National Academy of Design. The firm's greatest buildings have disappeared, too: White's Madison Square Garden lasted only until 1925; Penn Station was torn down in the nineteen-sixties to make room for the newest Madison Square Garden. The firm was, however, so prolific (at one point in the eighteen-nineties the partners employed three hundred draftsmen) and so long-lived (their students continued to build until the Second World War) that you can find traces of it throughout the city: the Statler Hilton Hotel is a McKim, Mead & White building, and so are a Con Ed power station in the West Fifties, the Brooklyn Museum, the north and south wings of the Metropolitan Museum, the Bronx Grit Chamber of the Wards Island Water Pollution Control Plant, a monument to Hamilton Twombly in Woodlawn Cemetery, the Prospect Park Croquet Shelter, a couple of Georgian mansions south of Prospect Park, three branch libraries in Harlem and also many of the town houses of the Harlem block known as Striver's Row, the original building of Bellevue Hospital, the Hall of Fame at the old Bronx campus of New York University, the Players Club, the Cable Building, at Broadway and Houston (it was originally the headquarters for one of New York's cable-car companies), and the Prison Ship Martyrs' Monument, in the center of Fort Greene Park, in Brooklyn—which, at a hundred and forty-eight feet eight inches, is the

world's tallest Doric column. And traces survive not only in New York City: McKim, Mead & White built the American Academy in Rome, and buildings they designed still stand in Maine, Oregon, and Canada.

But why a parade? Tagging along behind the line of march and listening to the paraders talking to each other, we began to put together an answer to that question. A young man said, "McKim, Mead & White turned opulence into beauty. It was building in the period when for the first time the railroads brought white Indiana limestone to New York to replace the local sandstone we call brownstone. And it was building in a period when something like thirty-eight hundred millionaires descended on New York looking for something grand. Stanford White taught them how to live, and he and his partners reminded New York, just at the moment when it began to become enormous, that beauty has as much to do as size with making a city great."

A woman next to him nodded, making the building she was carrying curtsy. "Yes," she said. "And the upper East Side as it is today couldn't exist without McKim, Mead & White's 998 Fifth Avenue. When it went up, in 1910, ninety per cent of society lived in town houses. Then Douglas Elliman, the realtor, showed the place to Elihu Root, pointing out that there were nine coats of paint on every wall, and that there was central refrigeration equipment to cool a wine room in each apartment. Root signed a lease, and then everyone wanted one. Twenty-five years later, ninety per cent of society lived in apartment houses."

A much older man, striding along right behind them, said, "All these things are true, but what I like is the impressions I have received over the years walking by, or sitting down inside, their many buildings. McKim, Mead & White did so much to revive the ancient forms of architecture devised by the Greeks and Romans, the way the Italians of the Renaissance had in their day. And the Greeks and the Romans, to an extent found in no other culture, were interested in the

human figure—as you can tell when you look at their building designs. The ornamentation, for instance, on the different floors of classical buildings not only gives the eye a place to rest but imparts a sense of scale. You don't feel dwarfed or humbled by the best classical buildings—on the contrary, you want to make use of them. Why is this? I think it's because they make you feel your full size. I always get a renewed sense that, however insignificant human beings may be in the cosmos, they are just the right size for this planet. And more than this: when I walk past a building like the Morgan Library—my own McKim, Mead & White favorite—even while I am admiring the beauty of the design in front of me I find I am in some way reminded of the beauty of the design inside me, the design that created every human body, even one as old and bent as mine. And let me beg you just to look closely at the ornamentation of classical architecture. We grumble about the cold stone canyons of a city, but now look again. What is it that sprouts under the cornices and on top of the columns, and festoons the façades of all our fine old classical buildings? Representations of the acanthus leaves that Greek architects saw on their hillsides and loved, the way Egyptian and Indian and Japanese designers loved the lotus. I don't know if it has occurred to you, but every time I walk down Fifth Avenue, even in a parade, I see the truth of something Dr. Johnson liked to say—that here in the West we are all of us children of the Mediterranean."

Noon

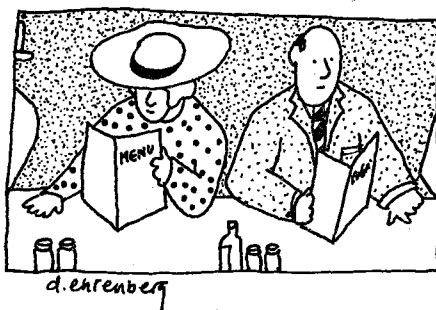
WHERE was everybody at noon on Monday, the tenth of September? At noon on Monday, the tenth of September:

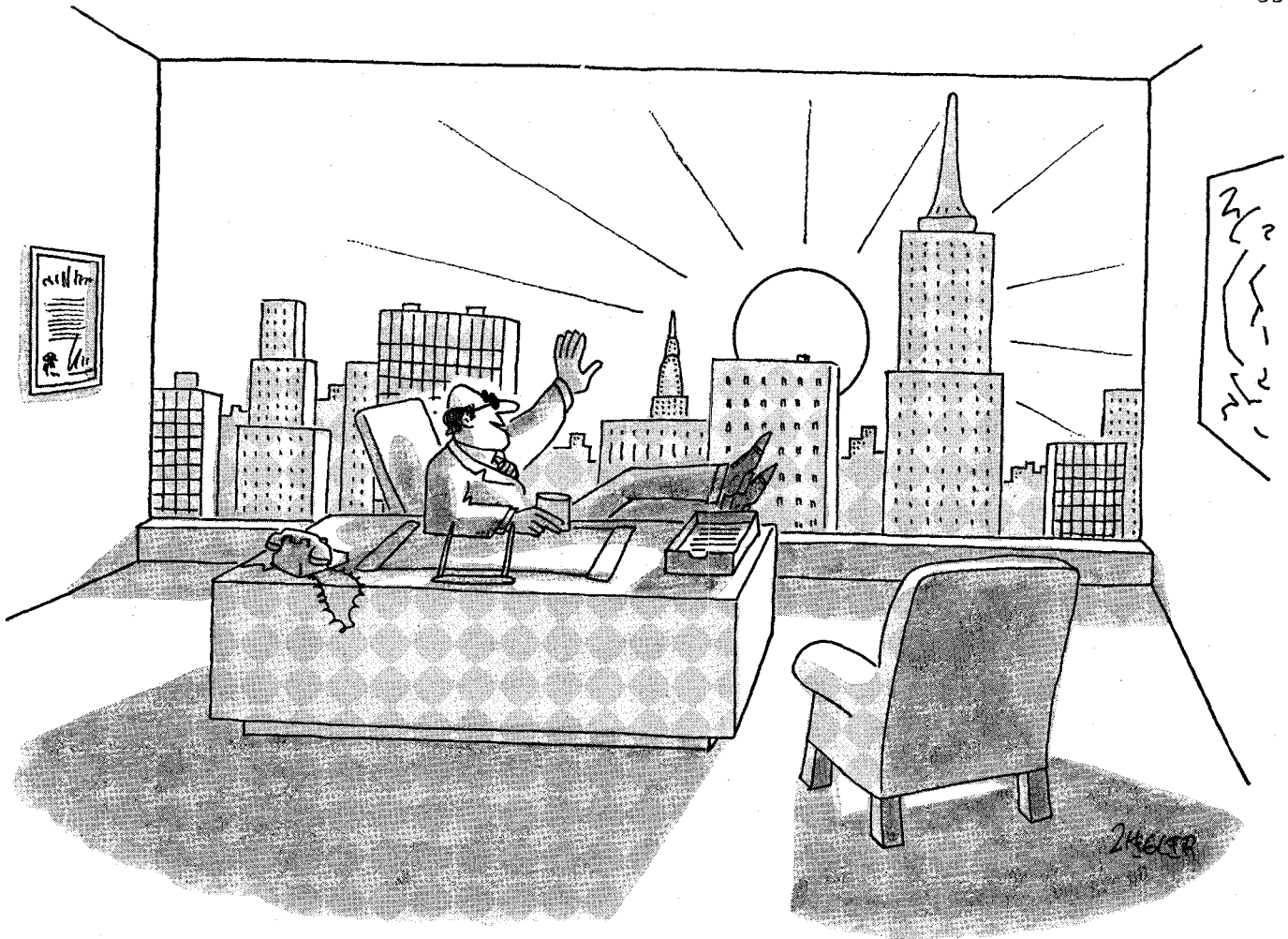
We were at home, reading "The Little Sister," by Raymond Chandler.

Don Clay, an interior designer, was sitting on a No. 3 Seventh Avenue subway train on his way to Wall Street. He had noticed, he later told us, that it was a beautiful day.

On the other hand, Edward Koch, the Mayor of New York City, was holding a meeting in his office. The subject under discussion was crime and public transportation. (The next day, the *News* carried a headline that read, "GARELIK FIRED AS TA COP BOSS.")

Moreover, Liz Smith, popular gossip columnist for the *News*, sat in her apartment—twenty-six floors up, with a spectacular view of the East River—finishing the next day's column. It was





"Thanks, baby. Ciao."

due at the paper at one o'clock, and the first paragraph read, "Sometimes I wonder if men and women really suit each other. Perhaps they should live next door and just visit now and then," said Katharine Hepburn."

Enid Hunter, proprietress of Enid's, an antique-clothing store on Spring Street, stood in the doorway of her bedroom and looked around. "Today," she said to herself, "I will clean up and redecorate. I will hang some new pictures here and I will change around the chairs there. Today—that's what I will do today."

Brooke Norman accompanied her mother, Marsha Norman, to the hardware store to buy some tulip bulbs and to pick up some photographs of Brooke wearing her new one-shoulder bathing suit. She heard her mother say that she would try to force the tulips—red and yellow ones—to bloom indoors by Christmas. Then she accompanied her mother around the corner to the bank to deposit the church receipts from Sunday's service. Brooke Norman is almost two years old.

The attendant at the parking lot at Spring and Hudson Streets sat calmly in his shed. He looked out the window

and waved to a woman passing, who did not wave back. A number of large trucks rolled by. Across the street, men went in and out of a topless bar that had a sign reading "Private. Members Only."

Vince Aletti, an A.&R. man for R.F.C./Warner Brothers Records, walked into the Strand Book Store. He went downstairs and stood in the section where they keep new books that are bought from book reviewers for a small fraction of the list price and offered to the general public at half the list price. Vince Aletti looked at the new half-priced books in stock. He looked at them for a long time, and then he said to himself, "The last thing in the world I need is another new book." He then walked out of the Strand Book Store. (Later, he couldn't remember if the sun had been shining or not.)

On the other hand, again, Reid Boates, the publicity manager for Doubleday & Company, was at a private luncheon in the company's private dining room. The private luncheon was held in honor of a woman who is writing a book about Ruth St. Denis. (Later, Reid Boates said "Let

me see" when he was asked by a friend to give an account of the luncheon.)

A man walked into an auto-parts store and asked the salesman for a positive crankcase vent valve for his car and instructions for installing it. (Later, the salesman remembered that the customer had said he was taking a long trip and had heard that a positive crankcase vent valve would help with gas mileage.)

A young woman was lying on the shag-carpeted floor of a house on Canal Street. As she lay there, she closed her eyes and listened to an old song by Rick Nelson called "That's All She Wrote." When the record came to an end, the young woman got up and placed the needle back on the record so that she could hear the song over again. Then, opening her eyes before getting up the next time, she saw a large dark-gray mouse hopping and running only about three feet away from her. The mouse hopped because his little feet kept getting caught in the shag carpet. The young woman screamed loudly once; she screamed loudly again; she screamed loudly a third time. She later told us that no one, absolutely no one, heard her.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THANKS are due to Dr. Milton Rumbellow, Chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature, Yourgrau College (Wyola Campus), for generously allowing me first a small course load and then an indefinite leave of absence from my duties; to Mrs. Edith Rumbellow for many kindnesses, not the least of which was her interceding on my behalf; to the trustees of Yourgrau College for a grant-in-aid, to the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation for extending my fellowship to two years, and to the National Endowment for the Arts, without whose help this book could not have been written; to Miss Sally-Ann Fletcher, of Wyolatours, for ably ticketing and cross-checking a varied itinerary, and to Miss Denise Humpherson, of the British Tourist Authority, who provided me with a map of the cycling paths in the areas of England lived in by Matthew Casket; to Mrs. Mabel Nittish for arranging the sublet of my Wyola apartment and providing me a folding bike.

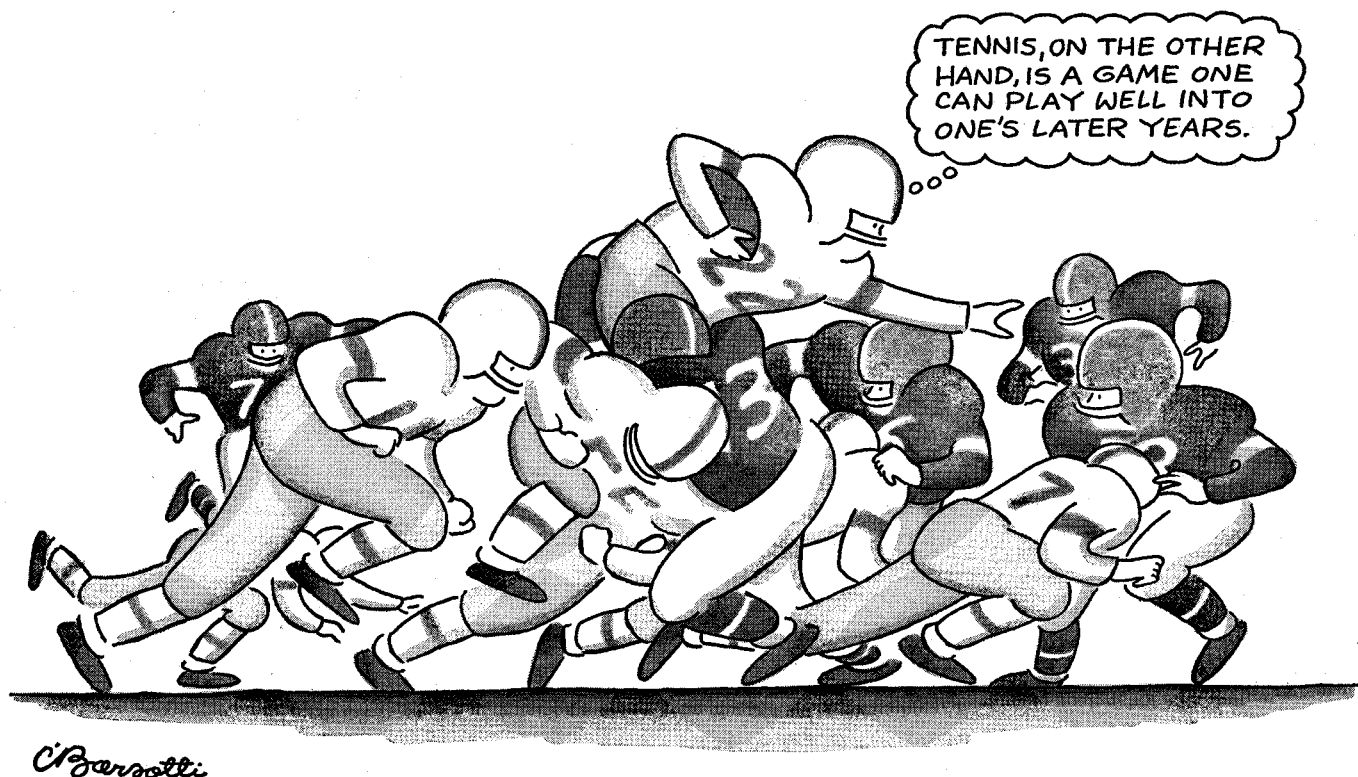
As with many other biographers of minor West Country dialect poets, Casket's output was so small that he could feed himself only by securing remunerative employment in unrelated fields. I am grateful for the coöperation of his former employers—in particular to Bewlence & Sons (Solid Fuels), Ltd., Western Feeds, Yeovil Rubber Goods, and Raybold & Squarey (Drugs Divi-

sion), Ltd., for allowing me access to their in-house files and providing me with hospitality over a period of weeks; and especially to Mrs. Ronald Bewlence for endlessly informative chats and helping me dispose of a bike, and Mrs. Margaret Squarey, F.P.S., for placing herself entirely at my disposal and sharing with me her wide knowledge of poisons and toxic weeds.

At a crucial stage in my ongoing research, I was privileged to meet Mrs. Daphne Casket Hebblewhite, who, at sixty-two, still remembered her father's run of bad luck. For three months of hospitality at "Limpets" and many hours of tirelessly answering my questions, I must express my thanks and, with them, my sorrow that the late Mrs. Hebblewhite was not alive to read this memorial to her father, which she and I both felt was scandalously overdue. It was Mrs. Hebblewhite who, by willing them to me, gave me access to what few Casket papers exist, and who graciously provided me with introductions to Casket's surviving relations—Miss Fiona Slaughter, Miss Gloria Wyngard, and Miss Tracy Champneys; I am happy to record here my debt for their warmth and openness to a stranger to their shores. Miss Slaughter acceded to all my requests, as well as taking on some extensive chauffeuring; Miss Wyngard unearthed for me a second copy of Casket's only book, but annotated in his own hand, en-

abling me to speculate on what he might have attempted in revised form had he had the means to do so, and allowing me the treasured memento of another warm friendship and our weeks in Swanage; Miss Champneys made herself available to me in many ways, giving me her constant attention, and it is to her efforts, as well as those of Ruck & Grutchfield, Barristers-at-Law, that I owe the speedy end of what could have been a piece of protracted litigation. To Señorita Luisa Alfardo Lizardi, who kept Mrs. Hebblewhite's house open to me after her late mistress's tragic passing and was on call twenty-four hours a day, I am more grateful than I can sufficiently express here.

Special thanks must go to the staff of Broomhill Hospital, Old Sarum, and particularly to Miss Francine Kelvesedge, S.R.N., for encouraging me in my project during a needed rest from exhausting weeks of research. Colonel and Mrs. Hapgood Chalke came to my rescue at a turning point in my Broomhill sojourn; to them I owe more than I can adequately convey, and to their dear daughter, Tamsin, my keenest thanks for guiding my hand and for her resourcefulness in providing explanations when they were in short supply. To Dr. Winifred Sparrow, Director of Broomhill, I can only state my gratitude for waiving payment for my five months of convalescence; and to Stones & Sons, Tobacconists, Worsfold's Wine Merchants, and Hine's Distilleries, all



of Old Sarum, my deepest thanks for understanding, prompt delivery, and good will in circumstances that would have had lesser tradesmen seeking legal redress.

I am grateful for the hospitality I received during the weeks I spent at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Warner Ditchley, Mrs. R. B. Ollenshaw, Dr. and Mrs. F. G. Cockburn, Major and Mrs. B. P. Birdsmoor, and the late Mrs. J. R. W. Gatacre, all of Devizes, as well as for the timely intervention of Miss Helena Binchey, of Devizes, who, on short notice, placed a car at my disposal in order that I could visit the distant places Casket had known as a child. The Rev. John Punnel, of St. Alban's Primary School, Nether Wallop, provided me with safe harbor as well as a detailed record of Casket's meagre education; he kindly returned Miss Binchey's car to Devizes, and it was Mrs. Dorothy Punnel who took me on a delightfully informal tour of the attic bedroom in the dorm, which cannot be very different today from what it was in 1892, when, just prior to his expulsion on an unproved charge of lewdness, Casket was a boarder.

I feel lucky in being able to record my appreciation to Pamela, Lady Grapethorpe, of Nether Wallop Manor, for admitting a footsore traveller and allowing him unlimited use of her house; for her introducing him to the Nether Wallop Flying Club and Aerodrome and to Miss Florence Fettering, who expertly piloted him to Nettlebed, in West Dorset, and accompanied him throughout his visit in the village where Casket was employed as a twister and ropeworker at the gundry. I am obliged also to Miss Vanessa Liphook, of The Bull Inn, Nettlebed, for very kindly spiriting me from Nettlebed to Compton Valence, where Casket, then a lay brother, worked as a crofter at the friary after the failure of his book. It is thanks to the good offices of Miss Liphook, and her indefatigable Riley, that I was able to tour the South Coast resorts where



"I don't so much buy the national-malaise idea per se. My version is: I've got my malaise, Carter's got his malaise, you've got your malaise. We've all of us got our own malaises going."

Casket, in his eighties and down on his luck, found seasonal employment as a scullion and kitchen hand; for their faith in my project and their sumptuous hospitality, I am indebted to the proprietors of The Frog and Nightgown, Bognor Regis; The Raven, Weymouth; The Kings Arms, Bridport; Sprackling House, Eype; and The Grand Hotel, Charmouth. To Miss Josephine Slape, of Charmouth, where Casket died of consumption, I owe the deepest of bows for the loan of a bicycle when it was desperately needed; and to the staff of the Goods Shed, Axminster, I am grateful for their speeding the bicycle back to its owner.

To Mrs. Annabel Frampton, of the British Rail ticket office, Axminster, my sincere thanks for being so generous with a temporarily embarrassed researcher; and to Dame Marina Pensel-Cripps, casually met on the 10:24 to London, but fondly remembered, I am grateful for an introduction to the late Sir Ronald and to Lady Mary Bassetlaw, of Bassetlaw Castle, at which the greater part of this book was written over an eventful period of months as tragic as they were blissful. It is impossible for me adequately to describe the many ways in which Lady Mary aided me in the preparation of this work; she met every need, overcame

every obstacle, and replied to every question, the last of which replies, and by far the hardest, was her affirmative when I asked her to be my wife. So, to my dear Mary, the profoundest of thank yous: this book should have been a sonnet.

Lastly, to Miss Ramona Slupski, Miss Heidi Lim Choo Tan, Miss Piper Vathek, and Miss Joylene Aguilar Garcia Rosario, all of the Graduate Section of British Studies, Yourgrau College, my thanks for collating material and answering swiftly my transatlantic letters and demands; to Miss Gudrun Naismith, for immaculately typing many drafts of this work and deciphering my nearly illegible and at times tormented handwriting, my deepest thanks. And to all my former colleagues at Yourgrau (Wyola Campus), who, by urging me forward in my work, reversed my fortunes, my grateful thanks for assisting me in this undertaking.

—PAUL THEROUX

Mr. Giuliano was an electrician in the Patchogue area before moving to Greenport with his family six years ago.

Asked why he had decided to run for mayor at this late date, the candidate responded: "We have managerial and money problems in the village. I think I can contribute to that."—*Suffolk Times*.

Forthright sort of fellow.

THE LAST OF THE GOLD STAR MOTHERS

ON a windless early evening in October, almost the best time of day of the best time of year in Minnesota, no one was standing on the escarpment path in Rachel River County Park, where you can look out over the fir forests toward Lake Superior and the distant glow of lights of West Duluth. The park was deserted, in fact—no one there leaning on the old W.P.A.-built wall to watch the Rachel River falling perfectly from one black stone to the next, eventually to find its way down the escarpment to the place where it joins the St. Louis River. People in Rachel River keep busy, and sometimes they seem too distracted to see things. No one, for instance, had noticed a battered safe, which sat in the bed of the stream in the park. It had been stolen from a Union 76 gas station a month earlier, in a celebrated local crime. The thief had been found out and caught, but the safe, torch-cut open and dumped right in the middle of Rachel River, still lay among the rocks, and the slight, spindly water fell on it without variance.

On this particular evening, a Tuesday, most of the regular people—that is, not the Duluth Airbase personnel and their wives, who don't count, but the *regulars*—were down at the Rachel River V.F.W. Lounge. Drinks, for once, were at half price, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Kevin Ohlaug's son, Curt. Everyone explained to everyone else that Curt Ohlaug had been in the service in some native place called Engola or Angola, no one knew in what branch of the service, but, anyway, now he was back, and drinks were at half price. The local radio-news lady, a thirty-three-year-old divorcée named Mary Graving, sat in the best corner booth of the V.F.W. Lounge. She was celebrating something secretly. From the beginning, she had intended to spend the whole evening there, so she had had the foresight to prop herself up in the right angle between the back of the booth and the wall. By her elbow, someone had scratched on the wall a suggestion to the I.R.S. about what it could do with itself. Mary had arranged a smile on her face quite a while ago; now it was safely fixed there, and she herself was safely fixed, and although she was immensely drunk, she was not so drunk as the others, which meant she counted as dead sober.

When Mary Graving was sober, her face was too decided and twitchy to look good with the large plain earrings she always wore. She thought she was

generally too grim-looking, and her earrings looked too cheerful at the edges of her face. Now that she was drunk, though, and wearing a red dress, her face felt hot and rosy. Her smile stayed stuck on, and she knew that the earrings—a new pair, especially cheap, not from Bagley's in Duluth but a product of the Ben Franklin Store in Rachel River—looked fine. She was not beautiful but she was all right.

She was crowded into the booth with seven local people whose familiar faces were getting blurred. One was LeRoy Beske, the sheriff. Each person had a hand round his glass, and their fingers looked silvery in the night-club lighting. The fingers were numb and stiff with drink, as silvery and thick as fingers in the empty suits of armor in city museums. No one is shallow and vulgar forever; sooner or later the whole species likes to be profound. Now, after everyone had pleased everyone else by adding comments to the I.R.S. graffito, a moment came when LeRoy Beske was profound. The others could take it from him, the sheriff explained, that all of culture—all of American culture, and that went for the Europeans, too, they weren't any better—was getting more and more slovenly and cowardly and uniquely filthy. The sheriff repeated the last phrase clearly, as sonorous as John Donne. "Yes," he said, "uniquely filthy." In 1946 he had stood on the Boulevard Saint-Germain with his buddies, and he could assure them the French, too, like everyone else, even the French with their fancy Paris, were uniquely filthy. Everyone in the booth marvelled at every remark. A hundred philosophies brimmed wonderfully in their heads.

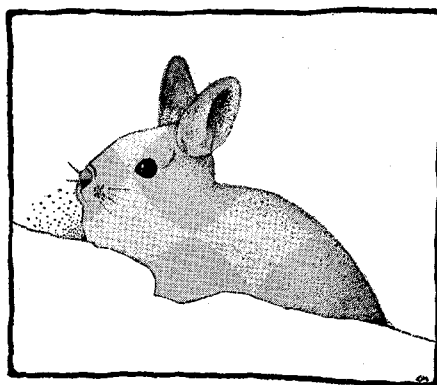
That was Tuesday night. At nine-thirty the next morning, Wednesday, the dispatcher's room in the Rachel River jail was softened by sunlight that slanted through the barred horizontal windows. Kristi Marie, who covered

the radio, was filling out court forms at her desk under the two radio speakers; a deputy named DeWayne Sorkelson sat at another desk, idly making throws onto the blotter from a dice cup. The sheriff himself leaned by one of the windows, watching for the other deputy, Merle Schaefer, to come in. Everything was as usual, but the team was a little nervous this morning, because Kristi Marie and DeWayne knew that LeRoy Beske was going to put the scare onto Merle whenever he showed up. Now and then, while they waited, a message came crackling in on the radio; Kristi Marie replied, and a voice would say "Ten-four," and the radio went off again.

Kristi Marie was on the two-way for the forenoon, but she had told them plainly that someone else would have to cover in the afternoon, because she and five other girls were going in a car to Duluth, to an art gallery. A member of their study club had suggested that with the world getting the way it was in so many places, it was a shame to throw away the cultural opportunities they had, what with Rachel River being only eleven miles away from Duluth, so Kristi Marie was going. Now the sheriff straightened up. Merle had appeared outside the jail, where he paused on the concrete steps and gave a languid smile to a little boy named Gregsy Hanson, whose face shone up at him. Poor kid, the sheriff thought. Gregsy Hanson's dad sold him out for the bottle, and his mother sold out everybody in town. When she went down the aisles in the Super Valu she even sold out her baby as he sat in the cart, explaining his faults to everyone in the produce section. And now, the sheriff thought, even this cop that Gregsy admired wasn't much good. Merle came in the jailhouse door, and Gregsy stood one-legged on the concrete, with his other knee thrown over the seat of his bike, as he watched him go. The *Duluth Herald* bag lay, caved in, in his bike basket.

"Turn on the radio to KTRW, so we get the Rachel River program when it comes on," the sheriff said to Kristi Marie. "Turn it low until she comes on, though."

Merle came in, raising a hand to his glossy, thick hair. He was having an affair with a woman named Verona McIvor, in Floodwood, and whenever he looked in the mirror of his cop car he saw a man involved with a woman, and with women generally—a gigantic man hopelessly wrapped in physical satisfactions, his own desires, women's desires for him. When he walked, there



was a lunge about his walking, as if he carried several women on his shoulders, clinging; they clung all about him, and his walk supported the great weight of them.

"All right, Merle," the sheriff said.

He's going to bust me for seeing Verona, Merle thought, instantly noticing that no one in the room would look at him. I don't want no counterculture job selling auto parts to farmers, he thought. I want this job. I want the uniform. His quick glance out the window showed him that that little kid, Gregsy Hanson, was still standing there waiting to look at him, Merle.

"O.K., Merle," the sheriff said. "We live in one lousy, slovenly time of United States history, but there is one lousy, slovenly thing that's not going to happen again in Rachel River County. O.K.? O.K. Labor Day you were in charge of the Gold Star Mothers' car in the parade, right? O.K., the parade forms in front of the Vision Avenue Apartments, where you pick up the Gold Star Mother, the only one we got left, and then everyone marches and drives to the cemetery where they have the doings. I got two complaints on you. First, you stuffed our one remaining Gold Star Mother into the car so mean she got bruised. She brought a charge. But that isn't all. Then you get to the cemetery, and I suppose I ought to be grateful you didn't run down them Rachel River Saddle Club horses on the way. When you got to the cemetery, what'd you do but get out and turn off the ignition, which means the air-conditioning went off. You left the windows rolled up and you left the Gold Star Mother in there. Mrs. Lorraine Graving is not a young woman; it was a hundred and five Fahrenheit. She could have died in there. I would like you to know that she is a symbol of our whole national honor. Without her we wouldn't be the kind of country we are today. Now, if we're not going to have any respect anymore it'll be the end of the Gold Star Mother program completely."



"Who the hell does he think he is, anyway?"

Merle was so relieved it was not about this woman that he was seeing in Floodwood that he had to work to keep from smiling. He would not lose his job over stuffing a Gold Star Mother into a Ford.

He said "Yes, sir" in a tone he had heard on a police program on TV.

"And there's another thing," the sheriff said. "You regard yourself as this big hand with the ladies."

"No, sir," Merle said with great dignity.

"Well, since you're such a great man with the ladies," the sheriff went on, "I've got something you can do today. You know her—it's Mrs. Blatke, that widow of that guy committed suicide. Well, I want you to find her, and then you make it clear to her she doesn't call the police anymore. I know she's upset. I know her husband robbed the Union 76 station and we caught him, and I know he killed himself. I took that refresher course on police psychology and I know she blames herself or something, but that don't mean she can go round town getting in fights with everyone all over Rachel River and then call the police. O.K.? And I don't want you to tell her mean. Tell her nice but firm. And don't make a pass at her."

"You got to be kidding!" Merle shouted. "Make a pass at Mrs. Blatke! Listen, nobody would serve as a pallbearer at her husband's funeral, and who volunteers but me, and I got the five others, too!"

"Yes," the sheriff said. "And then later that night you called her up and word is you made a pass at her."

Kristi Marie waved one hand at them and turned up the volume on the speakers. "And now," the radio announcer's voice said, "we go to Mary Graving, in Rachel River, for the Rachel River County news. Good morning, Mary!"

"Good morning, Bert!" said Mary. Her voice sounded a little husky, because it was carried by telephone from her house at the south end of Rachel River to the Duluth studio and then the eleven miles back again by radio.

"Today is the Feast of St. Maurus," Mary said. She did not sound very hung over.

"Gee, she's got a nice voice," the sheriff said. "I'm glad she took that job, since she had to get a job. Is it true she's got nerves?"

"I don't know," Kristi Marie said. "I heard that, too. But she always seems real cheerful." Kristi Marie

tipped her plump face up toward the loudspeaker over her desk. "She never forgets anything, either," she added. "She had it on five times to remind people to bring potluck to the St. John's annual meeting, and that's not even her church, she didn't need to have." They all listened to the radio over the quiet whine of the jail fan. The sheriff and the other officer had begun casting the dice to see who paid afternoon coffee.

"Although today is actually the Feast of St. Maurus, we haven't got any reliable information about his life, and for a very special reason I'd like to tell you, instead, about St. Alban," the radio said.

"But she shouldn't have religion on the radio," Kristi Marie said. "Last time they had religion on, we got seven phone calls from Lutherans saying they didn't want that Catholic crap on the radio, and nine calls from Catholics saying they wanted equal time if they were going to have that kind of Lutheran crap on."

"Speaking of religion," the sheriff said. "Do you remember when that occult group cut up all those cattle, over toward Perham?"

"I remember that," Kristi Marie said.

"It is too bad that St. Alban isn't better known," Mary was saying over the radio, "because we have a man in Rachel River with a birthday today,

who is here, alive, able to celebrate that birthday, just because of people in France who did what St. Alban did long before that. St. Alban was the first martyr in the British Isles. During some persecutions, Roman soldiers were going around picking up Christians to torture them, and a legionnaire came to Alban's door and said, 'We are looking for a certain escaped Christian.' Well, this Christian was hiding in Alban's attic, and Alban had traded clothes with him. 'Yes, I know,' Alban said. 'I am the one you are looking for.' 'You don't look like him,' the soldier said. Alban said, 'Look at my clothes—look at me. I'm the one you want.' The Roman soldier was stubborn, however, and said, 'Somehow, you don't look like the right man.' But then he thought, I've got to bring in somebody, and it is getting late, so finally he said, 'All right, all right'—whatever the Latin or Celtic for 'All right, all right' is—and he took in Alban, and they killed him.

"During World War Two," Mary's radio voice went on, "underground forces in Occupied Europe faced the same sort of thing Alban faced. It must have been terrifying to have someone knock at night and explain he was an American flier or an underground intelligence agent, and could you hide him? You always knew that if the Germans caught you, you would

be tortured for information and then likely killed. Well, Mahlon Hanson, of Rachel River, who gets our radio birthday greetings today, is alive because somebody was brave enough to risk self and family to hide him, thirty-four years ago, and help him reach the Channel. And, speaking of help, what better help could you expect than to have your next winter's furnace costs cut in half—that's right, cut right in half. You couldn't do better than to plan now, because if fall is here winter can't be far behind, and Merv Skjolestad is carrying a line of woodburning stoves that can make hundreds of dollars of savings for you."

WHEN the program was over, Mary replaced the telephone receiver in its cradle, turned off the power box, and unplugged the cassette player she used for taping town-council notices. The Duluth station had set up this radio-telephone hookup for her in her own basement. To Mary, the program meant a tiny, unfailing income, with the marvellous virtue that she could be home when her children, Will and Molly, got home from school every day. The other end of the basement was reserved for her toymaking business. Between the radio program and the toymaking, Mary spent many hours every day in the cool, brightly lighted basement. The old cellar shelves

were soft and grainy with rot; the previous renter, an A.F.D.C. mother, had left loops of rusty Kerr-top canning rings there, but Mary had scrubbed off the space she needed, and spread out the tools of her trade there—a dish of chuck keys, a small sabre saw, two sizes of nail sets, all her lacquers, a mitre box, her power saws and sander. The place reminded one that generations of women had stored home canning there and had filled and emptied laundry tubs into the sump hole; there was an aura of domestic bravery and domestic squalor about the place still. But now the basement had some glint and bustle, too, which came from Mary's shiny, imposingly modern radio equipment on the desk, her squared-off drawings on the steel table, and the bright-orange electrical drop cords curling everywhere. In the



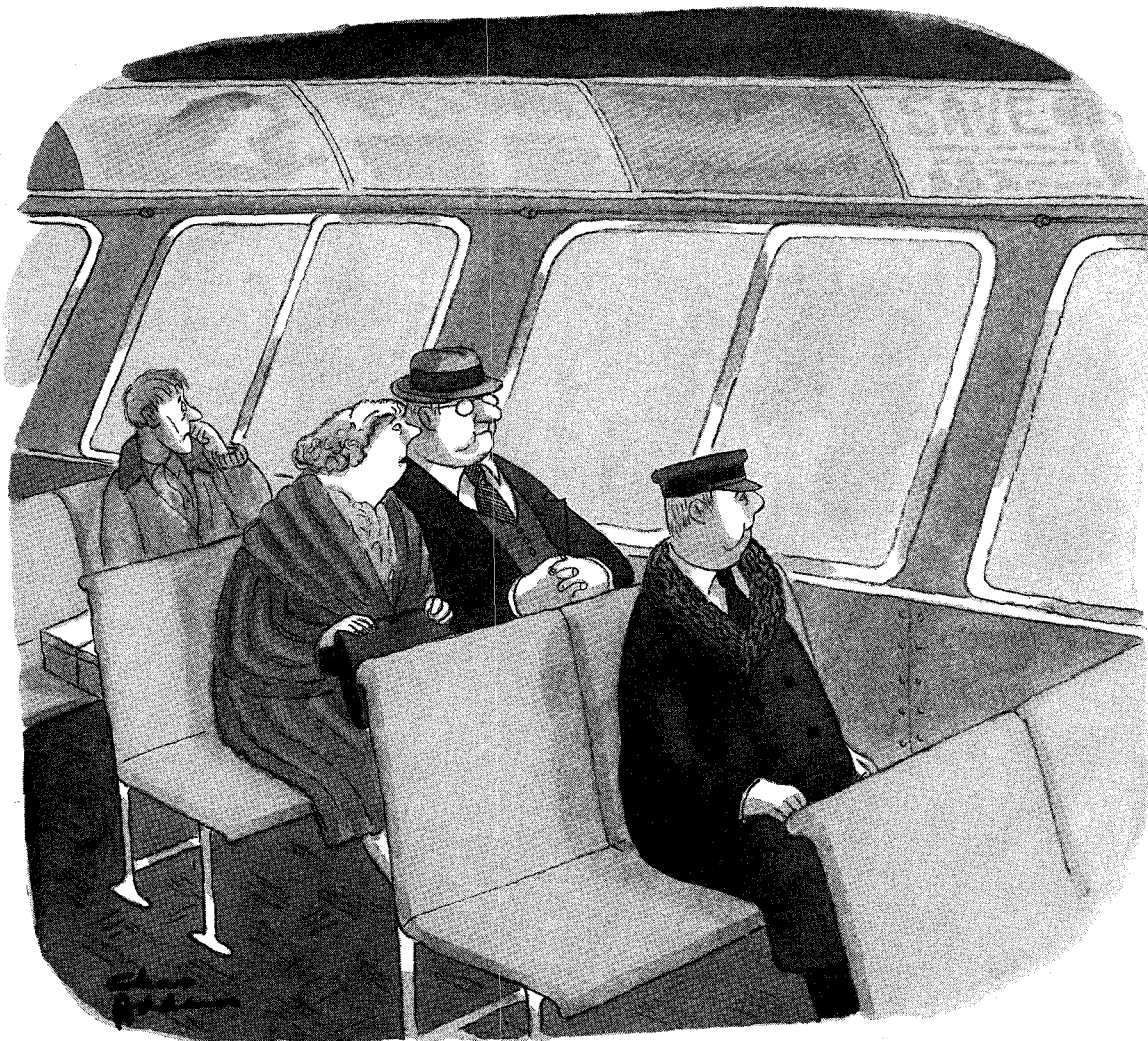
"I want you two to meet a real cute couple."

middle of the room, and in the space where a washing machine had been before the men had recently come and repossessed it, there stood several half-finished castles and Norman keeps and three-storeyed doll houses, all smelling beautifully of AC ply.

On school-day afternoons, the children would burst into the house above her; the old farmhouse shuddered when they struck the door with their knuckles and books. Mary would climb the basement stairs dazedly, and in the shabby living room she and Will and Molly would drink cocoa, sitting in front of a print of two sailing ships over the mantel. The ships were heavily square-rigged. They tore along in the lunging, green, tremendously deep Atlantic. The children loved to say, "Just think what would happen if a man fell overboard into that sea!" And Mary usually assured

them solemnly, "It must have been nearly impossible, in those days, to put her about to pick up anyone." Sometimes Mary explained as much about the rigging as she understood. They all drank their cocoa and speculated silently about a man overboard treading water in the deep sea and watching his ship grow smaller as it sailed away and left him. Then, on most days, the children went outdoors to play, and Mary went into the kitchen. Little by little, the hours of silent work in the basement would sift from her mind, until soon her supper-making seemed perfectly practical, perfectly pleasant, in the way that hobbies are pleasant when you get your mind off your lifework. If they were having pastry for dinner, she gave it her attention and got it right.

But just now, in October, Will and Molly were spending a week in Pike Lake with their father, Cordell. As Mary worked on a bookcase she was building as a surprise for them, she kept track of the quarter hours as she waited for the time, arranged with Cordell, when she would telephone



"Now that we've given up the car, I wonder if we still need Orkins."

and talk to them. The calling hour was agreed on for midday on Wednesday, since school would be closed then for a Teachers' In-Service. Across from where Mary sat, there stood the old, red-painted steel table, on which she kept her drawings of toys and her general accounts. In her childhood, in Duluth, there had been metal furniture in two places in her house—in the maids' room in the basement and out on the shaded, north-facing terrace. Every spring, the terrace furniture was repainted by the hired man and then set out on the stone flagging. All summer, it never seemed to lose its chill. Mary had been expected to take part in her mother's teas out there, when she had to listen to her mother's friends and their little quarrels about books. They sat on the painted metal in their silk dresses, and responded to one another in flurries. "Oh, but Julia," they cried, "can you really say that with impunity?" Mary sometimes found herself staring down, past the terrace ferns, into the window of the maids' room in the basement. She could

see the two iron beds there. Her own basement, Mary sometimes felt now, was not unlike the maids' room.

Sitting by the unfinished bookcase, Mary fitted new paper into her sander. At the same time, she was estimating her income for the current year. The bookcase was to have a lever on one side, which opened a secret vertical shaft that would run from the top to the bottom of the case, at its back. On the opposite side, the left, there would be a fishing reel fastened to the case, which was to operate a miniature dumbwaiter inside the secret shaft. She meant to make a tiny velvet-covered chest to fit in the dumbwaiter, in which the children could keep their treasures—whatever they liked. She was not building this bookcase to be sold, and for this reason her face was mobile, nervous, and sometimes smiling as she worked. Her facial tic was not so bad as it was sometimes. The other toys standing about—the apartment-building doll houses, the sixteenth-century half-timber doll houses, the castles, and the puppet show—were all

parts of her business. They sold at prices from sixty-five dollars to four hundred dollars each.

Before she became self-supporting, she had never imagined that one tends to do major economic calculations over and over again in one's head, as if the figures might improve with repetition. She knew that her total intake this past year would be eleven thousand three hundred dollars, but she kept refiguring it. Now she added things up again while she carefully drilled a hole for the fishing-reel cable to run through. The twenty-minute radio program, five days a week, brought her five hundred dollars a month, which was six thousand dollars a year. If she commissioned four large castles at three hundred and fifty dollars each, that would be fourteen hundred dollars, which made a total so far of seventy-four hundred. Ten medium-sized castles would bring in fifteen hundred dollars more, making a total of eight thousand nine hundred. In the first year after he had left her, Cordell sent her eleven out of the twelve agreed-upon monthly child-support payments; in the second year, he sent ten. Now she figured he would send an average of, say, eight payments per year for another year or so. At one hundred and fifty dollars per child, that brought the total to eleven thousand three hundred dollars. It was not really enough.

She worked at the children's bookcase for an hour, getting used to the pleasure and irritations of the task. She liked to work fast, watching her hands touching things gently. She disliked her habit of sometimes carrying a pencil or nails in her mouth. Presently she went over to the radio table and telephoned a farm-equipment dealer named Merv Skjolestad to suggest that she write him an ad for his Patz manure-movers, which she could alternate with the ads she now read over the radio for his Schweiss woodburning furnace. She could alternate the ads—Monday-Wednesday-Friday and Tuesday-Thursday. Merv told her that wasn't all he had. He had a whole new line of grain-storage bins and some brand-new milk-house equipment. She took down the sizes and prices, and told him she could do the furnaces on Mondays, the grain and milk-house line Tuesdays, and the Patz equipment and furnaces by turn on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. She eased him off the telephone in time to call the children at the prearranged time.

She listened to the telephone ring twenty times. Then she decided she might have misdialled, so she called

again and let it ring ten more times. After a while, she went upstairs to wash her face, which looked awful. She was a person whose eyes puffed up quickly.

She gathered her sheets and clothes from a basket and drove to the other end of town, to the laundromat. She was very sorry to find a woman she knew named Mrs. Blatke in the laundromat, sorting through a pile of unclaimed clothing. "Why, hello," said Mrs. Blatke, in a false tone. Mrs. Blatke's voice was not perfectly respectful, because although her husband had been caught knocking over the Union 76 station and then had felt so bad that he couldn't support her and their kids that he had committed suicide, at least he had been a faithful husband to her, and this Mrs. Mary Graving might be a big shot, with a big-shot job running the radio program from Rachel River and selling fancy toys to big shots in Duluth, but the fact was Mrs. Blatke's husband had died and Mrs. Graving's husband had just up and left her. Mrs. Blatke, therefore, did not move over enough to let Mary Graving get her laundry bag between the folding table and the line of machines. Mary, on her side, knew that Mrs. Blatke stole clothing from people's dryer loads if they were

A FALL

A sadness now has entered into it,
Our love affair this autumn of the glooms,
Our unenlightened, dumb, unstated marriage—
Your eyes and silence. My gift of tongues.

Taste glosses you in its great mirror.
I wander among the distributed notes
Of the leaves. Are the birds art critics?
New canvases drive them out of their wits.

Those that are left. They're mostly gone,
The birds *and* the canvases. The geese
Having deployed in Vs, the trees
Naked among a million oak leaves.

On island nights, the dark was never dark
Enough, the stars too bright. A kerosene
Aladdin lamp threw shadows on the screen.
You turned it down. And other lights went on.
—HOWARD MOSS

not watching, so she did not say "Excuse me" when her laundry bag hit Mrs. Blatke's leg, with the sharp edge of the Cheer box inside the bag doing the hitting. Then Mary thought of something she must have forgotten in her car, and she went back out and came back in and squeezed by Mrs. Blatke again and hit her legs all over again.

"Funny a lady like you having to use the laundromat," Mrs. Blatke said after a while. "I've heard if you miss one payment on a washing machine they will repossess it, these days. But I wouldn't know. I was never one to buy stuff I couldn't afford and then have to have it repossessed."

Mary looked thoughtfully out the window. "I doubt if that cop is coming to look for me," she said aloud. "I never have had cops coming after me in a laundromat. Maybe he's got something to say just to you? I could step outside."

Mrs. Blatke jerked around and peered out the steamed window. "That's a no-good cop," she said warmly.

"He isn't much," Mary said.

They gave each other a quick look and then Mrs. Blatke said, actually in a kindly tone, "He did volunteer to be a pallbearer at my poor hubby's funeral, though, and no one else would, because . . . Because."

"I know," Mary said. "And I'm sorry about your husband, too."

Outside, in the autumn sunshine, the policeman leaned against his car, idly smoothing his glossy black hair.

Mary didn't wait to dry her clothes, but took them wet from the machine and got into her car and drove away





"And what else did you bring back from sunny Spain?"

from the laundromat. In the rearview mirror, she saw the policeman—whose name she now remembered: Merle—amble into the building.

SHE had an appointment with a man named Fran Paddock for three o'clock at Ye Olde 61—a kind of roadhouse dinner club, which he and a partner, who did some sort of cooking for the place, had recently bought. Now they were going to keep it open in the afternoons, too, in order to sell quality tourist items. The club stood halfway between Pike Lake and Rachel River, on a bypassed highway that supported a sprinkling of businesses that had been thrown up in the last few years where there had once been endless jack-pine forest. There were still patches of forest here and there, but as one drove along one saw the high domes of oil-storage tanks among the trees, and sometimes whole vistas of new, barracklike housing opened out. There was a turmoil about the landscape, as if it might all turn into a single giant shopping center by morning.

Mary walked into the orange, varnished-log building. In the dining room there was one table, over by the window, that didn't have chairs placed on top of it. A youngish man with sandy hair came out of the kitchen, opening his palms in an apologetic gesture.

"I'm Fran's partner," he said. "I

can't shake hands, I'm baking—but at least I set up someplace for you two to sit."

They both looked out the window next to the table. "I'm feeding bears out there," he said. "This time of year, sometimes three or four come lumbering up."

"Bears-shmears!" a cheerful voice said behind them.

It was Fran. Long ago, he and Mary had gone to school together, in Duluth. Looking at him now, in the shadowy restaurant, Mary could see that he had changed less than she had in the past fifteen years. He still had the undeniably comely looks and extroverted expression that had never caught her interest when she was a girl. The basis of their friendship was not their few dances together at the Northland Country Club in the summers but their nerveless and violently competitive dinghy racing at the Duluth Yacht Club, on Lake Superior. They had both won a lot of races, and Fran had probably beaten her a few more times than she had beaten him; the Coast Guard had had to bring them in out of trouble more times than all the other Duluth sailors put together.

"I see you've introduced yourselves," Fran said now with his old grace. "Mary's an old friend—and a great sailor, too."

He sat down; Mary sat down. Fran's partner hovered for a moment,

and he and Mary exchanged a glance. They hadn't introduced themselves at all, and now Fran was still talking about sailing in the old days. Mary understood that he was probably being extra gregarious in order to assure her that even if they were meeting on business he did not discount his old association with her. He was trying to lessen the tension of one person being there to sell the other one something—telling her that he knew she was not trading in an old acquaintance for commercial use—or that if she was, he was not offended.

"I still say there's nowhere you get that sense of reality that you do sailing," he said. "Hiked way out over the side—close to the water like that—you're touching down on reality.... But why should I tell that to you, of all people?"

"I haven't sailed in years now," Mary said with a smile.

She noticed that Fran immediately looked away when she said this, the way rich people sometimes do when they are afraid that a friend is about to explain that he has had to retrench.

Fran's partner wandered back into his kitchen, and Mary and Fran began to talk business. From time to time, as they discussed orders and discounts, she heard the baker slapping dough in the kitchen.

"There won't be any plastics," Fran said. "Strictly good things. What

we're dealing with here is the guilty father. The children have been with him all weekend, say, and now it's Sunday afternoon, late, and they've been cross and that made *him* cross and he got sharp with them, but he doesn't want to deliver them back to their mother with them remembering that, so he stops in at Ye Olde 61, and buys them these very good toys. It'll work, Mary. When the kids get home, the mother turns over the toys, looking at the labels, checking to see if they're just strictly Airport, but Ye Olde 61 toys won't be Airport—so Dad will end up way ahead. O.K.! Let's see what you have, Mary. One of my real resources is what you are."

She showed him drawings and descriptions and Polaroid pictures of her work. She saw he could tell that the things she had made were really first class—especially the French town house, with its blue-green mansard roof and the tiny sign painted on the smudgy cream outside wall: "Défense d'Afficher par la Loi de 1881."

Fran laughed. "We need a tiny wooden toy dog out there peeing on that lamppost," he said. "It would be a great selling point. The French are great on peeing."

The moment Fran said this, Mary knew he was going to cheat her clean. In the next few minutes, he did make an unfair consignment offer for her major toys, and said he would not handle the small ones. "What you really need are stuffed animals made with art fabrics," he said. "Or, you know—that quilted sculpture. Can you come up with a line of that?"

"Kids hate those art toys," Mary said.

"Yes, but they're very counterculture-looking, and that's in," Fran said.

He glanced out the window. "Hey, one of your bears has come in!" he shouted toward the kitchen.

The baker hurried in and bent over their table to look out the window. His arms, sanded all over with whole-wheat flour, were very near Mary's face. Mary and Fran and the baker

watched a huge bear moving things around outside, lifting garbage, studying it.

"They're like dancers, compared to how dogs move," offered the baker.

After a while, Mary got up. "I'll get back to you on the consignments," she said to Fran.

"Remember, Mary," he said. "This is big. The guilty fathers, the classy toys, the grimy, whining kids *wanting* something. And don't forget to glue a dog onto the French apartment-building one. And how about a trademark, like *La Vraie Chose*. That could be your mark, Mary—*La Vraie Chose* on all your toys. It's a terrific idea!"

She smiled. He wasn't mistaken. It was a sound idea; his shop was a sound idea. As she drove home, she felt so low-spirited that she forgot she was secretly celebrating, last night and today, and was not going to be sad.

BACK in Rachel River, she had one more appointment. She drove to the Vision Avenue Senior Citizen Apartments, where Mr. Dahle, the manager, said it was nice of her to come on time because it made him just so nervous when people weren't punctual. He expected punctuality of himself, he said; he expected it of others. "The problem is Lorraine, your mother-in-law," he said. "Or should I still call her your mother-in-law?"

"I guess she still is my mother-in-law," Mary told him.

"It's been five months since the rent was paid," Mr. Dahle said, holding his palms upward. "Now, I have discussed with Mrs. Graving—Lorraine—would she go on welfare. That is a practical move, you know, and there is no disgrace to it. She told me her son Cordell would pay the rent. I said, 'Well, he hasn't paid it for five months now.' Then she said I was lying and trying to cheat an old woman out of the rent, and she would call Cordell and he would drive over from Pike Lake and show me a thing or two. So I said, 'Well, you might as well call him, because if he comes in I can ask him in person will he pay the rent or not.' Then she grabs her Gold Star flag off the window and shakes it, at me



"It says, 'Delicious evening of pure theatre.' Ugh."

and says, 'You see this Gold Star? If you treat me wrong there's a lot of people who are going to remember what this stands for, and they won't like it.' I told her I am not treating her wrong, I am trying to get the rent paid is all."

"I'll go up," Mary said.

Her mother-in-law, Lorraine Graving, was crouched by the window, lifting the Gold Star flag up so she could see out. She was stooped but full of spring. "Ooh, did you see that!" the old lady said. "My, but there's a fight going on down there! Look at that—that grown woman grabbed that boy's bike and threw it right down on the sidewalk! Crazy! And she's left her car parked right out in the middle of the street!"

She turned and looked at Mary. "Ja, I know why you're here," she said. "Now, you listen to me. I'm not letting that Dahle push me around, and I'm not going to let *you* push me around. You never gave Cordell the least bit of love and support. I always helped him and he always said, 'Mama, I'm going to take care of you when you're old.' Well, now I'm old and he is taking care of me. He was always an affectionate boy, Cordell was. I can't say the same for his brother Emmitt. Emmitt's the boy I lost. I don't suppose you ever met Emmitt. During the war, you know how people went around showing you all the letters they got from their sons, with those A.P.O. numbers, and *reading* you the letters, too? Well, we never got any from Emmitt—not a one. He seemed to be just as glad to be away from home. We was running forty head of cattle in those days, and they never took both boys off a farm. One would get drafted, one could stay home. So I said to Emmitt right out, 'Emmitt, you better be the one to go, you're always so restless anyway, driving around fast cars, and all.' I told him a good joke that I thought would make him have a sense of humor about it. I told him,



"Just tell him one of 'the governed' is here to see him!"

"Join the Navy and See the World!"

Mrs. Graving paused to let Mary laugh, but Mary was hung over and had laughed at jokes all night at the V.F.W. Lounge, and a childhood friend had tried to skin her in business, and she decided she didn't have to get up a laugh.

"Anyway," her mother-in-law went on, "he may not have had much sense of humor about going into the Navy, but he really enjoyed it once he got in. He must have, because he never wrote any homesick letters. He didn't ever write at all. Home never meant anything to him, like it did to Cordell. Cordell always had more plans, anyway. Dad and I helped him. We helped him buy all that lake frontage and that resort in Wisconsin that you were so set on having."

"I never heard of any Wisconsin resort," Mary said.

"I'm tired of people lying to me," Mrs. Graving said. "First that manager, Dahle, and now you. We paid all your doctor bills, too. All them bills, and there was never anything the matter with you that I could see."

"I never had any doctoring bills," Mary said. "I never went to a doctor,

except for when the children came. You're probably thinking of Cordell's ulcer treatment."

"I gave my son," Mrs. Graving said conclusively.

OUTSIDE the glass doors of the Vision Avenue Apartments, Mrs. Blatke and Gregsy Hanson, who had once been a Faith Lutheran Church Release Time student of Mary's, were shouting at each other on the sidewalk. Mr. Dahle, the building manager, stood by, wringing his hands. An interested circle of elderly residents had gathered. They murmured "Ohh!" and "Goodness!" from time to time.

"Oh, hi, Mrs. Graving," Gregsy said, breaking off.

"Oh, so it's 'Hi, Mrs. Graving,' is it?" Mrs. Blatke screeched. "But when I want to park my car in the parking place, he won't move his damned bike. Well, I'm asking you, 'Mrs. Graving,' since he seems to like you so much, who is that boy? I'm calling the police."

"Yeah, and I won't tell you," Mary heard herself saying.

"You going to take up for some kid who busted one of my headlights,

are you? You going to take up for some kid against me?"

Mary said to herself, "I might as well get into a fight as not. I really might as well."

"He's a friend of mine," she said aloud. Then she said, "You owe him an apology, too." She watched the woman's wrath with satisfaction.

"Apology? *Apology?* Me apologize to that crummy kid?"

"You threw his bike down on the sidewalk," Mary said. "I saw you."

"Well, did you see what he done to my car?"

It was bad. Gregsy Hanson or somebody had thrown a stone right into the left front headlight. For some reason—from pure force and accuracy, probably—the stone was still stuck in the shiny reflector of the light.

"You tell me this kid's name, or I'll call the police!" cried Mrs. Blatke. "They'll make you tell."

"They won't make me do anything," Mary said. Suddenly she felt very hung over. She said, "Maybe your other headlight will get busted by somebody."

"Ladies! Ladies!" cried Mr. Dahle, grasping one earlobe desperately. "Please—I've called the police—they'll be here—please, *please!* Here they come now!"

It was Merle Schaefer. Mrs. Blatke ran over to his police car and shouted that Mrs. Graving had just threatened to break one of her headlights and that kid there had already busted the other one.

"What kid is that, then?" Merle inquired, getting out of the car languidly.

The three of them turned and saw Gregsy Hanson now pedalling up Vision Avenue, away from them, and throwing rolled-up copies of the *Duluth Herald* at doorways as he went.

"And anyway, she's crazy!" Mrs. Blatke shouted, pointing at Mary. "I know she's crazy because she goes and visits them people at the Lutheran Social Service on Thursdays. Everybody's seen her."

Merle looked at Mary thoughtfully and then he turned to Mrs. Blatke. "Funny—I already told you, just today," he said. "You don't call a policeman, remember? You forget awful quick, Mrs. Blatke. Now, you listen to me. When you get home this afternoon and you see a big ape there, two storeys high, and this big ape climbs in your living-room window and swipes your TV and then it goes in your refrigerator and eats everything you got there, including the ice cubes, *you don't call a cop!* You understand that,

MOOSE IN THE MORNING, NORTHERN MAINE

At 6 A.M. the log cabins
nose an immense cow-pie of mist
that lies on the lake.
Nineteen pale goldfinches perch
side by side on the telephone wire
that runs to shore,
and under them the camp cow,
her bones pointing this way and that,
is collapsed like a badly constructed
pup tent in the dark weeds.
Inside, I am building a fire
in the old wood stove with its rod overhead
for hunters' clothes to steam on.
I am hunting for nothing—
perhaps the three cold pencils
that lie on the table like kindling
could be used to start the logs.
I remember Ted Weiss saying,
"At the exhibition I suddenly realized
Picasso had to remake
everything he laid his eyes on
into an art object.
He couldn't let the world alone.
Since then I don't write every morning."

The world is warming and lightening
and mist on the pond
dissolves into bundles and ribbons.
At the end of my dock there comes clear,
bared by the gentle burning,
a monstrous hulk with thorny head
up to his chest in the water,
mist wreathing round him.
Grander and grander grows the sun
until he gleams, his brown coat
glistens, the great rack,
five feet wide, throws sparks
of light. A ton of monarch,
munching, he stands spotlit.
Then slowly, gravely, the great neck lowers
head and forty pounds of horn
to sip the lake.
The sun stains the belittled
cow's hide amber.
She heaves her bones and bag
and her neckbell gongs
as she gets to her feet
in yellow blooms of squawweed.
On the telephone wire
all the little golden bells are ringing
as that compulsive old scribbler, the universe,
jots down another day.

—MONA VAN DUYN

now? You will get me in trouble yet."

Mr. Dahle now held up his hands in a position exactly like the framed "Praying Hands" picture that hung in his office. "I think we can all go back in now," he said in a high, gentle voice. "I think the show is over." He giggled.

NOBODY who came to the Faith Lutheran Church to see a counsellor or therapist on Thursdays parked

their car in the church parking lot. They parked across the street by the hospital, at the "Visitors" sign, and then walked over to the church. It didn't do any good. Everyone knew exactly who had nerves and who was crazy in Rachel River. It didn't matter about the wives of Duluth Airbase personnel; no one cared if they were crazy or not. But everyone knew exactly who the others were. Anyone who



"Gentlemen, let us not look back on the first quarter. Let us, rather, look forward to the fourth quarter."

used the visiting psychotherapeutic services offered once a week by Lutheran Social Service was crazy or nervous. If they had a decent job, they had nerves; if they were on welfare, they were crazy. Mary Graving was just nerves, they guessed.

Now Mary sat, facing north, in the Sunday-school room where she had taught Release Time Religion, years before. The window faced the forest, where there were still wild animals living. One spring, twenty years ago or more, when men who had come back from one war or another still felt purposeful when they were gathered in groups, someone in town had spread it around that you would get a bounty if you went into those woods and brought out two fox's feet. All that summer, people killed foxes; there was near and distant firing almost every day, and traps set everywhere. Men referred to the animals—as people always do, for some reason, when they intend to kill a lot of them—in the collective. "There's a lot of fox in there," they remarked to each other on Main

Street. "A lot of fox and some bear, but not so much bear as fox," instead of saying "a lot of foxes and some bears."

"I want to tell you something," Mary said to Jack, the therapist she saw every Thursday. "But before I tell you that, thinking of bears—out there—reminds me of something else I'll tell you."

She told the therapist rapidly about the young man baking bread in the Ye Olde 61. She described his strong elbows and his arms, how they smelled of whole-wheat flour, and how he braced them strongly on the table so they were next to her face, while they all looked out the window at a bear. She told how she had sat there talking business with the other man, and this man had come and leaned over their table, and how all of a sudden there was this tremendous, irresponsible, unaccountable, absolutely unforeseeable desire, all because of this man leaning over while they looked at the bear. She told Jack how they all looked at the bear, which wasn't really that inter-

esting but they quit talking and watched it, and then suddenly this man with his arms covered with bread dough—a man whose name she didn't even know—said, "Do you see how when a bear moves it is more like dancing than when a dog moves?"

"Well," Mary said now, "well, when he said that—Well, the way he said it—Well..." She went on explaining, failing to explain it. "That part about the bear," she said at last, "that *dancing*—that finished me off!"

They both laughed, but then the therapist waited, deliberately making a pause too serious to be filled with conversations about bears.

"Well—and then I lied to you last week," Mary said. "And this is what I am celebrating. I told you I would not commit suicide because of the children. That is not the reason I won't commit suicide! I was wrong. I won't do it because of this thing I am celebrating. You see, I thought all life was of the creature, life of the body, and I felt I am dead in my body—yet I am not dead. So therefore I thought I

would do a test. I would see if life is all life of the body or not. So I took nearly all the week and went back over, in my memory, all the body life I have ever had. I went back over how it was with every man I could remember—well, at least, every time I could remember!”

This explanation seemed grandiose, and Mary became anxious because she knew that patients waste half the time in sexual bragging, so she said, “I went over some of the times, anyway, and I made myself remember everything, just as if it were now. I went through the births of the children all over again. Exactly as if it were happening now. I remembered every detail of the labor and the delivery—and oh, after the delivery!—of both children, and of beginning to nurse them in the hospital, and singing to them. ‘Annie Laurie’ I sang—not the first verse, which is dumb, but the other two—remembering to sing very quietly because you can tell a baby’s ears are not yet spoiled by bad sounds. You can tell by that nearly mashed, delicate-looking way the ears lie close to their heads. The way they lie mashed back against their heads like that, you can tell they have heard only the most wonderful sounds, like sounds from under water. . . . So I went back over all that, and it was awfully sad. My God, it was sad. But it was not what I was grieving for. It wasn’t!

“I felt sorry for myself and for

everyone else in the meantime, because if it is physical delights we live for, we certainly don’t get to spend our time in very nice places. We are always working in the basement, or drinking in the V.F.W., or washing things at the laundromat. The rich are the only ones that sail on beautiful lakes—and they call that ‘touching down on reality.’ Just yesterday, someone told me sailing was ‘touching down on reality’—and all the while he was skinning me clean on a wholesale offer! Suddenly I realized I wasn’t staying alive for my children. I was staying alive for something I haven’t even begun to do yet. So I stopped being altruistic to myself, as if I were some saint, giving myself up for others. And I stopped thinking my life would be so different if only I could live in a cultivated place. Why do we praise children when they are willing to go into museums? So culture is nothing, I found out this week—nothing. It isn’t why we live. And animal life—all that body stuff—that isn’t it, either. It is something yet to do, something we’re supposed to be doing in the future! But that’s as far as I’ve got—I haven’t looked at it any closer. I was simply so excited that I wasn’t going to die, and that animal life is not all there is, that I went to the V.F.W. Lounge to get drunk and celebrate. And in there I listened to the men talking. They’re in worse shape than I am, even—they thought World War Two was sort of a suit of armor,

and now they don’t know what they ought to be doing. Do you know that whenever I mention World War Two on my radio program five or ten of them, in this one little town alone, call me up and tell me things from their lives?

“And yet I had a terrible day, yesterday. Because I didn’t know what life will be, and animal life has been taken away, and then even the new life, my life of thinking about suicide, was taken away. I was so empty then. I was horribly empty! So I got into a coarse street quarrel with a woman over a little boy. When he called me up later and said, ‘Thank you for standing up for me,’ it was as if somebody who was not anybody had stood up for him. I was simply emptied.”

“But this week?” Jack said. “What about the suicide?”

“It’s gone,” Mary said. “But, do you know, I used to make special toys for the children—I still do. I am making a bookcase with a secret compartment. When I was sewing for them, or building something, I used to think, Well, then *this* is life. And I was wrong about that, too. Life for others isn’t anything, either. Just as the rich are mistaken in thinking there is reality in sailing, the rest of us are mistaken in thinking there is reality in carpentry.”

“So I think it is something we have to keep an eye out for—what we’re supposed to do, why to stay alive. Do you sail, ever? Well, if you know small boats you know about keeping an eye out for the darker place on the water to windward, because the darker place, which keeps getting close, is what tells you how to trim differently. . . . Well, that’s enough!”

She stopped. Her facial tic reappeared now, and she controlled it.

“But it is wonderful, *wonderful*,” she said, “to come here and tell you depressing stuff. Every day, I am cheerful on the radio, and people come up to me in Ben Franklin’s and say, ‘Oh, you cheer us up so on the radio!’ And my friends who are happily married come up and say, ‘You do a terrific job of taking on that toy business so cheerfully!’ We must be living in the most cheerful-minded century in the history of the world, even though the sheriff says the whole race is uniquely filthy!”

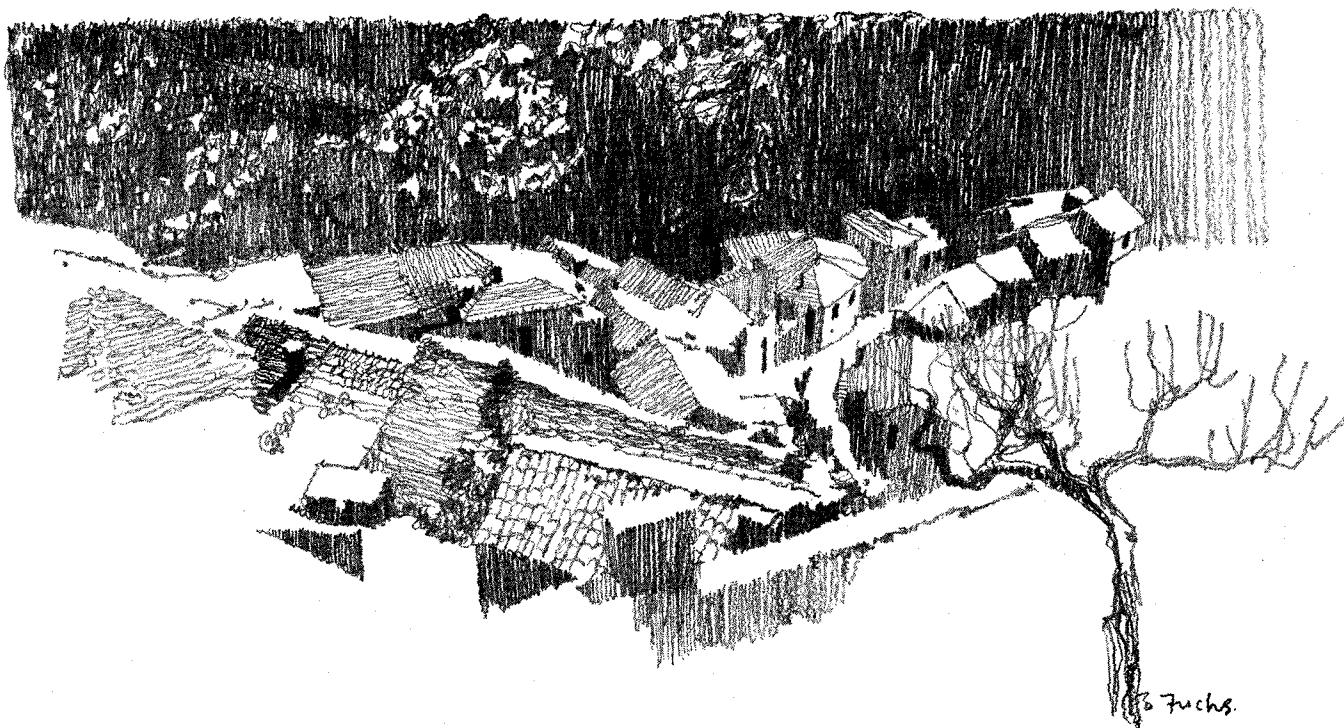
Mary and the therapist both laughed, and then they did serious work for the remainder of the session. She was not allowed then to divert from this serious work by telling stories about coarse women, or any of the other supposed facts of her life. —CAROL BLY



Lepidopterist

PROFILES

THE SAN VINCENZO CELL



NO one sang the "Internationale" at the Festa dell'Unità in San Vincenzo last summer, and some of the old-timers in Mario Cecchi's cell were horrified. Mario's neighbor Domenico Spina—a staunch *compagno* whose tinted photograph of Joseph Stalin hangs in the milking room of the San Vincenzo dairy coöperative—complained loudly about people forgetting the Revolution. So did Carlo Benetti, the farmer who lives across the road from Mario Cecchi, still sharecropping a few hectares for one of the valley's big landowners. Carlo Benetti said it only proved that people were getting lax and muddleheaded, what with all the talk these days about a "new" Communism. Carlo is eighty-one, the oldest *compagno* in the cell. He has not missed a night of Unità since Italy's Communists came out of clandestinity in 1944 and started having their enormous festivals, and this was the first time he could remember that San Vincenzo had neglected the "Internationale."

Normally, when the Communists in the Umbrian village I call San Vincenzo held their summer festival, they hired a combo through the local Party secretary, and the secretary, whose nephew led the combo, saw to it that the "Internationale" was played before the dancing started and that every family had a mimeographed copy of the words. The difference this year was that Mario Cecchi and two of the other

village men had put together their own combo. It was a triumph of sorts for San Vincenzo, since there are fewer than three hundred people in the village and the farms around it, and most of the men are old Communists, like Mario Cecchi, who have been working the land or herding cows and sheep day and night all their lives and have never had the time or the money for making any music more complicated than a tune on a shepherd's pipe or a harmonica. Mario himself is a shepherd—a "retired" shepherd, as he puts it. He spent sixty punishing years looking after sheep, and it is unlikely that in all those years he ever imagined that at the age of seventy-one he would be climbing onto a bandstand out behind the village bar-and-grocery-store—the *spaccio*—to start playing dance music on a trumpet. Mario plays the trumpet because his son, Alfredo, happened to buy a trumpet in Perugia, and after a couple of months of seeing it around the house Mario got curious and picked it up. Young men like Alfredo travel nowadays, and make money, and spend it on things like trumpets. They go to high school in the hill town that overlooks San Vincenzo and is the seat of the township—the *comune*—to which San Vincenzo and a lot of the other farm villages in its small valley belong. They go to trade school in big provincial cities like Terni and Perugia. A few of them—clever and ambitious boys, like Alfredo Cec-

chi—study at universities with the sons of counts and senators and capitalists, and become *dottori*. The rest leave to work in shops or studios in town—or in the big textile mills in Prato or the factories in Milan or Turin or even Germany. But every August all of those boys come home. They arrive with gifts and booty for their families, and the result is that San Vincenzo has gradually acquired (along with its television sets and refrigerators and Fiat Cinquecentos) Mario Cecchi's trumpet, one used electric accordion, and a full set of rock drums from a bankruptcy sale at a Frankfurt strip joint. The drums completed the trio that called itself the Compagni di San Vincenzo—three old Communists whose politics did not prevent them from instantly signing up for the local Socialist festival and the Christian Democratic festival along with the Festa dell'Unità and the First Communion of Domenico Spina's only grandson. In fact, the Compagni were so exhilarated by the prospect of their first season, and so busy practicing the songs they heard on the *spaccio* jukebox, that they never thought of the "Internationale"—not even when the red flags of the Communist Party of Italy went up around the yard, behind the *spaccio*, that doubles as the village boxing ring and dance floor, and the straw fence along the road was hung with bright-red posters of Antonio Gramsci's earnest face. They opened



"See this? 'To Lou, from Frank Sinatra.' He had the stuffed shrimp, just like you."

the festival this year with their own oom-pa-pa arrangement of "Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White," and to Mario Cecchi's mind they made a splendid music. Children began jumping up and down in front of the saw-horse bandstand. Husbands fled to the bar, inside, before their wives could shame them into dancing. And Domenico Spina, remembering the "Internationale," signalled desperately to Mario Cecchi—who took his comrade's raised and waving fist as a tribute to his new musicianship, and waved back, proud and shy and smiling.

MARIO and his wife, Anna, argue a lot about the Communist Party. Mario is devoted to the Party. For Mario, the Party is a kind of miracle that can take the cell of querulous old men who meet in the Cecchis' kitchen on the first Saturday night of every month—and always end up drinking too much wine and losing at cards to Anna—and connect it to a source of pensions and loans and health-insurance checks which seems to Mario as beneficent as the Virgin Mother. It is nearly forty-five years now since Mario abandoned the mountains to settle down in the valley and court Anna, and perhaps he has merely lost his native skepticism about valley people and their institutions. He knows that the

Italian Communist Party is one of those institutions, but he is also certain, beyond any doubt, that a famous German philosopher named Karl Marx, whom Alfredo is always quoting, has had a great deal to do with the fact that there is a big electric refrigerator with a freezing unit and an icemaker in the Cecchis' kitchen. Refrigerators always figure in the Cecchis' arguments about the Party—mainly because their own refrigerator stands just opposite the kitchen table, where they sit and fight. Anna will point to the refrigerator, and an angry flush will start at the base of her throat and spread up across her face, mottling the skin on her fine brown cheeks. And then she will shout in her raspy *contadina's* voice that it was she, Anna Cecchi, and not some dead German—not, for that matter, some big Party *capo* like Palmiro Togliatti or Enrico Berlinguer, either—who starved and slaved and did without for years so that the Cecchis could have an electric refrigerator to keep the milk from spoiling in the valley heat.

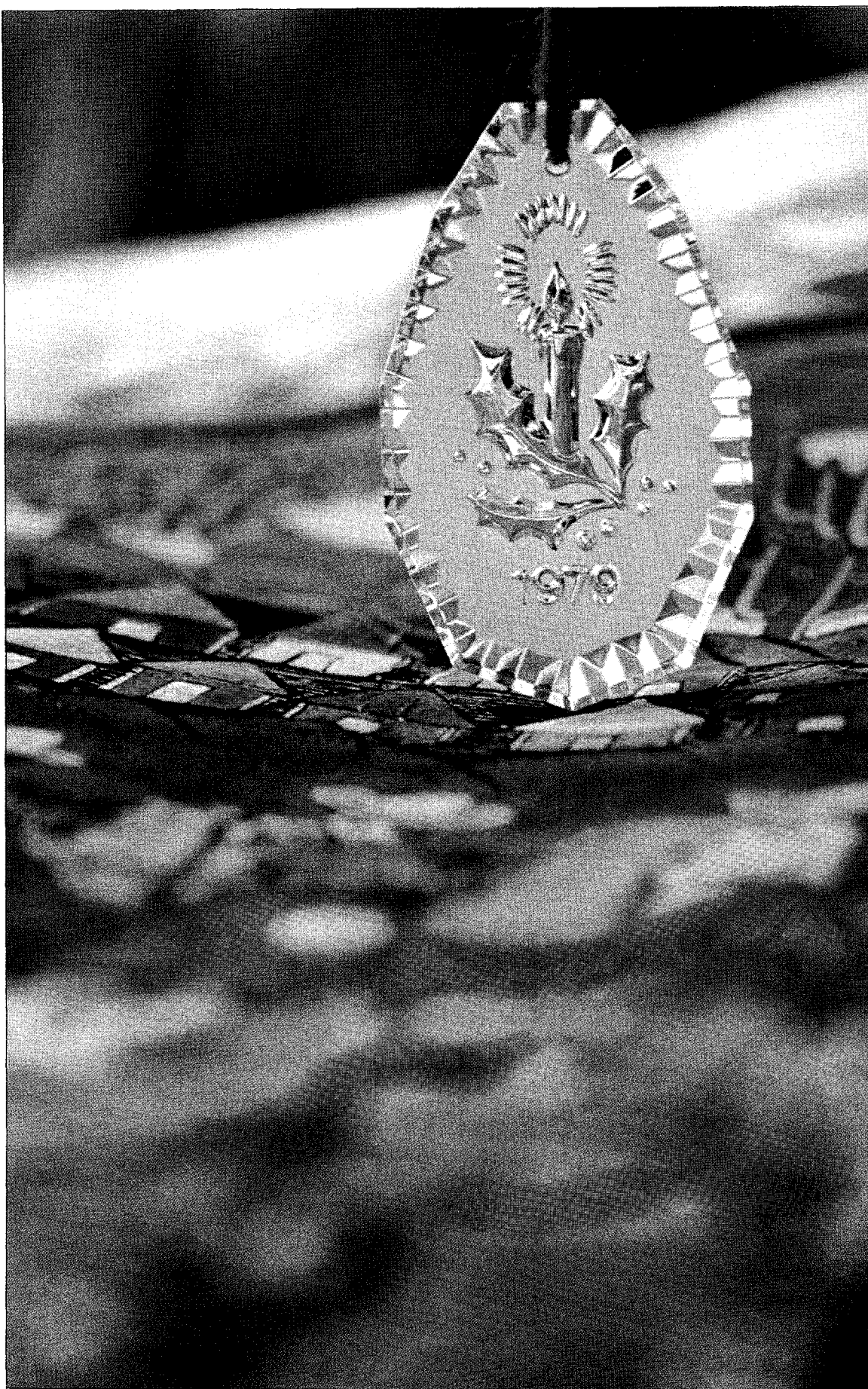
Anna has a way of arguing—with her black eyes wrinkled into slits and her finger jabbing at the air like a *vipera*—that amounts to a kind of malevolent composure. Even Mario is a little in awe of her when she starts shouting at him across a table full of

fruits and cheeses and salamis and dusty litre bottles of Carlo Benetti's homemade wine. She curses the Party as if Communism were a pretty younger woman down the road or a filthy, secret habit, and she always ends these denunciations by pounding her chest and thanking God that she never went to school and learned to read the books that have confused her husband all these years, and have even made her *dottore* son, who is a town councilman and should know better, so ludicrously cheerful about the human race. Illiteracy is Anna's last stand against the Communist gospel that has taken hold of San Vincenzo since the war. Her only concession to the written word is the crabbed signature she has mastered. She

needs a signature to cash the disability check that the government sends her every month for what she claims is a crippling case of rheumatism in her knees, a disability no one else in the family seems to have noticed.

Mario has given up trying to convert Anna, but her fierce, unrepentant ignorance shames him, and he feels a kind of duty, as a Communist, to defend himself against it. He tries to tell Anna that she will never know left from right so long as she refuses to know her left hand from her right hand. It is his only pun, and he is pleased with himself for having thought of it, because it seems to him that if Anna took the trouble to educate herself she would have to come to the conclusion that Palmiro Togliatti and Enrico Berlinguer had a great deal to do with her refrigerator—more, even, than Alfredo, who put the down payment on it.

Mario is not obsessed with the Party. He is the least inclined of anybody in his cell to spend a Sunday afternoon peddling memberships or a warm spring evening listening to politicians making speeches, and the only time he ever campaigns for a Communist candidate is when Alfredo, who is halfway through his second term on the town council, is running. Mario is shy. He has habits of solitude from years alone



Collect The Light.

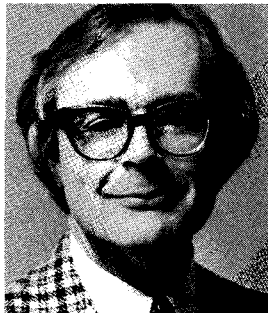
The light of the stars.
The light of Noel.
The light of Waterford's
Second Annual Christmas

Tree Ornament.
Add it to your collection.
Light a crystal fire
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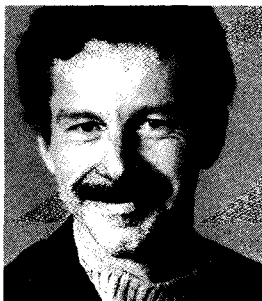
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"The first time I tried Campari and Tonic, it was the beginning of a tasteful relationship."
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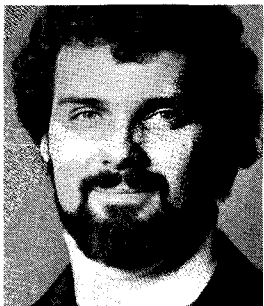
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—C. Ledbetter, Dunedin, FL



"At a New York art gallery, I was served Campari while contemplating a purchase. I decided to buy two bottles."
—K. Wall, Los Angeles, CA



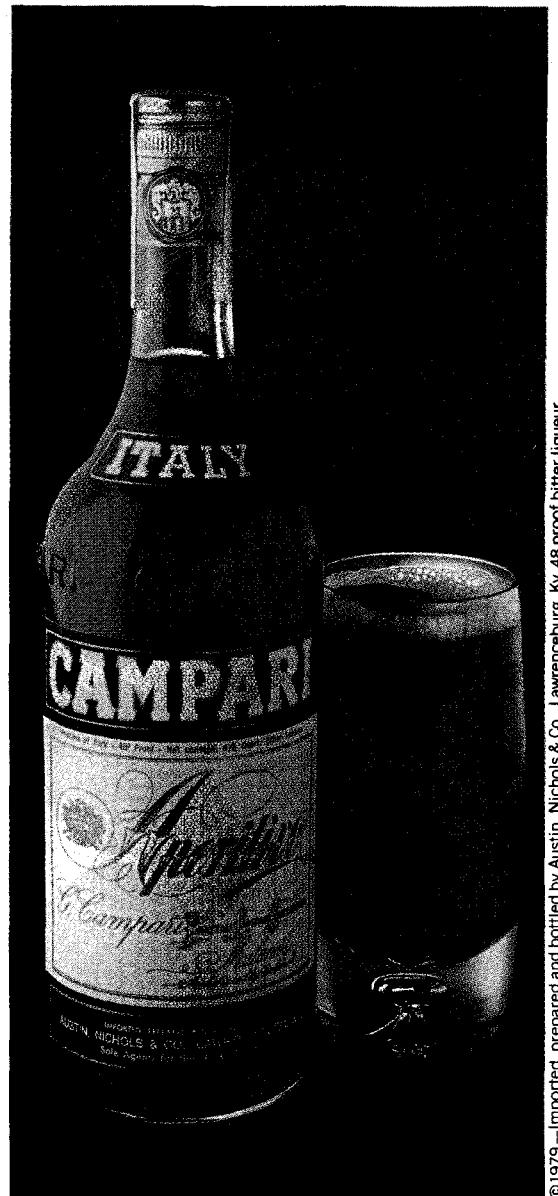
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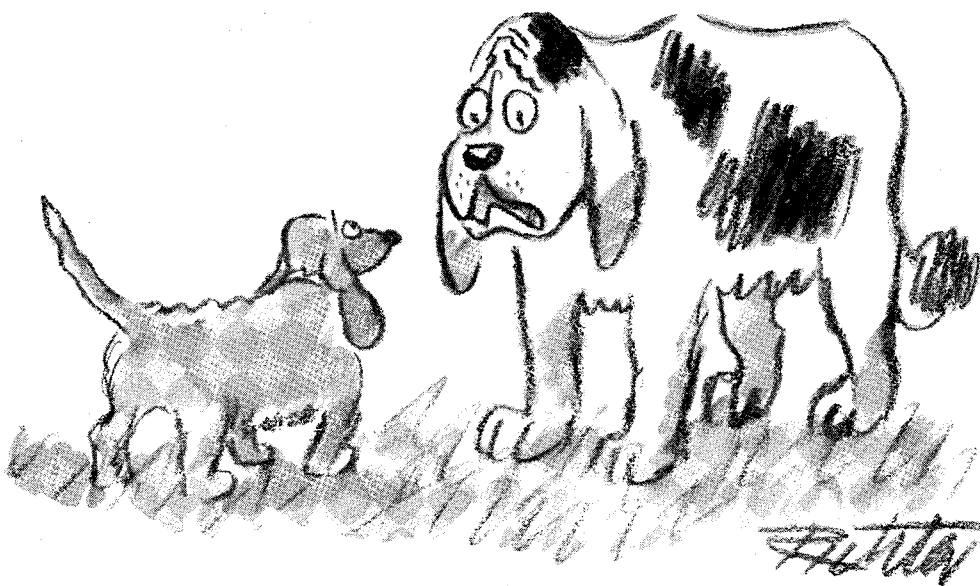
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in the mountains with his sheep, and now that he is old the company of too many people at the same time makes him nervous. But Mario's loyalty to his nearly two million comrades in the Party is as deep and easy and complete as his thirst for a *caffelatte* in the morning. It is a fact of nature—and it has nothing at all to do with his distaste for politicians or his suspicion that most of the Communists who stood in line for jobs when the Party took over the *comune* some twenty-five years ago have got as indolent and as unloving as the Christian Democrats who came before them. The Party has transformed his world—it has taken the fatal span of a poor Italian life and added the sweetness and the edge of possibility, and for this Mario will be loyal until he dies.

There are moments lately when Mario will suddenly shake his head and shrug his small, bony shoulders, and his eyes will fill with tears, because of the surprising fortune that has landed the Cecchis in a fine cement-block house with a *dottore* son and his delicately bred wife living in the house next door. Mario often opens his kitchen door at these moments and squints through his wire-rimmed glasses until his teary eyes focus on the stone farmstead, abandoned now, a quarter of a mile down the road, where he and Anna lived in poverty for nearly thirty years and raised four daughters and a son—the farmstead where they fell asleep to the sound and the stench of sheep and pigs in stalls below their room, and worked with a couple of kerosene lamps for light and a pail for drawing water from a village well. The sight of his old house seems to reassure Mario. He cannot tolerate much strangeness. Long ago, in the war, he was taken from home and put on a train and then a ship and finally left in a bunker in Sardinia. He spent a year in the bunker, sick with terror and shellings and malaria, never really knowing where he was or why, or, finally, which side he was even fighting on. And since that year—aside from one all-night bus trip with a group of Communist pensioners, to watch the changing of the palace guard in Monte Carlo—he has avoided going anywhere unfamiliar.

It never occurred to Mario to build his new house out of sight of his old one. He says sometimes that the story of his life is written on the road they share. That road begins as a footpath on the mountain where Mario summered a flock of sheep when he was just a boy. It winds a good way down the mountain, and when it reaches town



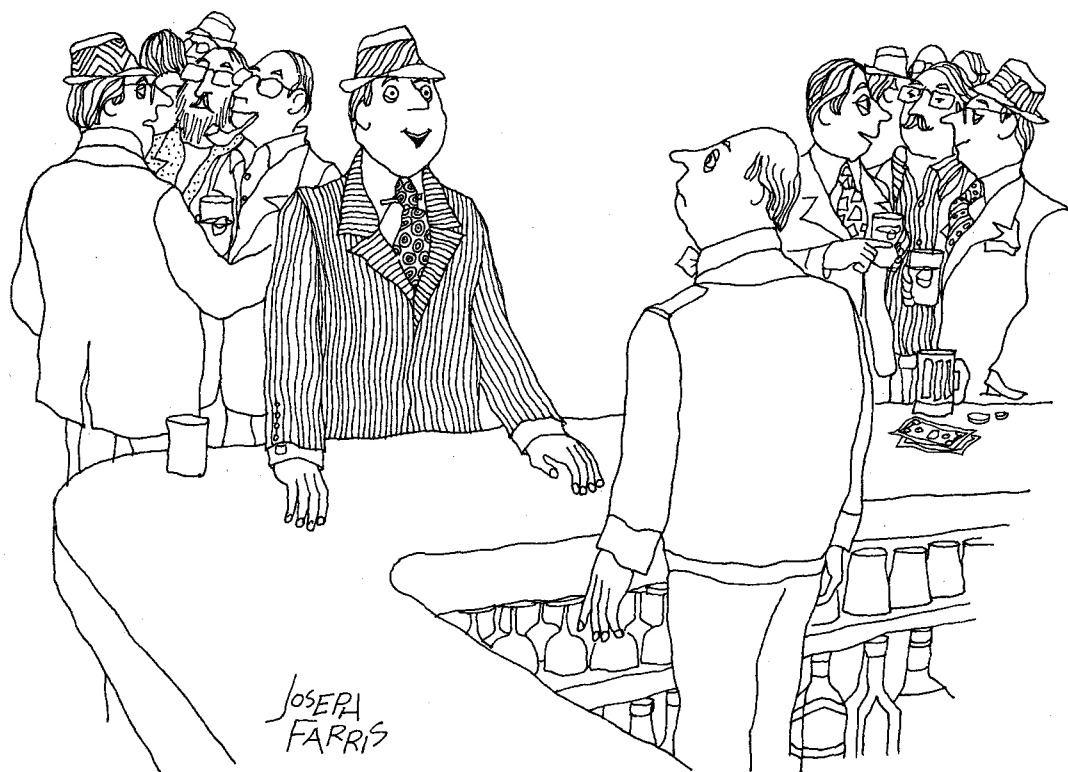
"I wish they'd make up their minds. One day I'm 'good boy,' the next day I'm 'bad boy.'"

it widens into the shady piazza, where Alfredo Cecchi goes for his council meetings and the local Party secretary has an office. Eventually, it cuts across the valley, past San Vincenzo and the Cecchis' old and new houses, and joins the provincial highway just beyond the dairy coöperative, where Mario Cecchi likes to look after the cows a few afternoons a week now that he has sold his sheep and retired. The town is one of those high, walled Umbrian towns like Assisi and Spoleto. A dark town, with cobblestone streets that climb and cross and knot like vines, with close, overhanging houses, and stalls where carcasses swing from buttress beams and fruits and vegetables are hawked in a kind of medieval tableau that, as it happens, has been the inspiration for a profitable postcard business run by the local Christian Democrats. It is still their town—these Catholic clerks and merchants and *dottori*. Twenty-five years of Communist power has not intimidated them at all, and most Communists who come to town still have the uneasy feeling of being foot soldiers on unwelcome bivouac among a captive gentry. Even the children of the town, in their skinny jeans and fake American-college T-shirts, playing the pinball machines at "disco clubs" that have been carved out of ancient vaulted stalls across the piazza from the town hall, seem to mock the Communists' respectability.

Some Communists, of course, live in town. There are Communist doctors and lawyers and teachers with houses there, or apartments. And the town beauty is a young Communist architect who arrived from Turin a couple of

years ago in a silver Alfa convertible and stayed to open up an office. But old Communists like Mario come to town only when they have to, and they leave as soon as their business at the town hall or the bank or the public hospital is over. It was these old Communists who petitioned the *comune* in the nineteen-fifties to widen and pave the road as it ran out the lower gate of the town walls and down the mountain and on across the valley. They believed then that one fine, curving sweep of tar was going to cut the psychic distance between town gentry and valley peasants like a sword. What they got, with their road, was only a shorter trip that aggravated their differences. Gradually, the Communists began to build their own town—a new town just below the old-town walls. And once the Party had started to broker building loans with low interest rates and twenty years to pay, it was only a matter of time before this new town was a thriving marketplace, with two thousand people and a wide, shady avenue of farm-machinery stores and showrooms, a coöperative grocery, a movie theatre, three cafés, and a Casa del Popolo, where a lot of Party meetings are held.

Mario thinks of the new town as his children's town—part of a future that he will miss but his grandchildren will inherit. Alfredo shares a big office there, with land surveys of the province hung in Lucite on the walls, calling cards on the desk, and a brass plaque on the door to tell clients that he is a "Specialist in Coöperatives." And a lot of Alfredo's old grade-school friends—boys and girls born into indenture to a *padrone* and



"Nothing, thanks. I don't drink. I'm here to partake in a friendly exchange of ideas with my fellow-man."

his land—are plumbers and electricians and hairdressers in the new town now, with plate-glass storefronts where their parents can read the family name in letters a foot high. Mario likes visiting the new town. He does not seem to notice that most of those stores and houses were cheaply, quickly thrown together, that the materials the builders used are already worn. Other people—people from town—consider the new town shabby and insubstantial. They say there is something unreal about this *borgata* that spreads its grid of little houses down the mountain and then ends abruptly at the railroad tracks that mark the beginning of the valley—returning the land to a green and brown and golden patchwork broken only by the old villages of the *comune* and the scattered sharecroppers' farmsteads that are as much a part of the landscape as the fields of wheat and maize and olive trees. But Mario thinks that the new town is beautiful. He likes to ride there on his moped on Thursdays, which are market days, and watch the young men in their trucks and the young women pushing strollers, and otherwise enjoy the commerce and the bustle of modern life.

Still, a kind of nostalgia often draws Mario back into the mountains. He hitches a ride in a truck or a jeep as far as the road goes, and then he walks, stopping at shepherds' huts

along the way, looking for pastures where he used to graze his sheep, collecting the herbs and roots with which he treats the cows at the cooperative. He says that there is one spot, high in the mountains, where he can stand late in the afternoon and just make out the long aluminum barns of the cooperative—so many miles away in the valley—shimmering as the sun hits them. He likes to tell Anna, after one of his trips, that, thanks to the Party, a life that began in poverty in those mountains is going to end in dignity and comradeship. And then another argument begins, because Anna will say that something Mario ate in the hills, or a touch of moon fever, has made him senile. She tells him that the San Vincenzo dairy cooperative was not built out of any deep concern for Mario Cecchi's dignity. It was built because their son, Alfredo, went to school with a boy named Pietro Gaspari, who grew up to be an important Party functionary in the province and controls a lot of farm credit, and this meant that Alfredo was able to finance the cooperative with a gift from the province of a hundred million lire and a loan of another hundred million—and with the region contributing a good deal of the interest, thanks to the fact that someone from the Party's regional secretariat was married to Pietro Gaspari's first cousin.

Anna Cecchi is a cynic. She knows that her own good fortune probably involves someone else's misery, and that a dairy cooperative for a cell of old Communists means less land and less cattle for the Christian Democrats. Common sense and her own past tell Anna that in Italy there can never be enough for everybody—enough money or food or power, or even hope. They tell her that politics, at its best, is a successful protection racket, played by ancient Italian rules of indenture and reward, that whatever the politicians have to say about socialism and property, the Party is doing well because Palmiro Togliatti was smart enough to present it as a kind of *gran padrone* to a whole class of people—shepherds, like Mario, and peasants and factory workers—whom no *padrone* had ever bothered to solicit. She is a shrewd old woman, but in all these years of nagging Mario about the Party it has never occurred to

her that she, more than anybody else, is the person who holds their cell together. Alfredo Cecchi says that his mother cheats at cards. A round of *briscola*, which is a kind of barnyard bridge involving three-card hands and a lot of distracting chatter, apparently inspires Anna to lyric heights of dishonesty, and if the old-timers of the cell rarely miss their monthly meeting in the Cecchis' kitchen, it is not because Mario's simple devotion has inspired them but because of a kind of collective determination, nurtured over years of failure, to catch Anna at some sleight of hand and see the evening's take end up, for once, in someone else's pocket.

OFFICIALLY, Mario's cell is not the only cell in San Vincenzo—officially, there should be a cell for every ten or so dues-paying Communist families—but Mario's is the original cell, the one that met secretly at night back in the nineteen-thirties, the one that brought the news of a workers' state in Russia to hundreds of incredulous *contadini* in the valley, the only one that still meets regularly despite the fact that the Party has not been interested in its cells, or in hearing from the people in its cells, for years. Mario and Carlo Benetti and Domenico Spina have been comrades in the Party since those first clandestine meetings—three young men, terrified of the police, ter-

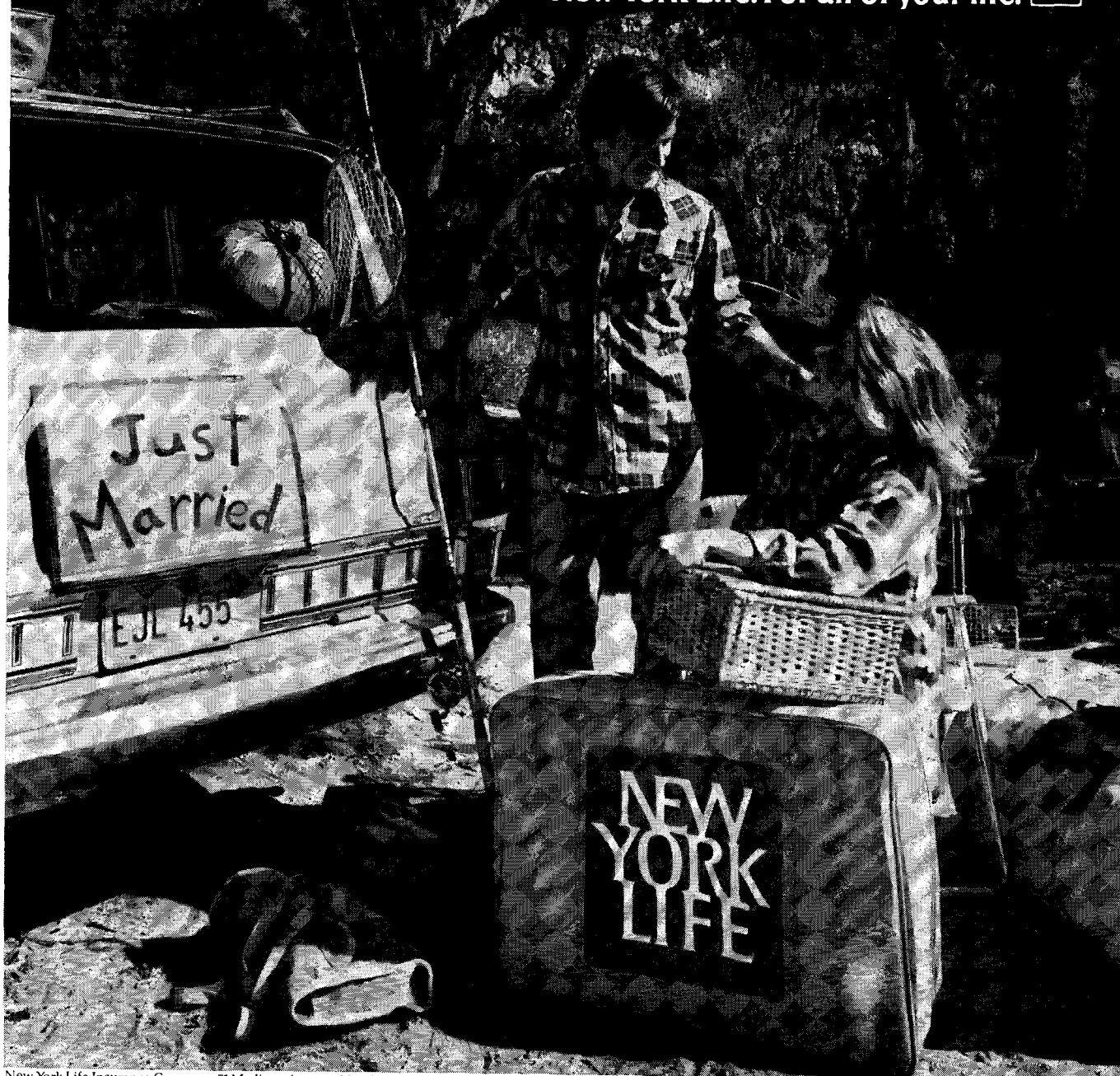
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rified of each other, huddled in one of the dark stalls of an abandoned farmhouse deep in the valley, listening intently to Radio Moscow's Italian broadcast on the village schoolteacher's shortwave radio. The schoolteacher is dead now. He died in 1942, fighting with the partisans, and a lot of the old sharecropping families whose sons once met in that dark stall to plot a revolution that never happened have left to work the land in other valleys, and their places in the cell have been taken by new families. But the cell still carries a kind of respect and authority that none of the other Communists in San Vincenzo have. The fact is that people in Mario Cecchi's cell—the old ones by habit and the younger ones by a kind of association with habit—work harder at being good Communists than all the other *compagni* in San Vincenzo put together. The habit comes from years when every man, woman, and child in the cell set out by foot or bicycle on Sunday mornings to sell the Party newspaper, *L'Unità*, at farmhouse doors. Roberto Filippini, who farms a couple of hectares near the Benettis', still bicycles across the valley on Sunday mornings with a knapsack full of papers—exactly the way he used to as a boy, during the years of Mussolini, dodging Black Shirts and spies and, later, German troops, risking his life to bring the Party's news to the valley farmers. But Roberto is a bachelor and is apt to be lonely Sundays. He likes stopping at people's houses, and he eventually gets invited to stay for dinner somewhere. Besides, as the best long-distance "middle-age class" bicycle racer in the *comune*, he has to keep pedalling to defend his title.

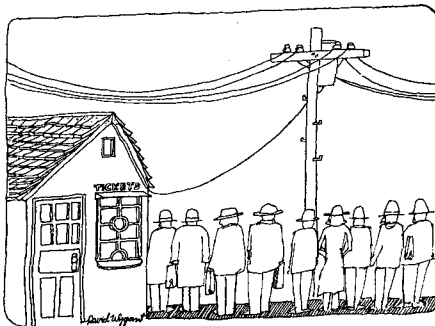
By now, though, most of the *contadini* in the valley have cars or scooters, or, at least, bicycles. Anyone who really wants to spend his Sunday mornings reading *L'Unità* can get to town, one way or another, for a copy, and this means that the cell has been able to drop its paper route. Domenico Spina works Sundays digging and filling the foundation for a Casa del Popolo for San Vincenzo. And he has taken it on himself to spend a few evenings every week recruiting "volunteers" to help him. Domenico is the cell haranguer—a noisy, florid man of violent enthusiasms, and a true believer in the gospel of a Communist apocalypse at which the faithful will inherit a valley where the rain falls precisely thirty inches every year, and the wheat holds, and the pigs gain steadily, and the three white bulls at the dairy coöperative have the energy and the inclination to mount a hundred heifers

every day. Domenico was not able to get his Casa del Popolo built in time for this year's Festa dell'Unità, but he is determined to have it ready next year. He has sworn to the Virgin Mother (whom he repudiates) that he cannot in conscience dance at another festival at Emilio Vanni's *spaccio*—Emilio Vanni being a local entrepreneur of uncertain politics but sound commercial instincts who discovered some years back that by rolling a coat of cement across his dirt yard and calling it a "dance pavilion" he could turn a small village festival into an occasion for the whole *comune* and make a fortune selling beer and whiskey and wine to several thousand thirsty Communists.

Carlo Benetti, for his part, "travels" for the Party. He has a red tie, with a hammer and sickle printed on it, and a set of fine false teeth from the government, and he is ready to march in any demonstration, cheer at any rally—ready to join the tens of thousands of militants who will spend ten or twelve hours in a hot, lurching bus so that Berlinguer has a proper audience for one of his speeches or Luciano Lama, the Communists' labor leader, gets a good turnout for a strike. All that Carlo asks of the Party is that it pay his bus fare. He is so inventive and so exuberant as a militant that once he even made the evening news on television, releasing a sack of San Vincenzo piglets on the steps of the parliament during an agricultural workers' protest. Carlo has lived through two world wars and fought in one of them, and now he is worried that he may not live to enjoy the revolution. He wants to fight for freedom the way the Russians fight in the movies that the Party sends around the valley during membership drives. Three years ago, at one of these Russian movies, Carlo climbed on his chair and waved his bottle of wine around and demanded that everybody go home and get a gun and storm the town hall—and Alfredo Cecchi had to remind him that the *comune* had been safely Communist for over twenty years. That was the night Carlo Benetti became a Maoist. The Maoists, he instructed his old *com-*

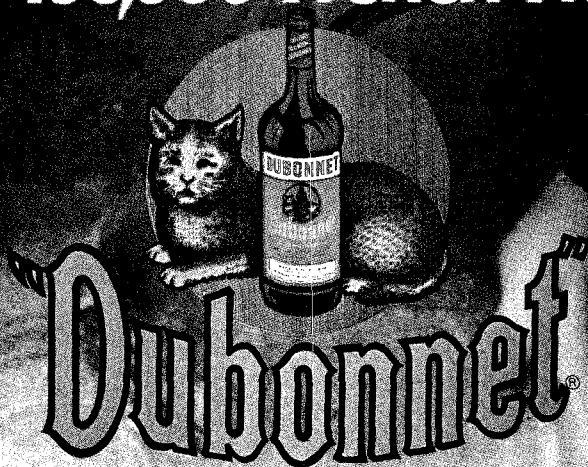
pagni at the movie, believe in a revolution that never ends.

Alfredo himself was a Maoist once, at the University of Rome—he puts it at sometime between his four months as a Situationalist and his week and a half as a Trotskyite—but now that he has settled down and become a politician in the Party he calls himself a "creative Communist." He works hard for the Party. He says that the Party should be responsive, and so he drives his Cinquecento around the valley nearly every night, stopping at villages and farms and listening to people's problems and giving advice. His father says that, with Alfredo around, the entire Cecchi family should be exempt from paying Party dues, since Alfredo can be said to donate himself to the Party in place of money, and with no practical return on his investment. As for his mother, Anna thinks that Alfredo should keep his office in the new town open nights and charge for his attentions, and now, to comfort herself, she has stopped handing over a cut of her *briscola* winnings to the Party, thus breaking a venerable cell tradition. Alfredo claims to love the life he leads as a creative Communist. Besides, he has been working the valley in one way or another since he was a student at the university and had to come home for five or six months every year to earn some spending money; he talked his way into a job selling insurance for a Roman promoter who had figured out how to double his premiums income with special "retirement" plans for sharecroppers. Alfredo is thirty-three now, and certainly the most important Communist in San Vincenzo, but his head is still full of ideas about popular democracy and grass roots, from his days as one of the chief theoreticians of the occupation of the university cafeteria, and he hustles those ideas with the same gallant, ingenuous persistence with which he once hustled overpriced insurance. He likes to say that he is working not for the Party but for the people in the Party. It is one of the things about him that old-timers like Domenico Spina consider a little subversive. His mother merely says that too much education has made her Alfredo simple. Once, a couple of months before this year's Festa dell'Unità, Alfredo nearly broke up the *briscola* game in Anna's kitchen by demanding that the festival do something "useful." He said that it was time the cell thought about the valley's Catholics, that it was time to start a Catholic-Communist "dialogue." He talked about cancelling one of the dances for an open meeting on wom-



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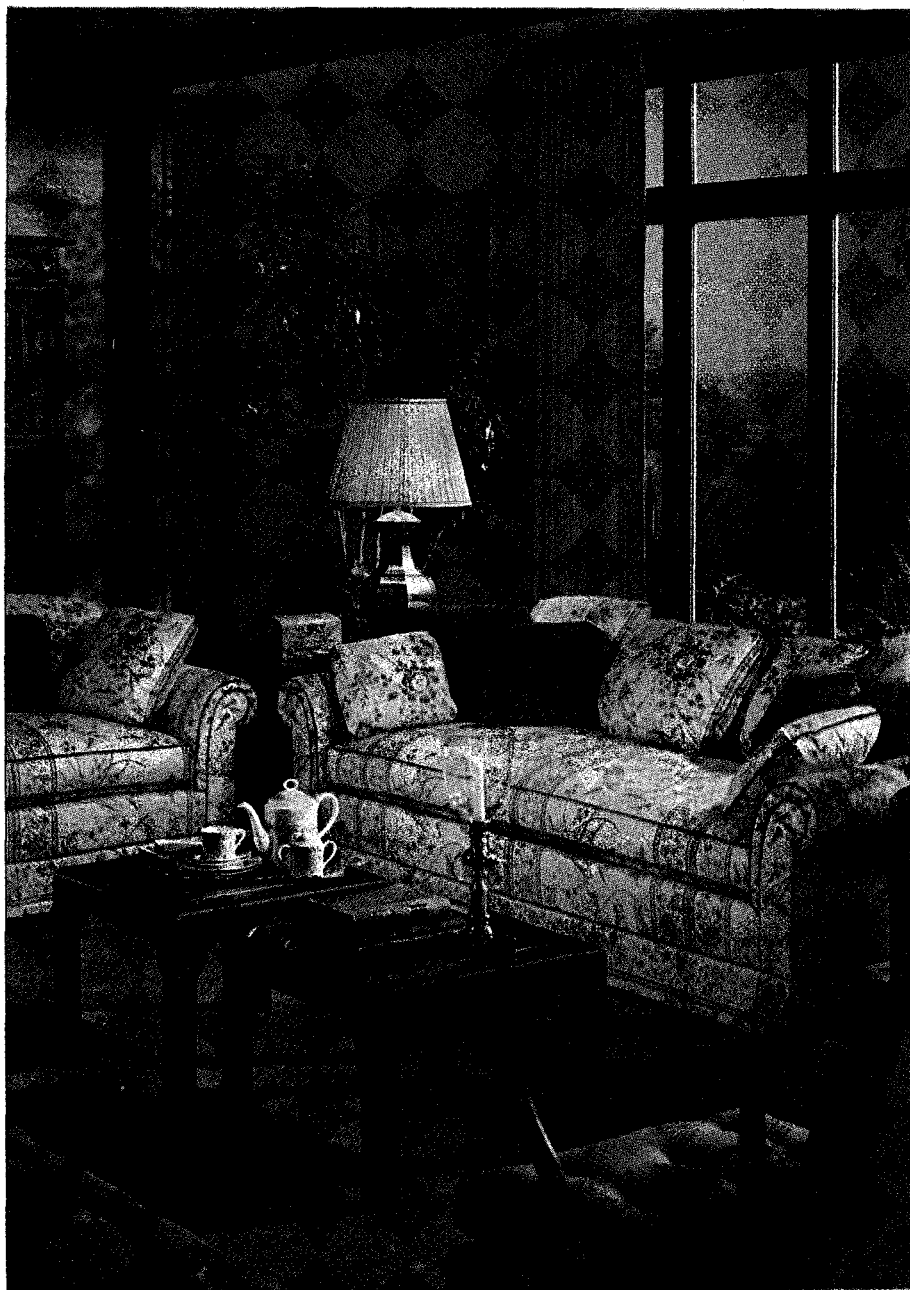
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en's rights and abortion and divorce—which caused Anna to disappear with the only pack of cards for thirty minutes. He talked about turning over another festival night to the village children, who would present a play or a dance of their own invention on the subject of the *compromesso storico*. He went on and on, and for a while the old-timers in the cell let him have his say, because, for a while, it was really rather pleasant to be addressed by someone who was *dottore*—even if he

was only Mario and Anna Cecchi's boy. They listened to Alfredo's talk as if it were a kind of solemn, exhortatory entertainment, like a sermon, and did not bother much with what he said. When



the big festival bulletins went up on stone walls and telephone poles and barn doors across the valley, the schedule ran pretty much as always, with dancing every night and a beauty contest for the local girls and nothing more egregiously Communist than a new movie from the Party secretary, called "Soil of Hungary." It was exactly the sort of L'Unità festival that brought the Party money, and brought the men and women who had worked so hard all year—and often for so little—the solace, and ideology, of nights when the wine flowed and the dancing never stopped and the pork turned, pungent and crisp and dripping, on oak spits over smoky open fires. Alfredo, in keeping with his position as *consigliere del comune*, was listed as referee for the Fifteenth Annual San Vincenzo Middleweight Championships—a boxing match, out behind the *spaccio*, that always involved one professional from Perugia going a round apiece with a lot of local boys while mothers shrieked and fathers preened and girls giggled and the Party made book.

THE Italian Communist Party is the biggest Communist Party in the West, and the most important. Nearly two million Italians belong to the Party. Twelve or thirteen million Italians always vote for the Party. And fifty-five million Italians can be said to have depended on it at one time or another for their government, since from 1974 until early this year it took a Communist parliamentary abstention to keep any of the various Christian Democratic governments going at all. No one in or out of Italy seems to agree about what, precisely, Italian Communism is, although there is quite a market in experts lately, and the American ambassador, for one, carries

around a thick embassy scrapbook of clippings from the Party press which he likes to read out loud at meetings and diplomatic afternoons. It is usually what Americans mean when they talk about Eurocommunism—something not quite European, not quite Communist, something so incontestably and perhaps uncontrollably present that they needed to give it a new, friendly-sounding name before they could even begin to discuss it calmly. Americans say "Euro-

communism" the way primitives say "Grandfather" or "God" or "Great Big Bird" for the boom that fills the sky during summer storms and makes the children howl. The Italians themselves say that *their* Communism has

very little in common with the Communism of the other two "independent" European Parties—French Communism being a Jacobin affair, vindictive and sour, and Spanish Communism being isolated in *its* country by strong memories of betrayal that date back to the Civil War. The Party in Italy is at the center of its country's politics. It takes the place that in the rest of Western Europe belongs, almost by definition, to Socialists, and, in fact, it owes that place to a kind of mass default by Italian Socialists, who in the sixties and early seventies had twelve years in a "center-left" government and in those twelve years showed no capacity at all for any activity but profiteering. The Communist Party grew to respectability on the back of Socialist scandals. Palmiro Togliatti's "giraffe"—which is what the old General Secretary used to call it, because the Italian Party seemed to him such a strange animal, with no reasonable explanation for existing—became the popular party of the Italian left, the party that cut through ideology and class to reach a third of the country's voters. By now, it is Italy's "other" party—a coalition of interest groups and attitudes which in breakdown looks less Italian, in a way, than American Democrat. People in Italy with real contempt for the Catholics and their party are voting Radical now, by way of protest, but if they want to take over a town or a province from the Christian Democrats they still usually vote Communist. The Communists are so respectable in Italy today that their main problem, with the voting age at eighteen for most elections, is persuading the young to vote for them. One reason the Party lost votes, for the first time in thirty years, in the parliamentary elections last June was that a million or so boys and girls—at the polls

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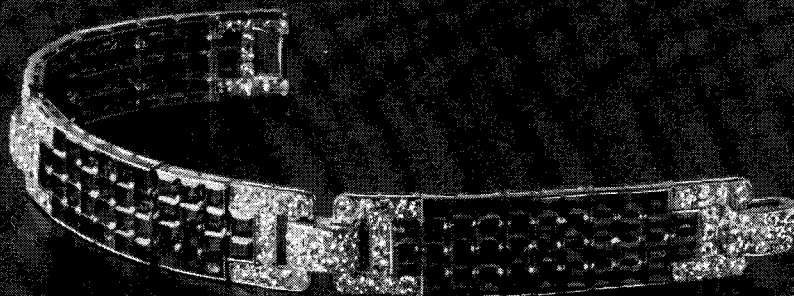
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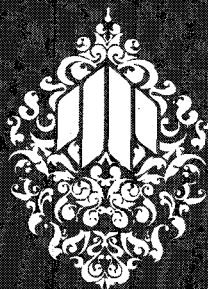
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for the first time—considered it too humiliating to pull the same levers as their parents.

Communist mayors run Bologna, Turin, Florence, Naples, and even Rome. Communists control six of Italy's twenty regions, forty-five of its ninety-four provinces. They win elections at the indulgence of the middle class, and if none of the local militants look respectable enough as candidates, they fill their lists with "independents"—lawyers, say, or professors who might never have thought of taking out a Party card but who are unlikely to refuse the favors of anyone with the perspicacity to choose them. The Communists govern their towns and provinces with a kind of shrewd civic piety—offering up as "Communism" their lists of illustrious *dottori*, their day-care-center budgets, their plans for free public buses and garbage-men who arrive on time, and even hose the streets behind them. They know that it is the country's new *borghesi* who have almost doubled the Party's vote since 1946, when Italian Communism was still mainly a matter of factory workers and *contadini* and war-time partisans, and the rhetoric was revolution. The only revolution they would dream of preaching these days has to do with getting the country a moderately honest government—which is not to say that a Communist boss will hesitate any more than a Catholic when it comes to passing out the jobs and the credit and all the other spoils of office but that the Communist is often likely to expect some work and some competence for his favors instead of a deposit in his bank account across the border in Lugano. The rhetoric toughens for big public occasions like Party congresses, when Marxism-Leninism is dusted off for the workers from Milan and Turin, who, despite the evidence of their *scala mobile* and their seaside villas and their ten-thousand-dollar cars, still consider themselves the proletarian vanguard of a revolution. But in reality the Italian Party has never been very revolutionary. Communists in Italy do not even talk about nationalizing production. It is the Christian Democrats who have preserved the bizarre national-socialist structures (and the spoils) of Mussolini's rule. The Communists, who have a survival interest in a healthy economy, have often ended up, *faute de mieux*, as champions of progressive market economics and competitive private enterprise. They say that Gramsci, as their first native theoretician and philosopher, provided them with such specifically Italian analyses of Italy's problems that the Party was

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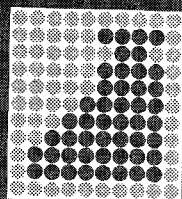
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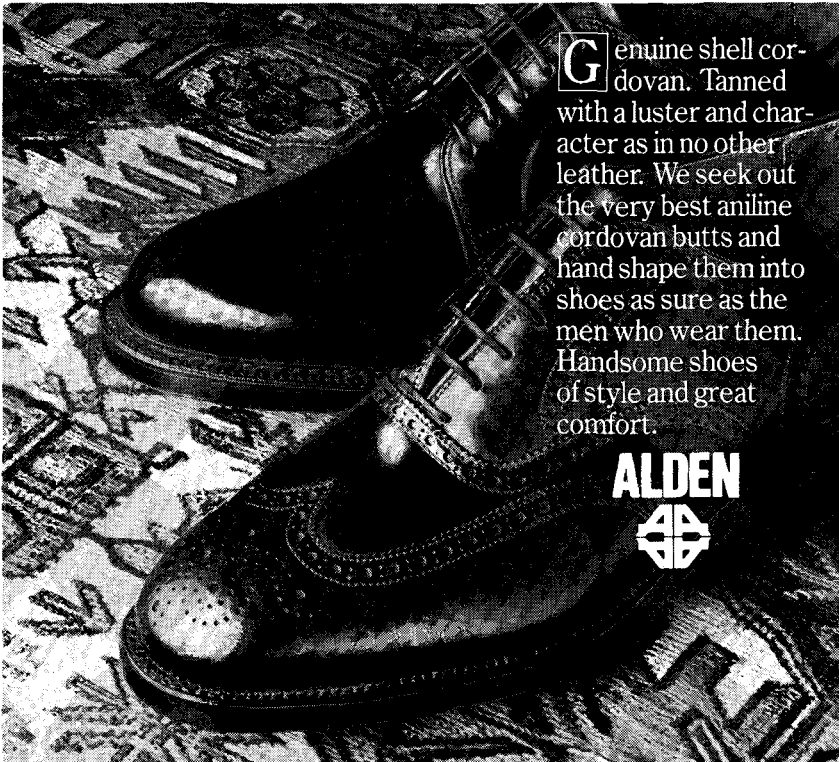
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bound to be unorthodox. The years of clandestinity—Gramsci writing on his prison cot, partisans hiding in the mountains, peasant cells marching out against Fascist soldiers—gave the Party a valorous, romantic past. Since then, its strategies have been resolutely pragmatic and its leaders much more interested in dealing with people in power than in exciting people without it. The Party has had to gauge—and gauge accurately—the perimeter of its influence (and its discipline), and by now a Communist like Berlinguer knows that he has very little to offer the millions of Mezzogiorno poor or the southern emigrants in shantytowns around the big northern factory cities or the million college graduates who cannot find work and who drift in and out of ennui and petty crime and often, lately, terrorist violence. Berlinguer's social contract with the bourgeoisie depends on the satisfaction of four million factory workers. He has to answer to those workers—they are his leverage, his base, his muscle, and they are no more interested in underwriting a new lumpenproletariat at their own expense than they are in subsidizing the prosperity of a lot of Christian Democratic pols with wage freezes and no-strike policies.

Actually, it is liberal "issue" groups like the Radical Party that see terrorism as a sign of Italy's immense distress—something to be cured. The Communists tend to regard terrorism as a plot to discredit *them*—which to an extent it is, also. Certainly middle-class Italians have tended to vote Communist as a kind of hedge against terrorism, assuming that the Communists, as a "people's" party, could discipline the people's problems. This is what the Communists promised, and the fact that the Party lost middle-class voters along with young voters in the last national elections had less to do with the success of any plots to associate the Party with terrorism than with the feeling of a lot of frightened middle-class people that the Communists were doing badly in their job as Italy's political policemen. Those people voted Communist in the past because the Party, with its promises of clean streets and postal clerks who came guaranteed not to steam the stamps off their letters, reassured them—stood, as it were, between respectable Italians and the mess they had made of their country. And they voted without ever really knowing what they were voting for. Even now, they cannot seem to decide whether the Party is truly different from the Antichrist of their grammar-school textbooks or treacherously hypo-

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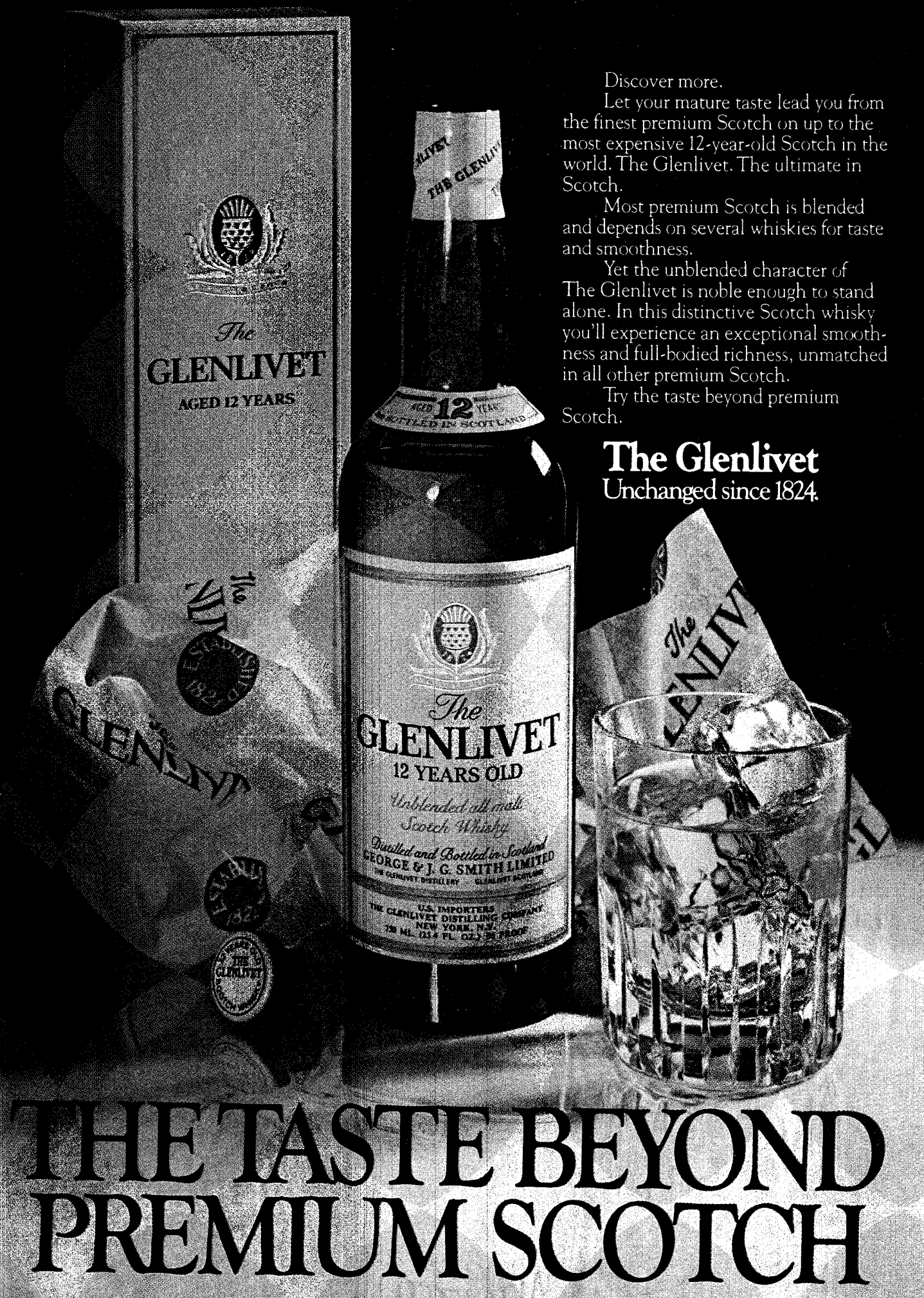


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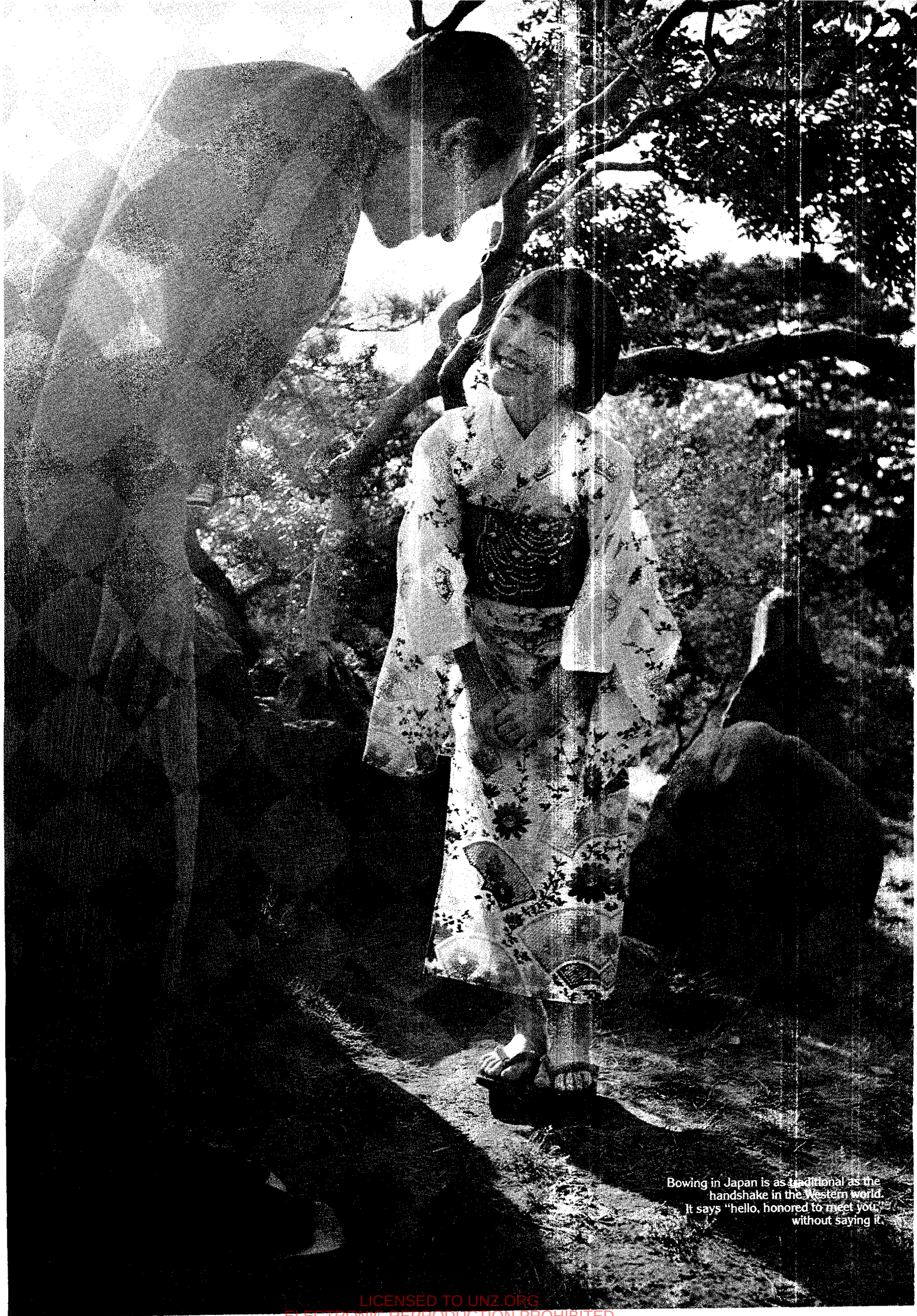
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critical. They still vote for its local skills, and one reason Berlinguer and his friends on the Central Committee are not very enthusiastic about cells like Mario Cecchi's is that old Communists meeting in groups to talk things over tend to raise questions of ideology, which frighten voters. Berlinguer is a power broker. The fact that no one knows precisely what he has in mind when he makes his moves gives him the freedom he must have to deal adroitly. If Togliatti, who was a much more doctrinaire Communist than Berlinguer, could calmly betray the other lay parties in 1947 by signing a constitutional agreement to renew Mussolini's old concordat with the Vatican (and, with it, the Vatican's tremendous power in Italian life), then it is not surprising that Berlinguer also prefers the Catholics' party, which has something to offer in return for his concessions. Italy's postwar salad days are long gone—the days when the government could make jobs for three-quarters of a million new "schoolteachers" at election time and dispense enormous pensions to its special friends; the days when one enterprising Minister of Posts actually put fourteen thousand of his neighbors on the federal payroll in a month's time. No one believes any longer in the myth of a "modern" Italy with spoils for everyone. There is no money now for the lavish, larcenous patronage of the nineteen-sixties. There are no new jobs to offer, no pension funds to raid and squander. The fact is that there has never been "enough" for everyone in Italy, and it would probably be out of character for Italy to change now. Anna Cecchi is right in fighting her family's balmy optimism, right in suspecting her neighbors, right in saying that in Italy one family's luck means another's sacrifice. When the Communists took over the Cecchis' *comune*, a lot of Catholics were suddenly out of work and out of money, and even out of friends to count on. And when Alfredo's old classmate was able to channel two hundred million lire to the San Vincenzo dairy cooperative, it meant that Christian Democrats who wanted loans for *their* farmers had lost precisely two hundred million lire worth of access to the provincial credit lines.

This is the real *compromesso storico*—a compromise with Italy. It goes on cynically, typically, whatever the Central Committee has to say about Russia or NATO or the Yugoslavian succession, whatever its arguments about the virtue of sharing power in a Rome government when mainly what remains to be shared is not the Chris-

tian Democrats' power but the blame for their incompetence. Certainly the Communists have no intention of governing Italy alone, even if Italy were offered. Berlinguer is not a zealot. He is a cool practitioner. He has a lot of the power he wants already, and he is not going to be left presiding over someone else's disaster. He knows that Russia could not—and, at any rate, would not—underwrite Italy's Western standards, and he also knows that a Communist Italy would lose the German and American credit that underwrites those standards now. The most that Berlinguer can do is use his odd mandate as a Communist leader in a parliamentary democracy to play off rhetoric against reality, Eastern instincts against Western ties, opposition against engagement. He counts on the Party's remaining, in effect, two parties—the public party, dealing out of Rome, and the remarkable institution called the Italian Communist Party. It is the institution that plays *padrone* to the nearly two million militants who pay their tithes and carry their cards with a Communist's rights and duties listed on the back like a new catechism and that mollifies twelve million voters so that the Berlinguers and the Lamas are left alone.

Berlinguer, in fact, depends on this state of no accountability for his policies—offering instead accountability for his services. He depends on an enthusiasm for following—for belonging, and accepting, and even for reifying power—which is not, after all, surprising in the country that produced the institution of the Catholic Church. The Party calls this native instinct to acquiesce “democratic centralism,” and makes it sound as if it were a kind of orderly process having to do with correct interpretations of Lenin, when in reality it has to do with ancient habits of a deeply Catholic country. Communists like Mario Cecchi are militants by an act of faith, a suspension of skepticism. They credit the authority of the Party over daily life the way in another time they would have credited papal power. Like the Pope and his Church, the Party seems to pose a kind of pure, federal notion in a country of local passions and fallibilities and corruptions. This, perhaps, is another reason the Communists deal so much more easily with the Christian Democrats than with the Socialists, say, or the Radicals or any of the other lay parties. They share with the Catholics a hierarchical mystique, a doting susceptibility to the trappings and rituals of power. They do not know what to



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make of the fractious individualism of a democratic left. They do not really understand people who live a good part of their lives away from politics. The Party, for Communists, is not a function of election time. It is a language that describes their world, a master plan for reality. When their sons get restless, it occupies and diverts them, the way it diverted Alfredo a few years back, when he started complaining to the Party secretary in town about the mayor's being "unresponsive to the base." In no time at all, the mayor had arranged for Alfredo to be put in charge of "preparing the base" for elections to local *consigli di frazione*—little popular assemblies that had already been introduced in a few Communist *comuni* in Tuscany, and that Party people were talking about introducing in their towns in Umbria. This made Alfredo much happier with the mayor. Alfredo started canvassing the valley, house to house, talking to people about local government and grass roots and popular democracy, settling the inevitable arguments about which brother or son would be a family's candidate for its assembly. He divided the *comune* into seven districts, and everyone he talked to was excited, because some eighty people were going to get to call themselves *consiglieri* and carry smart white cards printed up, compliments of the Party, by the town stationer. Alfredo himself got to spend every night for three or four months advancing the cause of *il popolo*—during which time the mayor divided up the power on the town council, the Party's local committee passed a resolution supporting, in advance, whatever the mayor supported at the next Party congress, and Alfredo was too busy with his canvassing to protest, or even notice. It has been nearly three years since then, and Alfredo is still waiting for an election date. From time to time, he asks the Party secretary about it—or the mayor, or his friends on the town council—but everyone seems to have decided that the *comune* is not quite ready for people's power after all.

Mainly, what the Party expects from its local secretaries and its mayors and councilmen is this kind of "capacity"—as Party jargon goes—"to rally the base" to decisions made in Rome. Party leaders talk about "the base" now the way they used to talk about "the cell" and "the action unit" back when the Party was small and determinedly in opposition—when it could afford to give its ordinary militants a voice, because in those days Communists shared



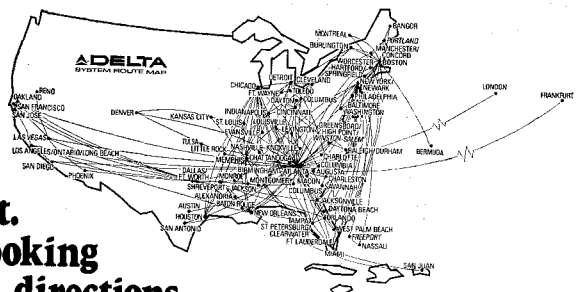
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a clear idea of purpose and an idiom of revolution and a simple, combative perspective on every Italian who did not belong. Two things were certain then—that the Party in Italy existed to challenge the Catholics and their class and the privilege their class represented; and that it existed in the world beyond Italy to add its numbers to the Communist International and to safeguard and spread the revolution in Russia. These were the imperatives that defined "socialism" for a village cell like Mario Cecchi's—and, in fact, amounted to its ideology.

The great irony of Italian Communism is that the lively and inventive freedom of the little groups that built the Party was contingent on their faith in this sort of strict and conventional Leninist wisdom. Certainly, as the Party began its complicated

compromesso, aiming at government, at a bourgeois vote, at respectability and consensus, those cells had to be discouraged. Italy had its own *événements* in 1968. Alfredo liberated his cafeteria at the university, and hundreds of thousands of students shut down not just their schools but their towns and cities—and only then did the old Party bosses seem to realize that it might not be as easy as they had imagined to rally *this* base to a new policy of maneuvering and accommodating in the world of real power. The riots and strikes and occupations of 1968 presented the Party with its first proof of a new, young left in Italy—a scrappy, rebellious left, respecting no conventional authority—and its response was the classic Communist response of undermining a rival left, and even its own dissidents, by making its separate arrangements with the right. By now—with the collapse of Italy's postwar boom economy in a decade of social violence and retribution—the Party may have no choice but to honor those arrangements. Berlinguer still wants the Communists to share power in an emergency government. This policy may be necessary, and even wise, but as policy it leaves out a lot of ordinary Communists, like Domenico Spina, whose attitudes were shaped by shortwave-radio propaganda, and who have no aptitude for the sort of logic that leads Berlinguer, say, to cheerful thoughts about the Common Market. Old militants like Domenico and Carlo Benetti believe in Stalin and Lenin and the Revolution not because of any sophisticated deductions about reality but because those words are a kind of code—a comforting, simple code—for

their identity as Communists. Those words give them confidence in who they are, and if they scold and shout and make a nuisance of themselves at Party movies it is out of an immense confusion at hearing the words that once explained everything contradicted now by leaders they have always loved.

Today, of course, the Party as an institution has less to do with people sharing ideology than with people sharing influence and jobs. It is a machine

for patronage, a kind of overseer of the spoils of a fragile truce between the old workers at its base and the new bourgeoisie that votes its candidates into office. A lot of the Party professionals are young men and women who have been enjoying Party salaries and a certain technocrats' power since the stu-



LASZLO

dent riots of '68 convinced the Party that it was better to try to preempt their disaffection with titles and offices and important-sounding projects than to risk losing them to the Lotta Continua or the Autonomia or any of a dozen other groups on the fringes of terrorism. But practical power still belongs to the local bosses, with their talent for *sottogoverno*—for maneuvering in those ancient networks that have kept Italy functioning through centuries of abuse by its official rulers. Those old *capi*, in their time, had to judge—and judge accurately—what Fascism and Nazism and Stalinism were going to mean for the Party and for the country. The few who are left on the Central Committee of the Party are skeptical of what Berlinguer is up to, and they have never much liked the kind of *compromesso* that lets Giovanni Agnelli, the chairman of the board at Fiat, make the rules and gives the Party the job of keeping its people calm in exchange for handouts. They say that whatever small reforms the Party claims to have achieved—a rise in sharecroppers' percentages, a minimum wage, a *scala mobile*—are accommodations to the status quo, not changes in the social order. They complain that the Party now is an object lesson in the power of capital not so much to corrupt as to pacify.

What the Party is, in fact, by now is a kind of shadow government. In Rome, planners and economists and would-be ministers prowl the halls of the Party secretariat with their charts and ledgers and proposals. Each of the country's regions has a secretariat, too, along with its own Party leader and committee and technicians. So does each



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of the provinces, and each of the *comuni* within a province, and each *comune* is itself divided into "sections," as the Party calls them, with the same hierarchy. None of this is very far from what Lenin had in mind when he talked about a vanguard party, or postulated the somewhat stretched principles of democratic centralism. It is structure, in the end, more than doctrine, that makes the Italian Party "Communist"—structure, and the idea of an élite so acute in its judgments that those judgments must be taken to express what everybody else would think if everybody else were smarter.

Alfredo says sometimes that cells like his father's were probably doomed the moment the Party came out of clandestinity and under public scrutiny. He says that maybe a cell, by definition, is better suited to the energy of grand and illegitimate causes—like revolutions hatched in the barracks of Lourenço Marques or the shantytowns of Oran—than to peaceful, ordinary times when no risk disciplines emotions. Formally, of course, Italy's cells exist. There are seven cells in San Vincenzo's section of the *comune*, but by now their bonds are familial and social, and have as much to do with the long experience of neighbors as with politics. Alfredo has tried to inspire his father's cell with football games for the children and grandchildren and plans to pool everybody's contributions to the dairy co-operative, but the cell survives mainly because, of all the cells in the *comune*, it is the only one with some of the old energy of a cause to fight for—even if that cause has turned out to be beating Anna Cecchi at *briscola*. Domenico Spina and Carlo Benetti and Roberto Filippini and even Mario himself would have to agree that there are few ideas as powerful as a Saturday night in the Cecchis' kitchen, with everyone talking at once, and sweet cakes and homemade wine on the table, and the Cecchis' new color-television console backed into the unused hearth as if a match could ignite it, sending images of soccer stars and weather girls and comics up the chimney and out over the fields to the darkened stall where San Vincenzo's brave young men once met, full of terror and enchantment, to dream their revolution.

MARIO CECCHI says that in San Vincenzo only the very brave or the very rich or the very intelligent—*dottori* like the schoolteacher who founded Mario's cell and died a partisan—could afford to think about fighting openly against the Fascists. Do-

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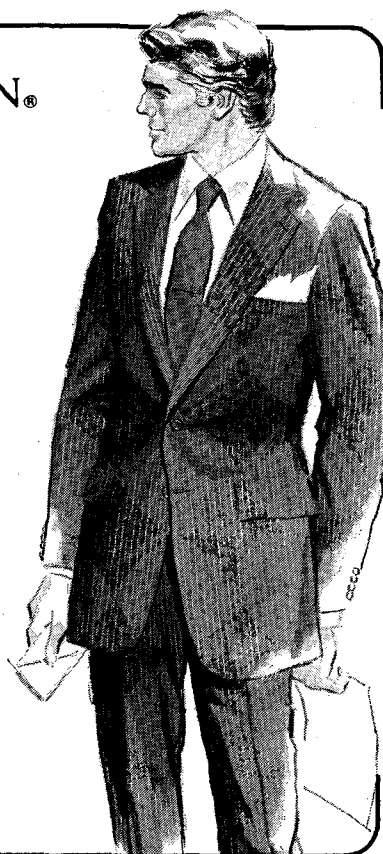


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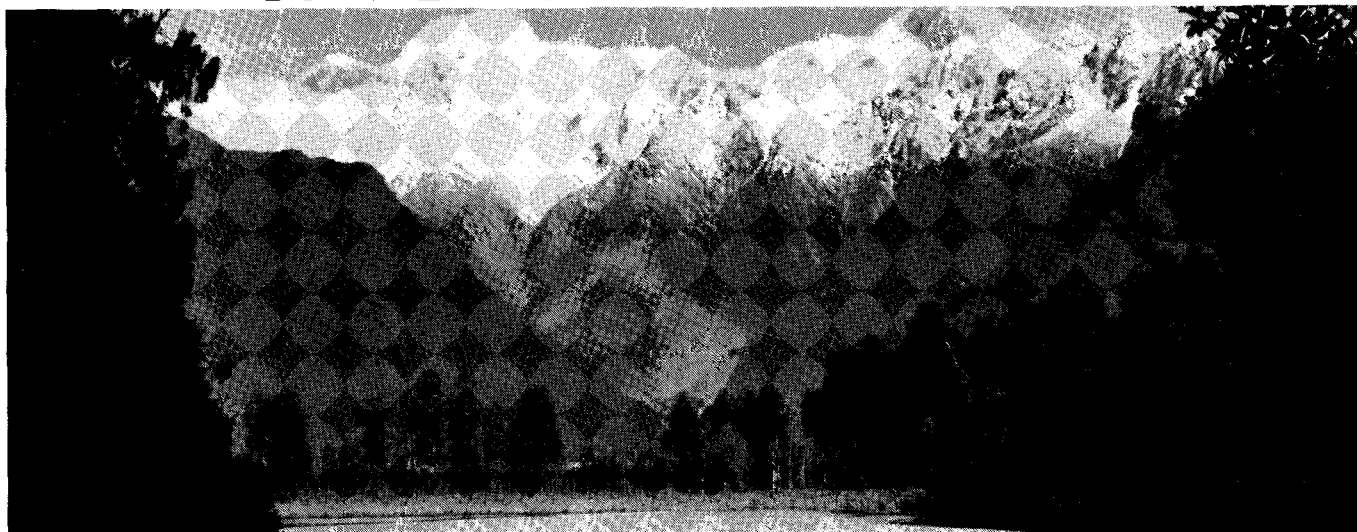
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menico Spina, in his way, fought them. Spina was in the Italian Army in Sicily in 1943, looking after wagon mules and meeting secretly behind the base saddle shop with a group of Bolognese recruits, and the Bolognese, seeing that Domenico was a country boy and gullible, persuaded him that he could get away with setting the base on fire. Domenico set his fire, and was caught, and spent a month in the base prison before the Allies invaded Sicily and let him out, but still, officially he was a soldier in a Fascist army, not a partisan. Mario says it never occurred to anybody in the San Vincenzo cell except the schoolteacher to actually run away to the partisans or to refuse a Fascist draft call. A lot of the important Communists had already fled to France or Russia by '41—which was when Italy started fighting—to direct the partisans from abroad. And the idea of fighting without them, or for them, was inconceivable to a timid shepherd with a wife and four children to keep and the first sheep he had ever owned feeding in his stable. Courage was a luxury in Fascist Italy, like honor; a little bravado was often the most that poor people like Mario Cecchi could contribute. Even now, Mario's sort of moral triumphs have to do with health and cleanliness and rest—with the fact that, finally, in his old age, he can look forward to the fresh, cool feel of clean underwear in the morning.

Mario never had much underwear when he was growing up. Washing clothes was a long and complicated ritual, and no one in his family had any clothing he could do without. Mario remembers laundry day in the mountains. Dirty shirts and towels and homespun sheets went into a big clay pot with a draining faucet near the bottom, and when the pot was nearly full his mother covered them with jute and then with a layer of cinders and began pouring boiling water over everything. All day long, she kept the water kettle on the fire, and at night she plugged the faucet and left the clothes to soak till morning, when she would rinse them in a stream, pounding them on rocks and finally laying them out on the banks of the stream to dry. It was a tedious job, and if it rained she had to start over, but it was easier for her than for most of the mountain women; Mario's family made charcoal for a count with land in the mountains, and they always had plenty of wood to keep a kettle hot. They were *mezzadri*, just as Carlo Benetti and Roberto Filippini and some quarter of the families who work the land in

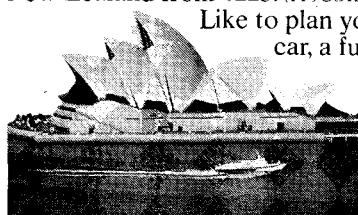
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Mario's valley are today—bound by one of Italy's ancient arrangements between a landlord and the family that tills his fields, chops his wood, or tends his sheep or his cattle in return for a share of the yield or (more likely now) of the profits from the yield. *Mezzadria* was a punishing system. Contracts ran for a year, from August to August, and any landlord with a mind to it could turn out a family on the last day in July, with no notice at all. People lived with a kind of congenital humiliation that came from generations of never really knowing how long they could keep the only work they knew, the only land they knew, the only home they were ever likely to find. Big landowners in Italy are a class; their ties are familial as well as financial, and they have always kept a sort of code among themselves that no *padrone* takes on a sharecropper whom his friend or cousin or neighbor has turned away. The conditions of *mezzadria* have changed a lot since the Second World War. Communists and Socialists have organized the sharecroppers into farm workers' unions. They have had their strikes and their boycotts, and now, by law, a landowner who fifty years ago could claim as much as three-quarters of his farmers' harvest gets less than half. Actually, there is no such thing as a *mezzadria* "contract" anymore. Montecitorio, the Italian parliament, abolished the contract system in 1964—and in practical terms this means that no new contracts can be made and no old ones can be cancelled. Those old contracts are good, now, for a peasant's lifetime, and his children's and grandchildren's lifetimes, though it is unlikely that any of those grandchildren will ever have to claim one. Bills to transfer parcels of agricultural land to the peasants who work that land and want it have been circulating in the parliament for years, and eventually one of them will pass, and people will be able to rent or buy their land at prices set and subsidized by the government.

Mario's parents, of course, never worked a particular piece of land for very long. They covered their mountain over years, gathering kindling for the charcoal they made in little earthen mounds around their campsites. But their house belonged to the count who owned the forest, and their kitchen garden, which was not much more than a hectare, had to feed thirty people—Mario's parents and his seven

brothers and sisters, along with two of his uncles and their families. The house, like the garden, was much too small to support so many Cecchis, but none of the men or the older boys could leave unless the Army took them, because in those days a landowner could cancel a family's contract if a son or a brother who might be serving him left to work for someone else. The only people who left were the small children—if their parents could find a place for them with relatives who had more food or more room or more money, or who simply wanted an extra worker of their own. In 1915, when Mario was seven, one of his aunts from a village on the other side of the mountain asked to borrow him while her husband was away in the Army. She worked in a little chestnut-flour mill in the village, but her husband had been a shepherd, and she wanted



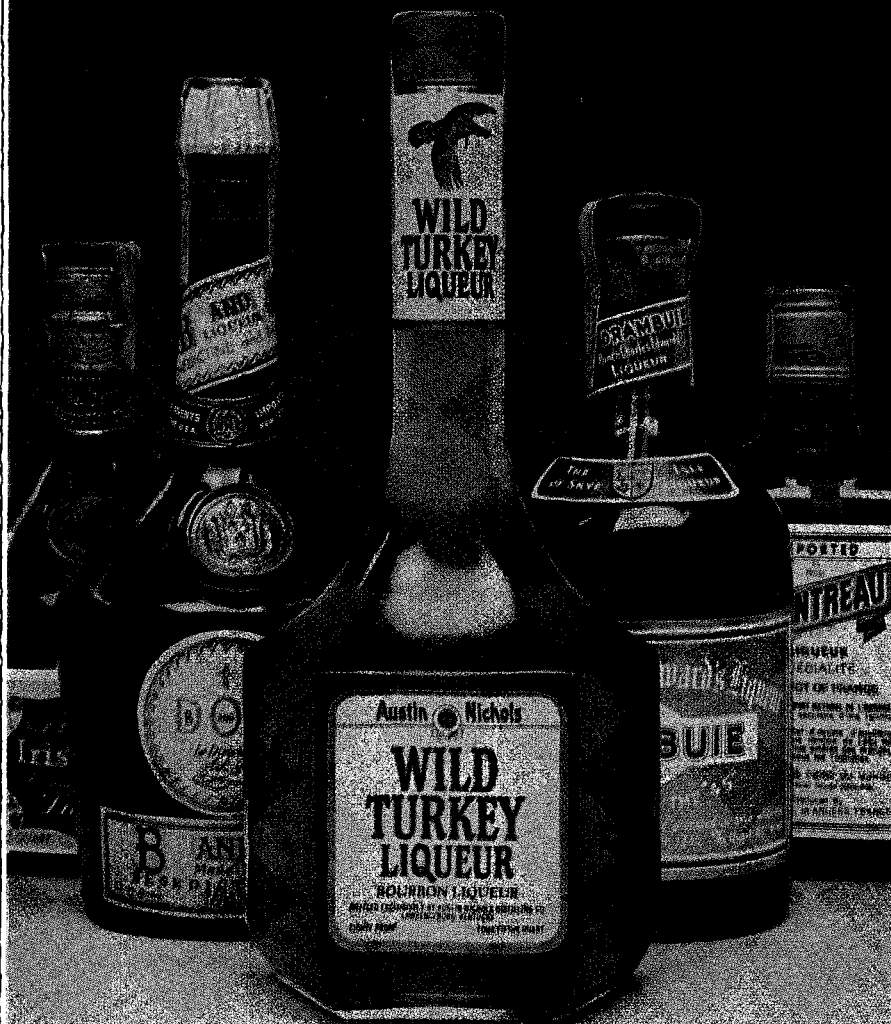
Mario and one of his brothers to tend the sheep while he was gone. Mario had just finished his first month of school when his aunt came to collect the brothers. It turned out to be the end of school for them both. Mario stayed with his aunt that winter, and that summer he pastured twenty sheep on the mountain near her house. After that, he and his brother lived the life of transhumants, driving their aunt's sheep down from the mountain every year for winter grazing in the valley. They lived with a peasant in winter, sleeping on a mat on the warm wood stove in the peasant's kitchen, paying their room and board with pails of sheep's milk. When his brother died of a fever during their third winter in the valley, Mario began to make the trip alone. He saw his own parents twice a year in those days—once on his way down the mountain in the fall, and again on his way up the mountain in the early summer. He was at home, though, when his father died, at forty-six, of pneumonia, and when his oldest brother, whose name was Franco, came back from two years at sea with news of a people's revolution in Russia and a stack of pamphlets by a man named Lenin. Mario couldn't read, but he knew that whatever was in those pamphlets cost his brother a life at home. Their landlord's foreman on the mountain decided that his *padrone* would be better served without a headstrong boy spreading tracts about the overthrow of the ruling classes. He refused to renew the family's contract unless Franco left, and so Franco went

north to Milan and took whatever odd jobs he could get until he found steady work, cleaning trolleys.

Mario spent fourteen years on loan to his aunt. He stayed through the war, and then he stayed on after the war, because his uncle came home shell-shocked and was not much use for anything but carding wool. Mario does not talk much about the way he felt through that strange, solitary childhood. It is not that he is too old now to remember. It is just that he had so little time as a child to store up feelings to examine later on. In fact, Mario must have been a very bright child. He taught himself to read, alone in the mountains with his sheep, studying from the pamphlets his brother left and from the old newspapers, used for wrapping cheeses, that he found in shepherds' huts. At the age of seventeen, he bought a set of Dante with the only pocket money he had ever had, and read straight through "The Divine Comedy." But mainly his memories from the age of seven or ten or seventeen have to do with the details of a shepherd's life—the towns he passed, the streams and roads and railroad tracks he used to follow, the music of pipes and ocarinas played by shepherd boys who danced by torchlight in the long meadow grasses, the steady, sinister hiss of vipers coupling on summer nights in the mountains. He remembers the day, once a year, when the village cobbler came to his aunt's house and, for five lire and a hot meal, made new shoes for the family. He cannot say whether or not he liked his aunt, but he can describe the way the old cobbler carved the wooden clogs and, softening and shaping a piece of leather with some pig's grease, hammered the leather to the wood with little nails that he held between his teeth. Or the way his aunt and her two young daughters would drape the kitchen beams with long skeins of homespun cotton, roll it onto their wooden spools, and finally, slowly, weave it into bolts of blue-and-white ticking called *rigatino* for the family's clothes. Mario says that in those days a poor Italian could spend his whole life in *rigatino*. That rough striped cotton was a uniform of class as surely as the soft gray riding gloves of a *gran padrona* or the silk of a contessa's gown.

No one actually told Mario when he was free to leave his aunt's house. But over the years his uncle got stronger, and his cousins got bigger—and one day it was simply accepted that he would go. There was nothing for him to do at home for his mother. He watched his family making charcoal—stripping the trees, shaping their clay

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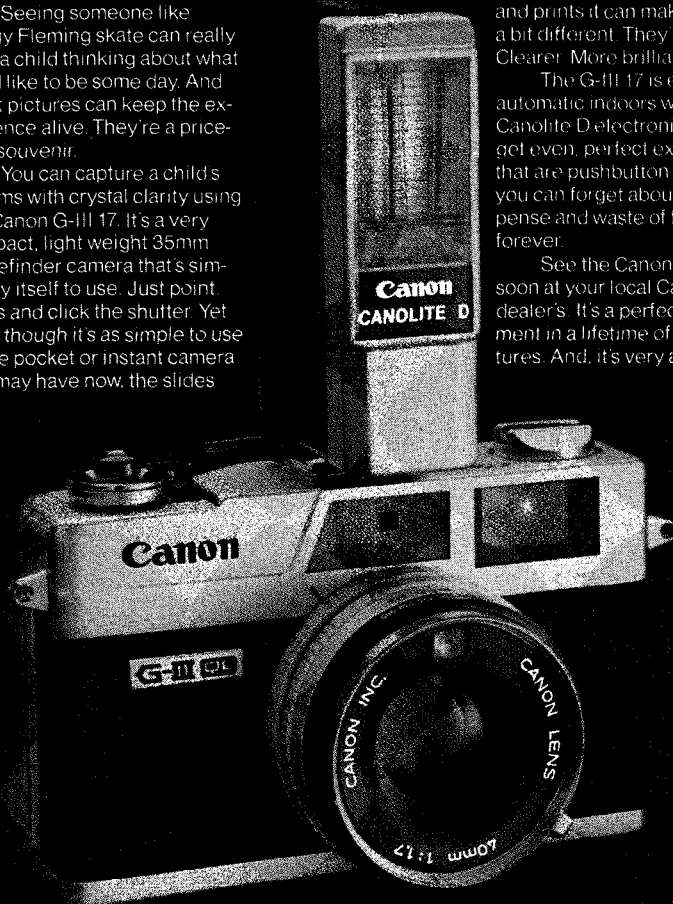
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mounds, smoking the tinder till it crumbled—but the work and the life seemed foreign to him now. He was fixed in the rhythms of a shepherd's life, and even at home he slept at noon and woke at three o'clock every morning—which was when he used to get up to milk his sheep and turn them out to pasture and put his aunt's big pot of milk and rennet over an open fire to heat for cheese. He did not especially want to be a shepherd. He envied the young men he had seen so often in valley towns, drinking in their cafés, playing bocce Sunday mornings, walking out at night with pretty, vivid girls. He wanted to find a life that would give him some of the gaiety of those young men. He dreamed about a fine job with the province. He was going to spend his evenings in a bright café, watching the women hurry by on their errands, talking with smart new friends about socialism, about the political trials and the strikes, about the Black Shirts who had taken over Italy and were starting to frighten the *contadini*, demanding their grain or their pigs or chickens for protection. Mario was determined to educate himself, he says. He started night classes in the nearest market town. He had never sat in a room with so many women before. The smell of all those women sickened and aroused him, and on his first night at school he fled outside, behind a tree, and vomited. But he stayed in school all summer. He was promoted to the third grade right away. "Don't forget, I was no beginner. I had a month of school at seven," he likes to say when he tells the story. He practiced writing and learned his multiplication and division tables, and so he could not believe it when in September, after all his work, he was turned down for a job building roads for the province because he did not carry a Fascist Party card. He says now that he would never have lasted on a road gang anyway. He already missed the mountains—the quietness there, the special kind of excitement he had felt as a boy alone at night, lighting fires against the wolves. The little town where he went to school seemed crowded to him now, in his disappointment—dirty and corrupted—and a few weeks after he lost his chance to join the road gang he became *mezzadro* to an old Maremma count whose foreman had passed through town looking for a new shepherd for the count's sheep.

Mario worked for the count for the next seven years. He spent his summers in a hut in the mountains, living on

polenta that he made from chestnut flour, on ricotta from the big cheese pot, on the meagre soup that shepherds like to call *acqua cotta*—cooked water. There were hundreds of sheep to graze and gather every day, and the ewes had to be milked twice a day for the seventy-five pounds of Pecorino that their milk yielded. It took three people to tend them. Mario. One older shepherd of thirty-five, who was called Romeo and who hated sheep and roared and cursed whenever he had to milk them. And one fat, exceptionally lazy boy of twelve, who rode down the mountain on a mule each morning, carrying the Pecorino to market, and rode back up each night with onions and bread and, on great occasions, beans. The ewes conceived in the summer. In the winter, they grazed in big fenced pastures on the count's Maremma ranch and delivered by Christmas-time. Mario says that in the winter he would wake up every morning to the bleating of thirty or forty new and hungry lambs. He is proud that his sheep were healthy in the Maremma—which is such a raw, swampy stretch of coastline—and delivered well. He liked his life there, at the sheep ranch. He even liked the count. He had a kind of wistful admiration for the way the old nobleman rode around the ranch on his bay hunter and counted sheep with little taps of an elegant leather crop. But over the years Mario saw the men around him getting married and producing sons for the fine new world that—drunk, nights, in the foreman's kitchen—they would vow to build as soon as Mussolini was overthrown. Mario himself did not think much about a fine new world in those days. He did start thinking about a wife, and a warm bed, and hot meals served in a kitchen of his own. It was the influence of farmers, he says now.

Mario married Anna that winter. He had found her buying salt in a *spaccio* that belonged to a rich old San Vincenzo peasant by the name of Renzo Strocci—a peasant who had made money and bought property, and, in fact, had just hired Mario on his way from the mountain to the Maremma and sent another shepherd to the count in Mario's place. In those days, Anna looked a little like a gypsy, with her warm, high color and her furious black eyes and the bright, tattered shawls and dresses that she always wore—she was so ragged and bad-tempered, Mario says, that he was sure even a penniless shepherd like himself would have a chance with her. Actually,

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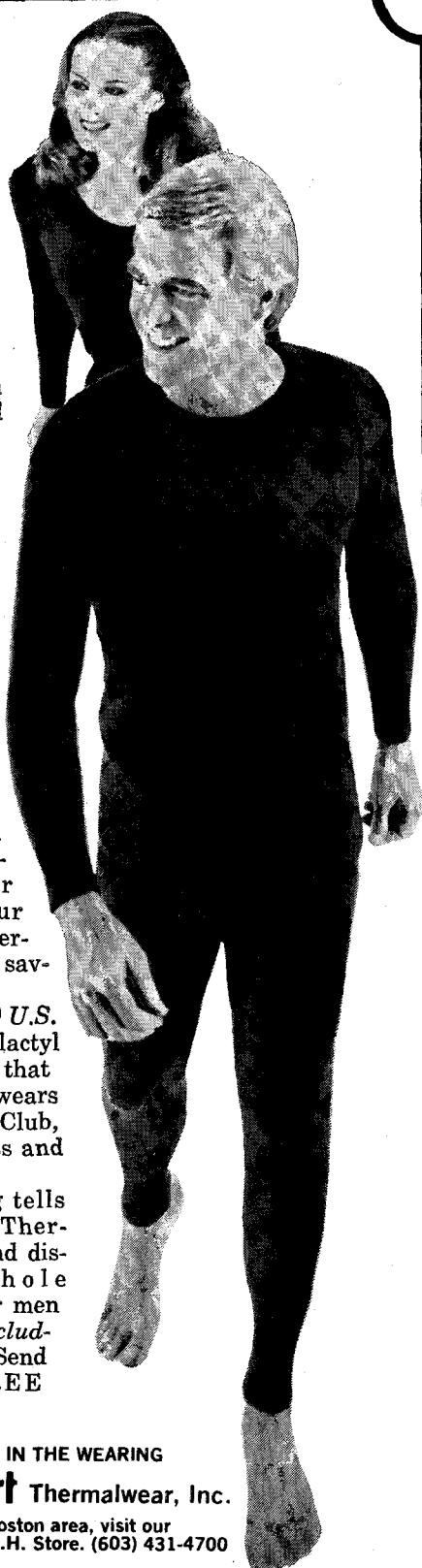
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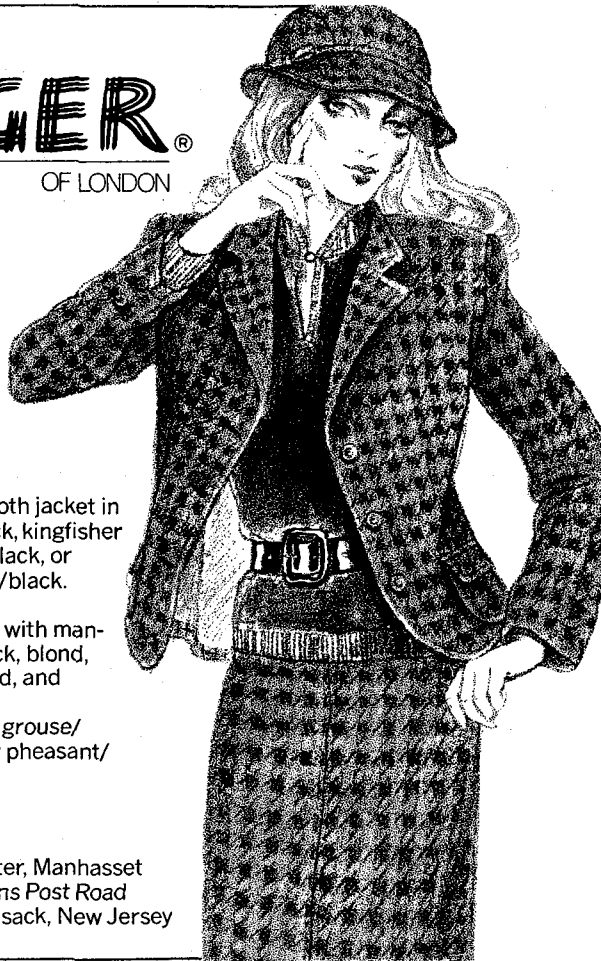
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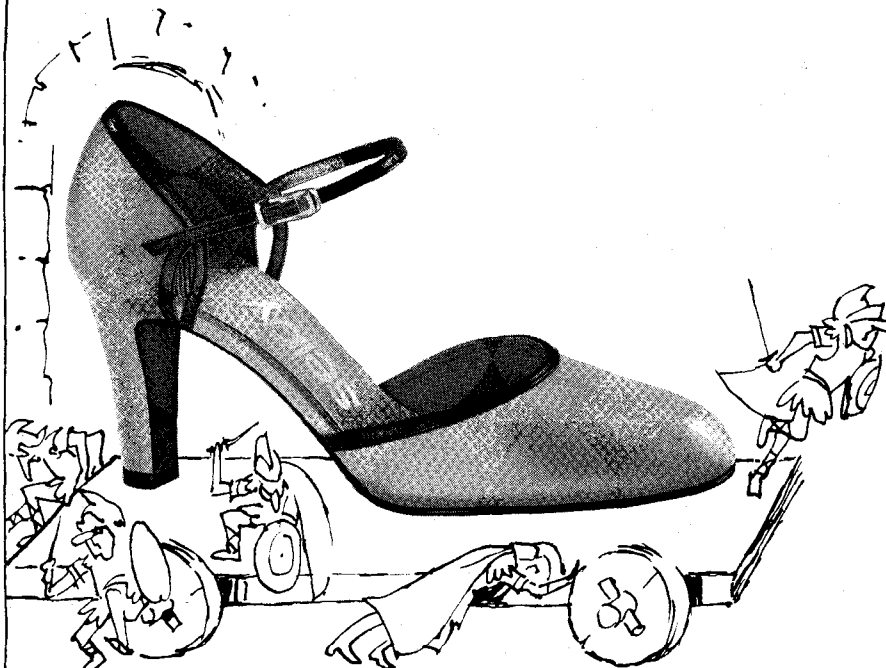
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Anna was an orphan from the valley, and she was working for day wages at a tobacco farm near the *spaccio*, sorting leaves as they came out of the curing ovens to be stacked and bundled. Renzo Strocchi and his wife used to give her food—they took care of a lot of villagers like Anna, because Renzo considered himself a Communist of sorts, having been *mezzadro* in his time and been made miserable by a few *padroni* of his own. He particularly liked to sit on a stool behind the counter of his brand-new *spaccio* and tell *padrone* stories. Everybody in San Vincenzo had heard from Renzo about the peasant who helped himself to a couple of bunches of table grapes from his *padrone's* vines; the *padrone* searched and searched till he found grape seeds in the peasant's dung heap—the peasant was forced to pick them out and eat them. Then, there was the story about a vain old baron who owned a lot of land in the valley. The baron had a fine stable, and he liked to take his guests out riding and amuse them by ordering any peasant they came upon in the fields to climb, naked, up red-ant-infested trees. Renzo always ended his gruesome stories cheerfully. "*Il bene del padrone non passa il gomito*," he would say—meaning, roughly, that the rich are not likely to have got that way by their own elbow grease. The fact that he himself was becoming one of the biggest landlords in San Vincenzo—with four big fields and six hundred sheep and six families a *mezzadria*, not to mention his *spaccio* and a bakery and a small leather factory—did nothing to dampen his pride in himself as a radical. At the end of one year with the Strocchis, Mario collected less money than he had ever collected from his Maremma count, but he says that the count would never have given him a wedding supper, the way the Strocchis did, or a house of his own, or a new chair for the kitchen every time Anna had a baby—or introduce him to a man like the village schoolteacher, a revolutionary and a secret Communist with his own cell. While Anna was busy having daughters—in six years, Pia and Sofia and Angelina and Teresa were born—Mario started going to the schoolteacher's secret meetings. He had never really planned to join the Party, never really foreseen a day when he would solemnly tape a Communist Party card inside his shepherd's boot. He became a Communist because the teacher told him that it was the proper thing for a poor young man in Italy to do, and, thinking it over, he decided that the teacher was right. He says that

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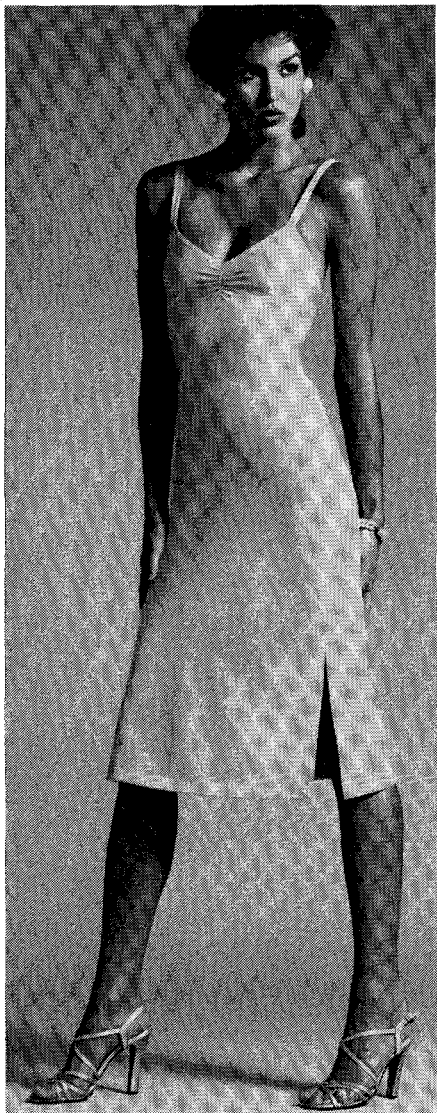
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cold water
wash

even then the idea of the Party gave him a kind of faith in a decent future for his little girls. Renzo Strocci had always given Mario his yearly share on time. He had never demanded gifts or eggs or chickens or refused Mario something important for his house, like whitewash for the walls or tiles to patch the roof. He even gave the Cecchi wine and meat on Sundays for their big dinner of the week. But Mario believed now that a Communist should be a free man. He wanted his own sheep, and he told Renzo, and toward the fall of 1941 he took his share from the sale of that year's cheese and wool and lambs, and walked seventy miles to a big sheep auction he knew of in another valley. When he came home, nearly two weeks later, he was leading thirty-nine sheep and six lambs and a big white dog with a tail like a question mark. Mario was thirty-four years old and had just grown a mustache, and he looked so prosperous and pleased with life on his long walk home that a young shepherd he met along the way had asked to leave his own ten sheep with Mario when the Army called him.

Mario, in fact, was getting known in the valley. He had skills and an instinct for animals which few of the valley shepherds had—not really being shepherds anyway but peasants who happened to be looking after sheep. He knew the right grasses and the right water for keeping a young lamb healthy. He could talk any *contadino* into opening his landlord's fields to Cecchi sheep at night, because the cheese he would give the *contadino* in return was always finer and fresher than anybody else's. He knew which streams to follow. He was the first to think of renting a narrow strip of land along the railroad track. He walked his sheep in single file on the twenty "free" inches of grass on each side of a public road. People began to say that

Mario Cecchi knew every spare blade of grass in the province. He was still a timid, solitary man—not the sort of person that querulous valley people, with their suspicion of mountain habits, usually took to—but the neighbors liked Mario, and Mario saw to it that there was always a glass waiting for them at the stone farmhouse he had just rented on the old *comune* road. He had a year in that house before the Army called him. Teresa was three days old, and Mario had just bought ten more sheep with the year's profits, when he found the draft notice on his doorstep.

He says it was the worst moment of his life.

"At first, I thought I could hide. But where? *Dove?* The Fascists were everywhere. The foreman at the big tobacco farm—he was a Fascist, and he beat the peasants until they spied for him. The postman was a Fascist, too. And the butcher. Once when I was taking my sheep along the road, a big truck full of Black Shirts followed me, and I saw the butcher with them. *Mi ricordo bene. Bene.* He had a gun. They all had guns. They followed me for a mile, laughing and shouting and shooting their guns in the air to scare my animals. They said they were giving me a warning. They knew for a fact that when Mussolini came here and everybody had to stop work and line the roads to salute him—they knew I was one of the ones who had not saluted. Even good people—poor, good people—told the Fascists what their neighbors did. It was because they could make money and feed their children by going to the police and saying, 'Beat up So-and-So. Follow Mario Cecchi, who did not salute.'

Sometimes there were massacres of families. One village would come to fight another. There were five brothers here in San Vincenzo who almost died. They were Socialists, some people said. Others said no, they were Anarchists. Maybe they were even Communists. No one knew. Not me. Not anyone. The only Communists I knew for sure were Benetti, Spina, Filippini, the

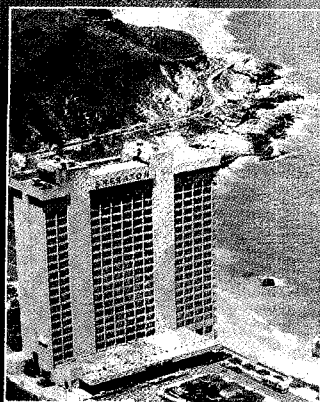
schoolteacher, and the others in my cell. But I knew which men to trust. I knew which men, in their hearts, were with the left. And I trusted the brothers. *Bene.* One day, a dozen Fascists came to beat up the brothers. The brothers were prepared, because they had been beaten before. They had been beaten and forced to drink bottles of castor oil, and so this time they had guns and chased the Fascists



away, and afterward they left to join the partisans in the mountains. But the next day a hundred and fifty Fascists came, looking for the brothers. They lined up all the men from the village on the road and said they were going to burn our houses down. It was a reprisal, they said, because no one had helped them catch the brothers. They started to light a fire, but there was one *mezzadro* in the village—we thought he was with us but now he came forward and said, 'Help! I am a Fascist. If you burn the other houses, mine will catch fire, too.' So the Fascists went

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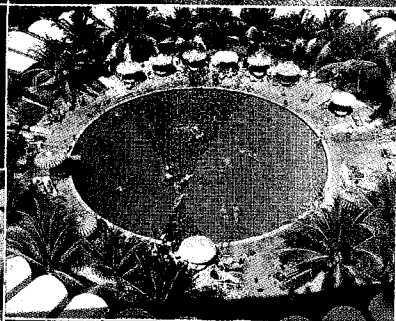
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away, and for a while no one bothered us, but then the notice came saying that I was to go by train, third class, to Perugia. I didn't expect that. I was too old. I had sheep, babies. I was the *capo* of a big household, and there was no other man to take my place. But I had no time to prepare papers so that I wouldn't have to go. All the young men had already gone, and they were calling the *classi vecchie*, not giving anyone the time to protest. I said to my wife, 'Don't worry. I won't be sent to war. They will see that I am thirty-five and can't fight.' But when I got to Perugia there were fourteen hundred men like me—thirty-five, forty years old—waiting for trucks to take them away to training camp. Fourteen hundred old men. Fathers. Even grandfathers. They said it was clear that old men like us would only be going to the Coast Guard. But I knew that they were wrong. I had never had an injection before, but now, at the training camp, every day for ten days I had injections. I had to hold a grenade. I had to climb a rope a hundred feet into the air—into nothing. I had to crawl through the grass with people shooting over me. But I was better off than some. One man was so fat that he could never do the exercises, and the officers would kick him in his stomach. Another man didn't know his left from his right, and they beat him. He was just like Anna. All he could remember about left and right was that he was against the right. After a month, they sent us home and told us to say goodbye to our families. And then we had to march to the nearest train station, singing Fascist songs. I walked for miles, and every few minutes someone I knew would come out of his house and fall in line and start singing. Some of my neighbors were crying, because they didn't want to leave their wives or their mothers, or because they were *compagni*—Communists—and they were ashamed, singing those songs, the way I was ashamed."

Cattle cars took the men from Perugia to a big port town. Mario had a fever by then from his injections, and he was nauseated by the stench and the heat of the crowded cattle car and by his own fear that this was not the kind of transportation Mussolini would have provided for a company of future Coast Guard officers. And, in fact, all the men on the train with Mario that day went with him to the bunkers in Sardinia. They were marched to the docks, singing, and into a convoy of captured tourist boats—and for a day and a night and the better part of the next



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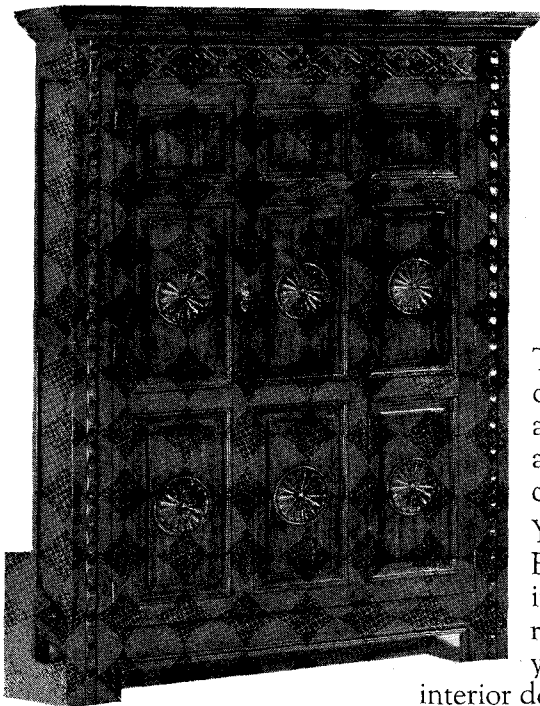


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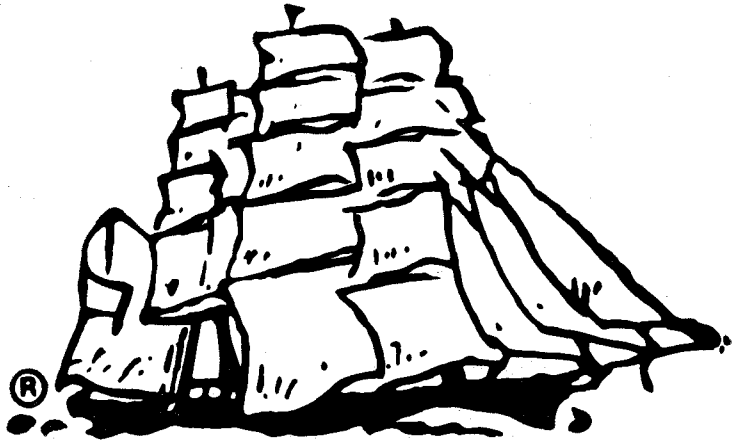
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day they were shut belowdecks, retching and moaning and with nothing to eat in all that time but two toast sticks apiece, an ounce of tinned corned beef, and a cup of water. Three days—and two more trains—after his boat landed, Mario was sharing a bunker with four homesick strangers on the far coast of the island. He says that there were bunkers like it every thousand feet along the Sardinian coast, that he knew soldiers who fought and sometimes killed each other just for a chance to get out of those bunkers and drive the company mule cart to the supply depot for the bread and rice and moldy pasta that were their only food. After a while, he says, people in bunkers even lost track of who was bombing them. His first company commander came from the Fascist High Command and told the men that the bombs were English and American. Then, in July of 1943—with Mussolini arrested and in prison—a general arrived who told them to stay in their trenches and fight Germans in the name of King Victor Emmanuel III. And then, when the Germans rescued Mussolini, that general ran away and a new one came, to say that they were fighting again for Fascism.

"All that year, we wanted to throw down our guns and run. But we didn't know how to leave. There were no boats, no trains, no food. We were eating only once a day, and finally there was no rice or pasta—just a hundred and fifty grams of bread a day to keep us alive. There were thirty thousand Germans on the island, taking whatever food there was, killing for it with their machine guns. We begged our officers, 'Please! Let us go. Send us home to our families.' But no one wanted to let us go, and then there was no bread left, and the *miseria* began. We had to make flour out of melon and zucchini and red beets. We dried them, and pounded them into flour, and made soup from that, but no one wanted the soup. It gave you diarrhea. And the water gave you malaria. There was no medicine—not for so many soldiers. There were three hundred and eighty thousand soldiers on the island. That's what they told us. And there were always more coming—coming from Corsica, from all over Italy, from every town the Allies held. Finally, the officers had to close our bunkers, because so many of us had died that they were worried about a plague. We camped in stables—I slept in the straw in a farmer's horse stall—but I had malaria by then, terrible

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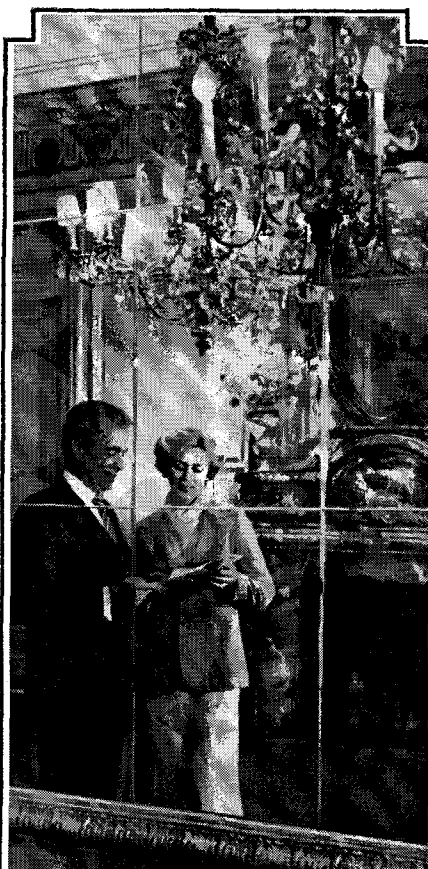
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malaria, and finally they took me to an infirmary and gave me a bed, my own bed, for four days. After that, I was lucky. I cured a sheepskin for the farmer whose stable I had used, and he gave me three lire for it and I was able to buy a little food. But then there was nothing again. Only wild garlic and a few tiny wild lemons on the whole island. The officers called a meeting. They said anyone who wanted to leave was free to go with them to the mainland. We said, 'Who has won this war?' But they wouldn't tell us, and after that no one wanted to go with them. We thought they were tricking us again, sending us to another front. So they had to take us by boat to the mainland and turn us loose. I started walking south, with about a hundred other soldiers, and it was somewhere near Naples that the Americans found us. The Americans told us that the war was not over. They said they had no room left in the prison camps for us. They could send us back to the Fascists, they said, or let us stay and work, loading trucks for the front."

Mario stayed. The soldiers gave him chocolate and bread and sugar, and they tried to feed him tinned mutton—he says the Americans had never heard of a shepherd who did not eat mutton. After a month, the Americans even gave him money, from a stack of dollars. One night that spring, Mario heard on the radio that the German line—*la linea gotica*, people called it—retreating north, had finally passed his valley, and that night he simply walked out of the war. A truck heading north took him about a hundred miles on his way, and then he bought a used bicycle from a farmer with his dollar bills. A few days later, Anna found him at the door to their sheep stalls, counting his animals.

Mario measures the cost of the Second World War by the sheep he lost. Fifteen of his own sheep and three of the young shepherd's had been seized by the Germans for food when they held the valley. Only collaborators' houses, with their doors marked "LIBERO," had been safe from plunder. And the sheep that the Germans had left in Mario's stalls were weak and scouring from fetid water, because his green and brown and golden valley had become a swamp. The Germans, retreating, had blown up bridges to stop the Americans from advancing, and then the Americans had dammed the valley streams with rubble to get their tanks and their trucks across.

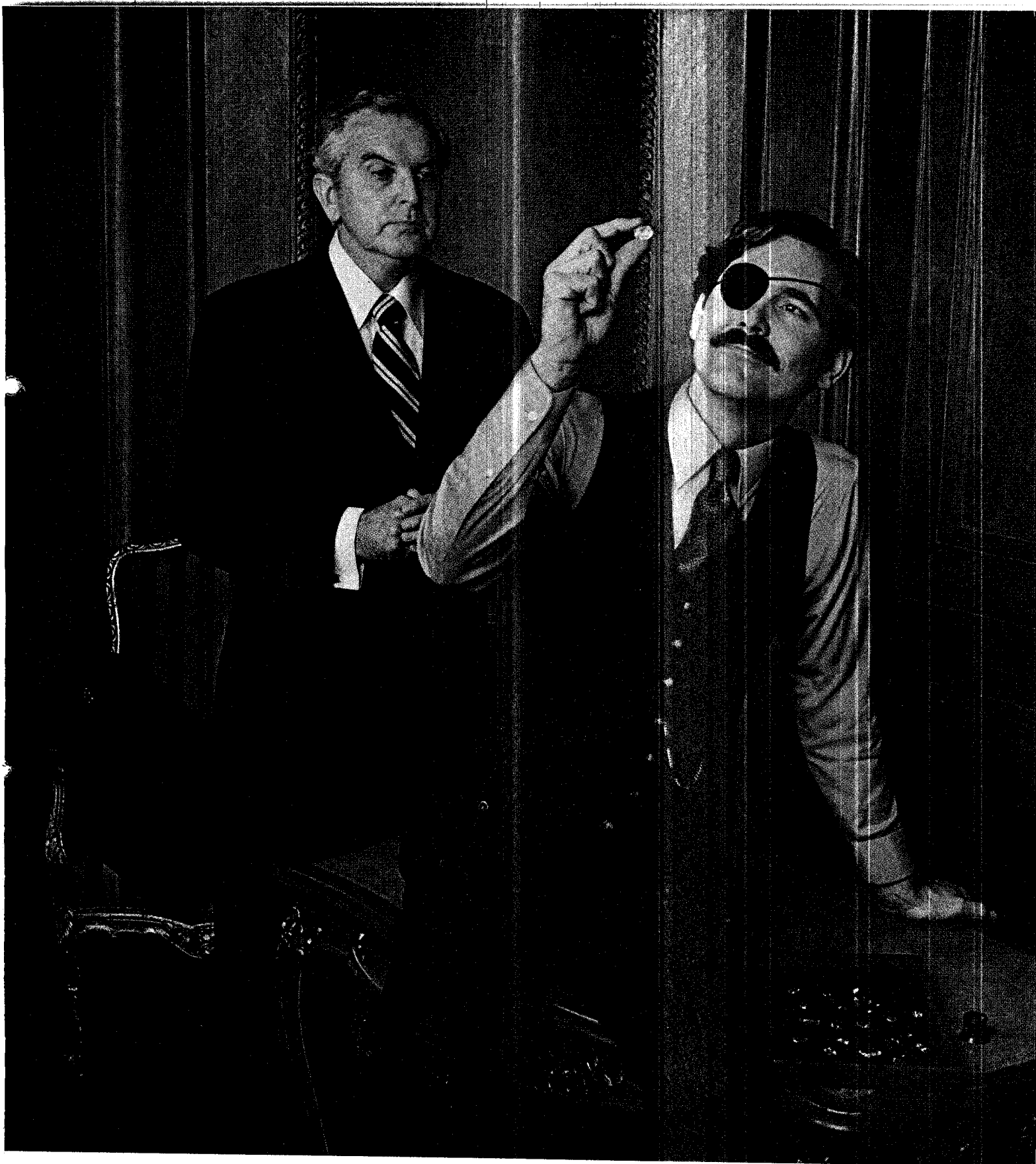
Water drained into the fields and flooded everything. Wheat fields that in summer were usually toasted dry were covered with as much as three feet of water. Everybody's animals were sick, and there was typhus around, and typhoid, and cholera. Two of Mario's little girls had typhus when he arrived, and he says that families ferried their sick and their dead on home-made rafts and rowboats to field hospitals on dry ground—that the valley looked just like the painting of Hell, with all the dead souls wailing on their *barca*, he had once seen in the town church. Mario made a big raft and ferried his sheep to a hamlet in the foothills, and he camped there for a month in a farmer's house, waiting for the water in San Vincenzo to subside. Finally, he left them there. He



T.D.

hitched a ride home with an American Army doctor who was making house rounds on an outboard, and after that Mario often travelled with the doctor, helping to treat his neighbors' animals. Slowly, over the winter, the ravaged valley was uncovered. Mario brought his sheep home. When the old cell—what was left of it—started meeting again, people got in the habit of using the Cecchis' kitchen, because all the other Communist houses, from the railroad tracks up to Carlo Benetti's, had been hit by bombs.

"The Party was already organizing when I came home. It was like the old days, except that now everything was open and we had a perspective that was better, from the war. We had a vision of a better life. We were mostly illiterate. It was not so hard to convince us. But some of the *contadini* were frightened. They thought we wanted to destroy the churches and get rid of the priests—they thought they would go to Hell if they joined us. You see, there was propaganda against us. The Church made a Madonna and paraded her through the valley on Sunday nights, saying, 'Drive out the Communists! Vote Christian Democrat! Save your immortal souls!' They marched at night from village to village, and the peasants lit their way with torches. But we Communists kept on. We talked always of the struggle of the *contadini*. We told them that only Togliatti could help us all. And we met and met—in those days, every week we had a cell meeting. And we went to the big Party meetings in town, too, and later, when the market grew, in the new town. We went to those meetings where there were always men



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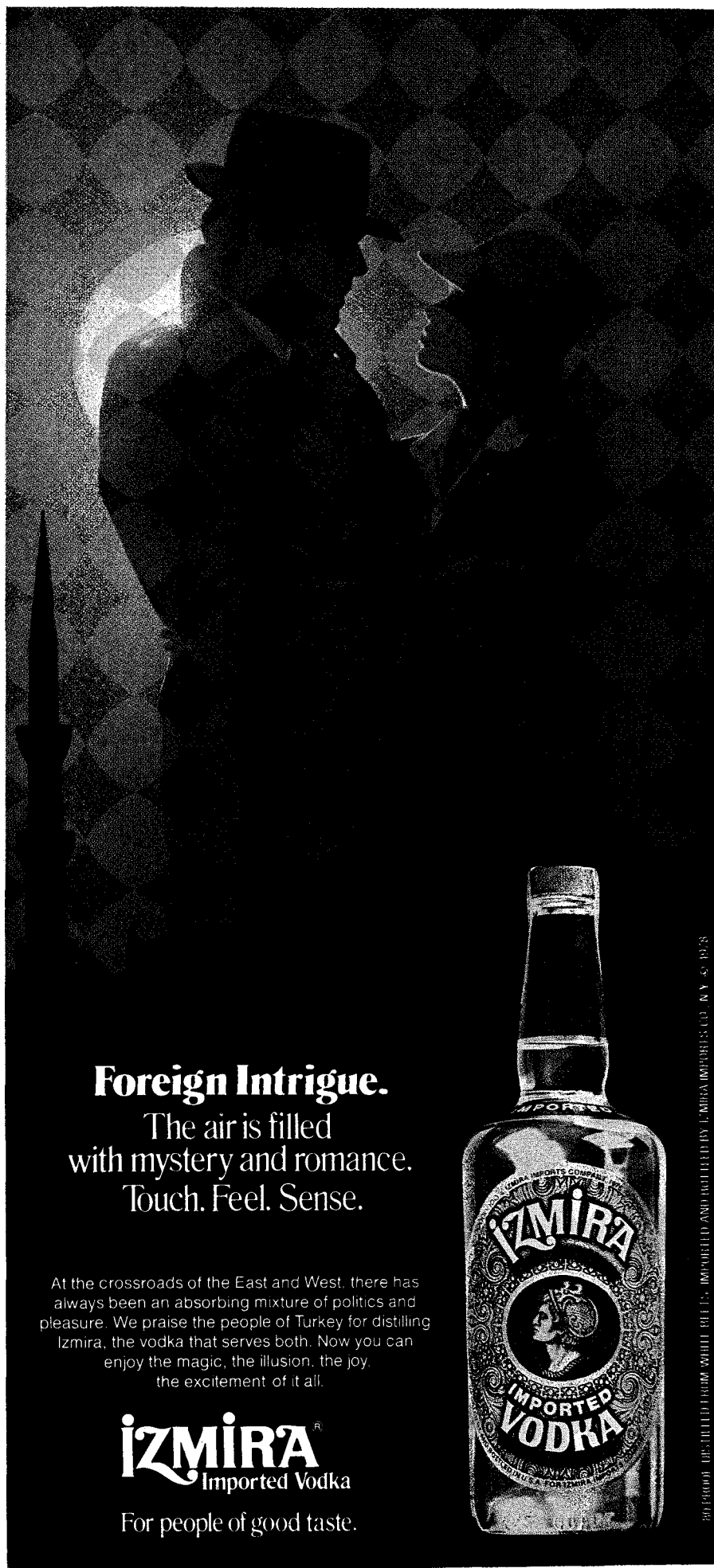
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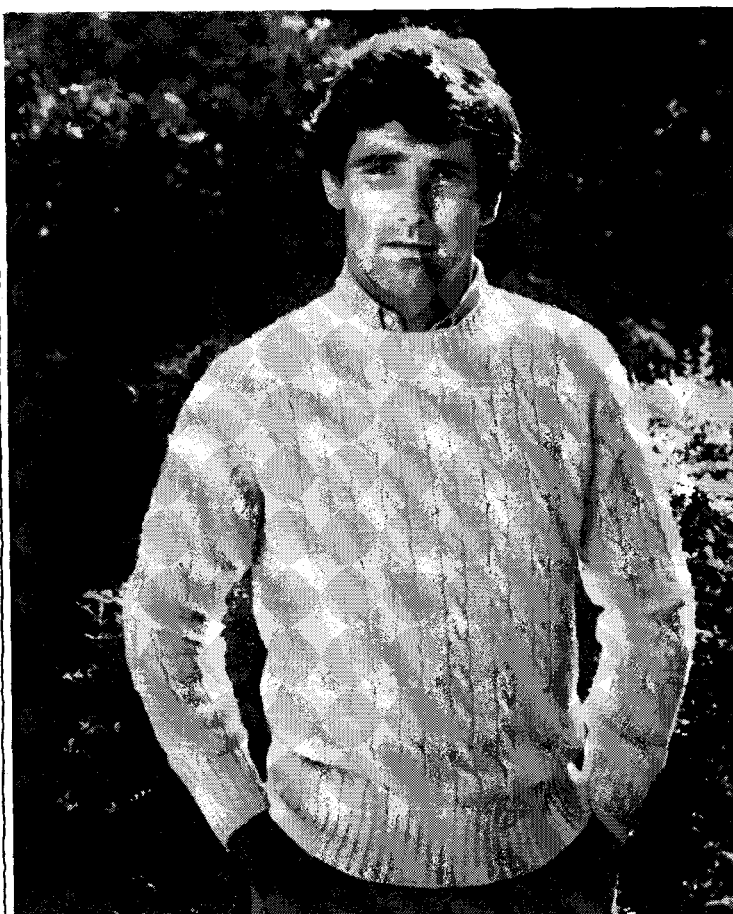
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who knew more than we did. They explained, and we listened. Sometimes we replied, but not often, because those important men from the Party told us that for the Party to grow and be strong and make the right decisions it was necessary for people like us, who were poor and uneducated, to take the advice of people who *knew*. What they said was true. There was no liberty before. There were still *padroni* who would knock on your door on the last night in July and if you didn't give them your garden vegetables and your wine and olive oil or offer your wife to clean their villas—you were out on the first of August with nowhere to go. But the Party changed that. They saw that the *mezzadria* laws were changed. And the laws about children working. Now a boy can stay in school for eight years and no one has the right to take him out. There was Alfredo, born in '46. A shepherd's son, and now he could be anything he wanted. I told him, 'You can be a pharmacist if you like. You can be a clerk in a big bank. Or a veterinarian, like Domenico Spina's son-in-law.' Thanks to the Party, my son is *dottore*, like the son of a millionaire. The Party has made them brothers. It has made us all brothers. I worked for twenty-five years after the war. I had eighty sheep to sell in order to buy this land and build this house. I made one million five hundred thousand lire from the sheep, but it was not enough, and I thought I would have to beg at the bank for a loan. It was my friends in the Party who saved me. Benetti, Filippini, Spina. They said, '*Basta!* Enough of banks. We are your brothers.' And they lent me more than a million lire. Roberto Filippini took some of the money he was saving for when the law tells him he can buy his land from his *padrone*—you see how Filippini lives, like a pauper, but he has ten, maybe even twenty million lire in his mattress, and he took some of that money and gave it to me, and charged me only five per cent interest on the loan. Benetti didn't charge at all. Spina charged nine and a half per cent—but it was on principle, he said, that he charged me. He said that since all ownership was wrong it was really for the government to pay for a new house and let me use it. *Libero*. In Domenico Spina's Communism, everything is free."

It has been ten years since Mario sold his sheep. He would have liked to keep them, he says. They were good sheep, and beginning to bring in money, but Alfredo was at the university, there was no one to help him, and a

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new law said that sheep on the road at night had to have two shepherds—one in front of them with a lamp and one behind them. Besides, Alfredo believed that the father of a future *dot-tore* should not be working in his old age. Alfredo bought the furniture for his parents' house with some of the money he had made selling insurance, and he told Mario to sell the sheep. He said that Mario had a son, now, who could pay for everything. Still, Mario misses his sheep. He wanders up and down the road, tracing his old routes, talking to farmers he knows along the way, helping out with their animals. Once when all the cows in the next village died, and not even Domenico Spina's son-in-law, the veterinarian, knew why, Mario discovered that the grass they grazed was bad grass—bad from a winter under stagnant water—and he led the cows and calves from the dairy coöperative, and all the other San Vincenzo animals, to an abandoned pasture where he knew the grass was safe. He helps with all the calvings at the co-op. Every summer, during the month of heat that Italians call the *soleone*, he kills a serpent with a stick and saves its blood in a bottle, and then when a calf or a lamb is sick he pours a drop on the sick animal, like holy water, and the animal gets better. Lately, he has been mixing the fodder for the co-operative, too, adding his mountain herbs and just the right amount of salt so that the cows are never swollen. And if a cow is feverish—in Mario's opinion, the Czech and Hungarian and Polish cows that the Party is always sending are prone to fever, not nearly the equal of the hardy local breeds—he slips a sliver of *erba nocca* under the skin just beneath her tail, and a blister rises that draws away the fever when it bursts. He still talks about buying back some sheep, for company, but he has sixty rabbits in a hutch behind the house, and turkeys and ducks and geese and chickens to look after, not to mention a garden full of eggplant, zucchini, tomatoes, carrots, onions, peppers, and six different kinds



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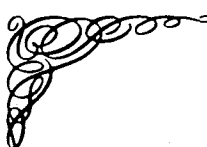


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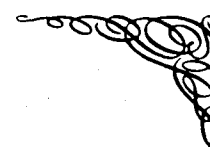
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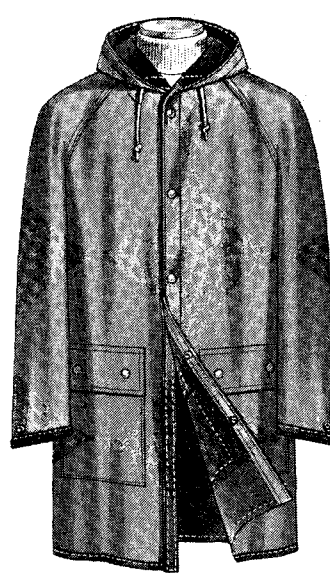
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of lettuce. The doctor tells him his heart is weak, and Mario will admit now that a shepherd's life might be a little strenuous for him—though surely not the life of a busy Compagni di San Vincenzo trumpeter.

Mario could go to the *spaccio* every day if he wanted to. He has his social security, which amounts to eighty thousand lire a month, and Anna's mysterious rheumatism brings in another seventy-five thousand in national health insurance. Mario could certainly afford to sit all day at one of the fancy umbrella tables that Emilio Vanni put outside the *spaccio* when he bought the place from Renzo Strocci's widow. He could talk and gossip and drink with Carlo Benetti and the other old men who spend their afternoons at the *spaccio*, but the truth is that he has no aptitude for idleness. He would rather be hosing down the bright white tiles at the coöperative, keeping an eye on the heifers that low and drowse underneath the long fluorescent lights, waiting to drop their calves.

Lately, Mario has been hearing rumors about Alfredo's future. People tell him that the Party has chosen Alfredo as the next mayor of the *comune*. They say that Alfredo has been seen in the best restaurant in Perugia, eating lunch with Party dignitaries from the province, drinking Scotch whiskey and ordering imported lobsters. Mario has to dry his eyes when he hears those stories. Even now, he does not know what to make of the strange life he is ending—of a splendid coöperative filled with cows that arrive in trucks from friends he has never met in countries he has never heard of, or of a son who eats in restaurants he has never seen, making plans to run a *comune* of twenty thousand people. It makes him shy, Mario says sometimes, like a pretty woman, or the thought of God.

TOURISTS driving through the valley on their way to see the town church or the notable town walls have been stopping at Anna Cecchi's door lately to ask about the abandoned farmstead down the road, where Anna lived for nearly thirty years of childbirth and war and recovery. The tourists want to know who owns the house, and it pleases Anna to pretend not to remember the history of the place or the name of the family that was her landlord. She knows that, with most of the old, empty houses in the hills already sold, rich young couples from Milan and Rome and sometimes as far as France and Germany have started coming to the valley. They have started

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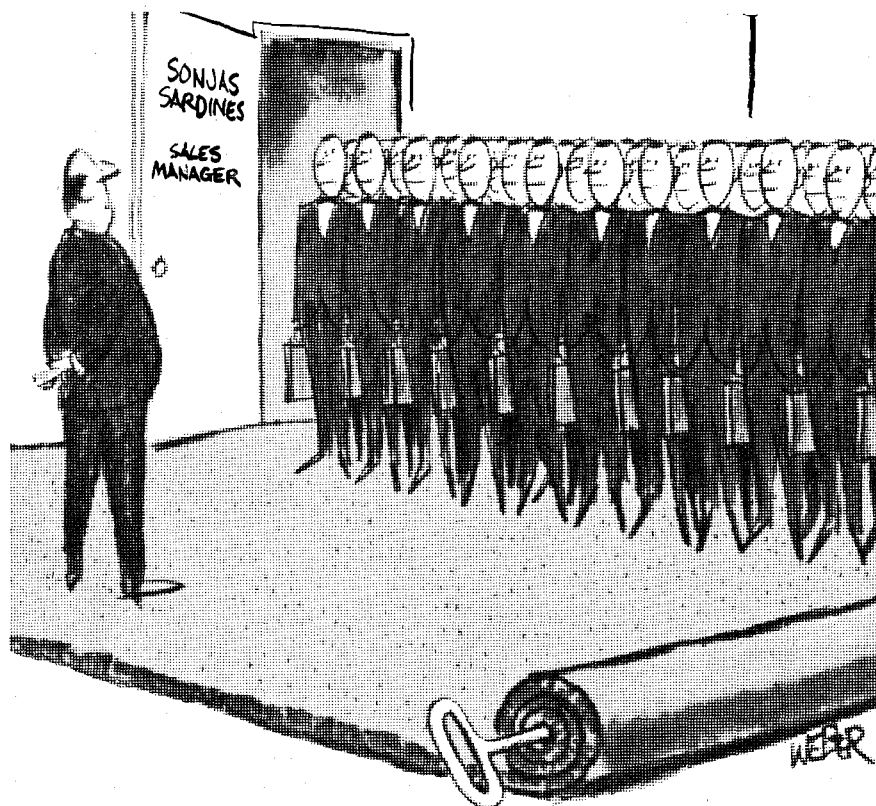
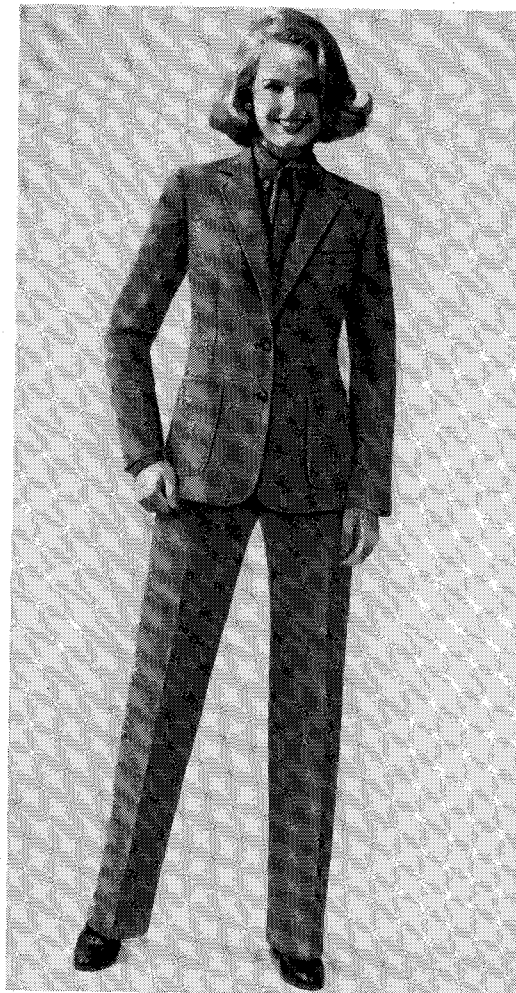
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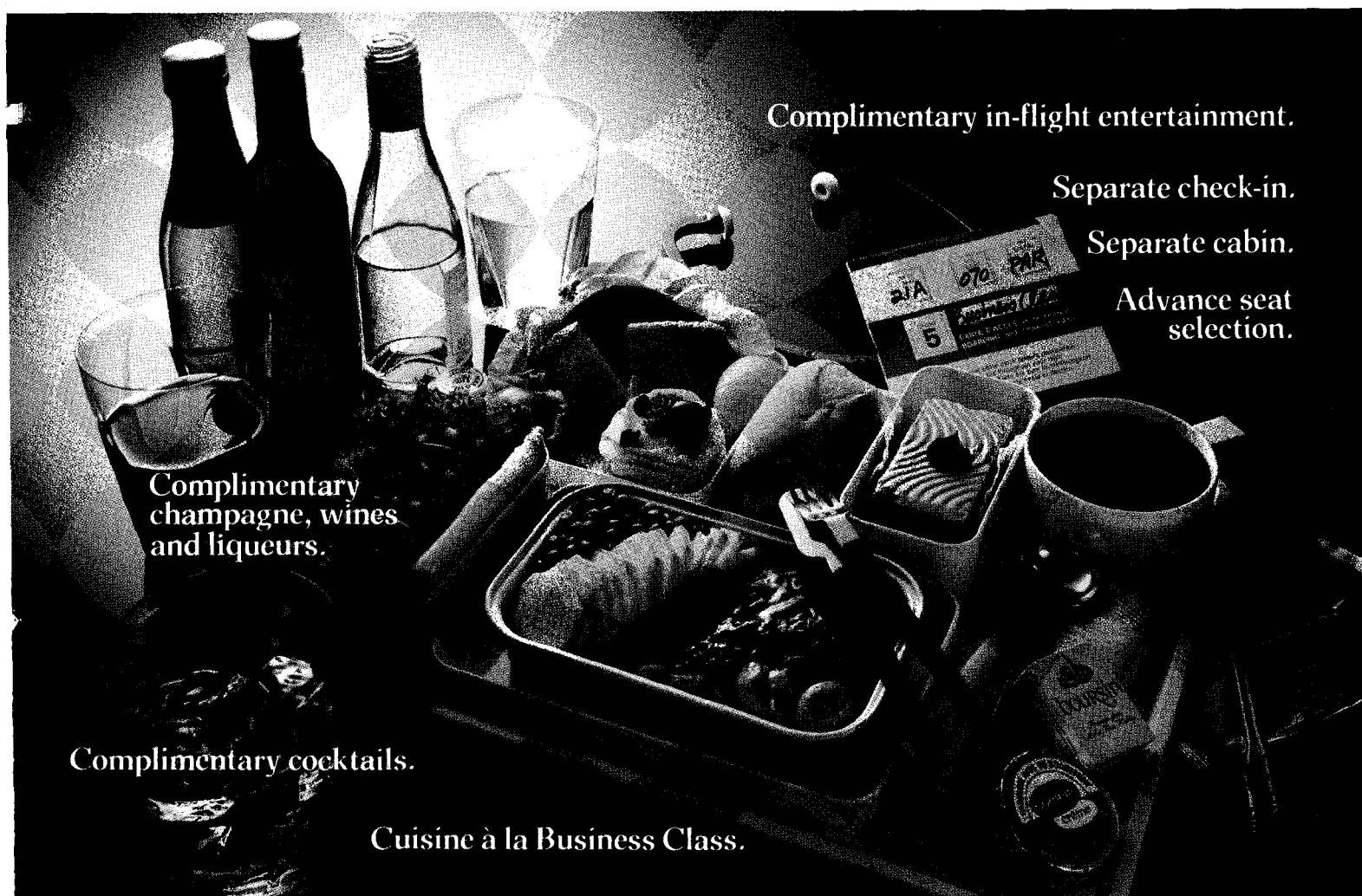
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spending a hundred million lire to "re-store" a ruined San Vincenzo farmhouse for their children's summer holidays or their fall shooting—and their enthusiasm for these old houses seems like mockery to Anna, because to Anna a *casa colonica* like the empty house across the road means rotted beams and moldy walls and a leaking roof. It means foul stalls, and sheep and pigs grunting for their feed, and all the other emblems of what was once her poverty.

Mario tries to persuade Anna to forget this mad sensitivity of hers that makes so many of the smiling and polite young women hurry back to the children waiting outside in their Alfas or Mercedes, convinced that they have seen a witch. He tells her to relax this vigil she keeps against other people's pleasure, to take some pleasure in the life she has. He says to consider the family up the road who slaved in the fields for forty years to be able to build a house as important as their landlord's villa. They broke their health and their hearts working, and now that they have a villa that is faithful to their landlord's—from the brass knocker on the front door to the crests and vines and cherubs carved on the dining-room sideboard—all they can feel is the bitterness of an unacknowledged revenge. But Anna does not care much about acknowledgment. Her own new house is a very private kind of victory, like the music Mario makes on his new trumpet. Life has astonished them both by being kind, and the difference between them is that Anna does not trust kindness. She thinks of it as a ruse—a trick of fate to put her off her guard for some deep, final disappointment—and so she is determined to be vigilant.

When the Cecchi girls were still unmarried and needed chaperons, Anna used to go out evenings. She would visit the neighbors with her girls, or gossip outside the *spaccio* with the other village mothers while their children sat in the dark inside, holding hands and watching Emilio Vanni's television. She even took some trips alone in those days. When the priest in the village of Fontana di Sanguè—which is just across the valley from San Vincenzo—organized an excursion called Churches of Umbria, Anna was the first woman on the bus, and although she did not have much to say for the churches, she did manage to buy a Father Christmas costume in Assisi, which she still puts on every year for her grandchildren. After that, she went on Communist trips—the kind the Party paid for to get peo-

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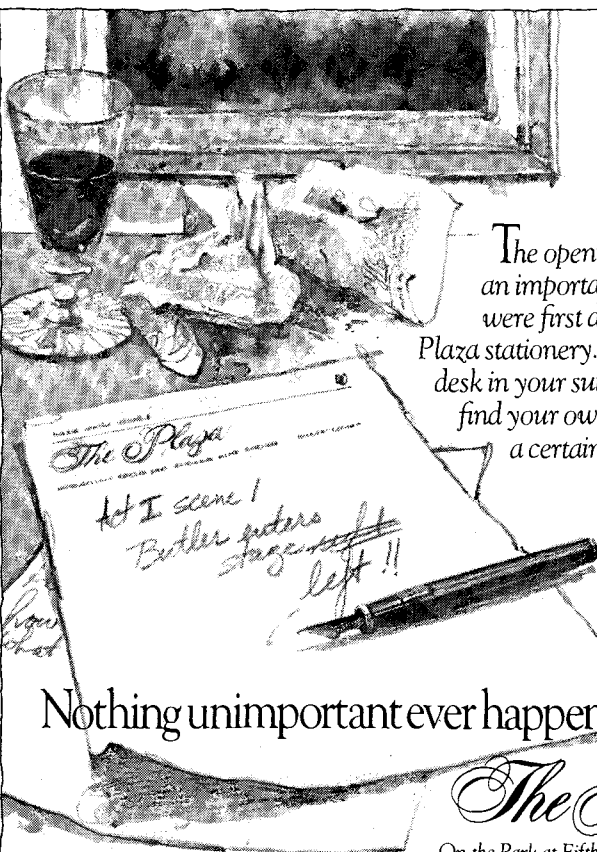


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ple to its big festivals and rallies. She says that she saw Livorno, Cattolica, Parma, Grosseto, Ravenna, Rome, Pisa, Venice, Capri, Naples, Sorrento, Pompeii, and a couple of other cities she can't remember, and the only problem she ever had was in Ravenna, where she got lost and couldn't find her bus and, on top of everything else, tripped on a cobblestone street and broke the vase with Togliatti's picture on it that Domenico Spina's wife, Elena, had wanted her to buy. But once Anna set foot in her new house, it suddenly took a calamity to move her. She stopped going to the Festa dell'Unità, and she refuses to change her mind even now that her husband plays the trumpet. In fact, the only reason she agreed to go to her son's wedding at the town hall, she says, was that she could leave the Benetti women in her kitchen, helping with the marriage supper. Anna is literally convinced that if she leaves her house for very long it will disappear—or that she will come home to find a family of strangers in her place, that she will be turned away, helpless, at her kitchen door. This is why, when Mario put on the light-brown suit he had bought in 1960 for Pia's wedding, strapped his trumpet to the handlebars of his moped and headed for the *spaccio*, Anna sat alone in her kitchen, the grim custodian of her small share of Karl Marx's material world.

Anna says sometimes that she must have lost her trust in people with her mother's milk. She was six months old when her father and then her mother died of a sickness Anna usually describes as tuberculosis, and she claims that not one person in their village had the courage or compassion to approach the house where her four brothers and sisters were slowly starving on a diet of olive oil mixed with cinders, and Anna herself suckled from a tethered goat. "Dica! Dica!" she will cry whenever she discovers Mario standing at the kitchen door, looking up and down his road and getting teary and sentimental. "Tell me, where was the Party then, when five little ones were starving?" And it is useless for Mario to tell her that in 1913 Gramsci himself was not much more than a boy, that the Russians hadn't even had their revolution. Anna's parents were *mezzadri* to a town doctor who had inherited a small field in the country. The land was poor, and it could not support them. The only money the family ever saw was a few lire that the church sent when Anna's parents first took sick. Gino, the oldest boy, was nine when they died, and Anna says that he had to run to the village,



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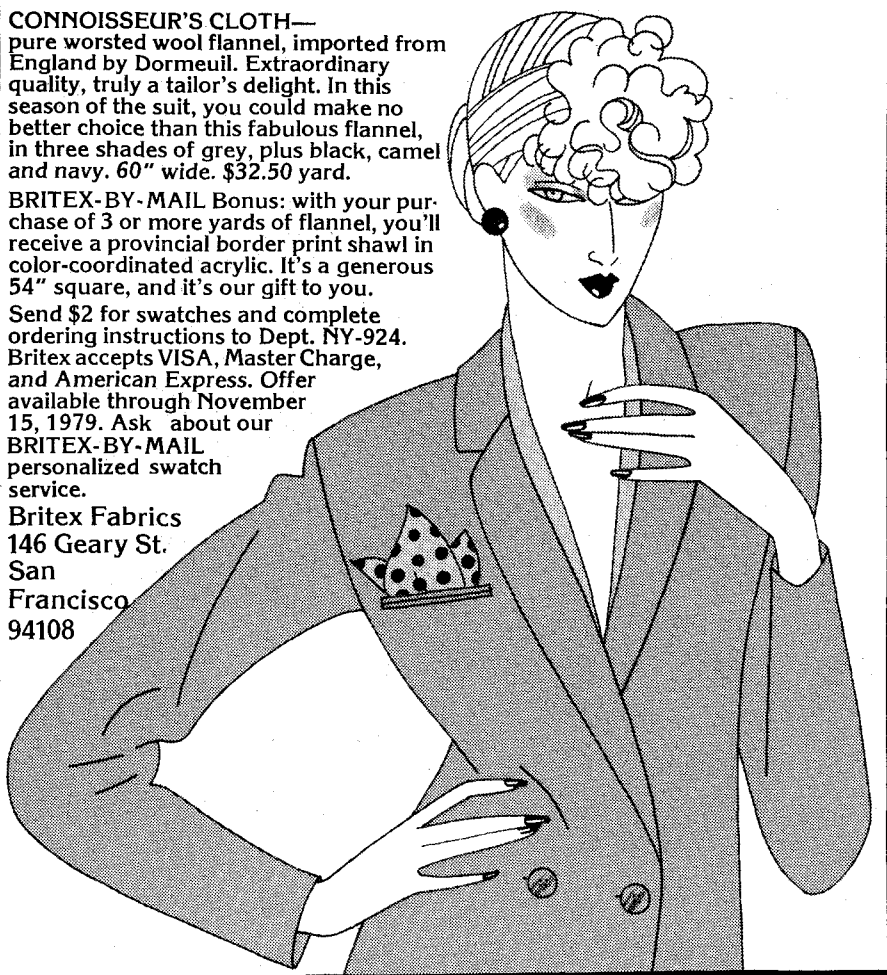
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weeping, to beg the priest to send someone to the house to collect their bodies, and that later it was up to him to burn the clothes and bedding, on the priest's instructions. It was Gino, finally, who broke their quarantine and found his way to the village where their grandmother lived. Their grandmother rescued the children, but they were sick themselves by then, and she was already too old to look after them very well. She tried to leave them at the orphanage in town, saying, "They will die, the little ones. They are full of pus." But the orphanage refused to take them, and eventually the four older children were placed in local families as servants, working for their food. No one wanted a baby Anna's age. She stayed with her grandmother, getting strong and scrappy, helping in her grandmother's garden, feeding the three chickens in her charge. She was finally classified as an orphan on the public dole, and got some money that way which paid for a tile roof to replace the thatch. What was left of the money bought her a uniform to enter a convent school that was guaranteed by the Mother Superior who ran it to prepare a little *contadina*—in only four years' time—in everything she would need to know for her life on earth, serving Christ and the Italian aristocrats whose money kept the Superior's order comfortable. But Anna says that at seven she was as determined to avoid cluttering her mind with catechism as she is to avoid cluttering it with Communism now. She refused to stay in school. She preferred to spend her time scavenging in the village, near her grandmother's cottage. She would stand at the neighbors' doors—barefoot and wearing a faded, tucked-up smock that had been her grandmother's apron—waiting for scraps. She would hide behind the village ovens while the baker tested the heat with flat little pieces of bread called *focaccia*, and then scramble for the *focaccia* when he took it out of the ovens, burned black, and tossed it away. She would make a stop, always, at the local *mulino d'olio*—carrying a big empty wine jug, begging for the dregs of the olive oil, begging, if there was nothing else, for just a drop of oil on her scrap of bread.

There is no doubt that Anna was resourceful. By the time she was six, she had organized a gang of little girls from the poorest families in the village; the girls would sneak out together early in the morning, before the sun rose, with big sacks for collecting wheat and grasses from their neighbors' fields, or straw and hay from

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their neighbors' barns. Once, the village priest found them stealing wheat from a parish field. He denounced Anna and her friends in church that Sunday. He called Anna to the altar and told everyone to look hard into the eyes of an unrepentant sinner—and then, when she spat at him and ran home shrieking, he sent the police to arrest her. But the policeman who found Anna, under her grandmother's bed with the chickens, gave her candy and said it was the priests of Italy, not the children, who needed handcuffs. And though Anna has nothing good to say about the Communist Party, she often claims to vote Communist in honor of that policeman—who, she figures, was the first Communist she ever met. He and her grandmother are the only people from her childhood whom she wants to remember.

"If I have good memories, they are of the sea. Nothing else. No one else. For seven years, I went to the sea. It was because of a charity for orphans. Every summer, they came to collect the orphans, and then they took us to Perugia and from Perugia to the sea. Five or six hundred orphans and the sea. I do not know where. No one ever told us, but it was good—oh, very good. We were like *gran padroni* there. Every morning, the trucks arrived with fruits and vegetables and meats. There were women there just to comb our hair—to delouse it with petroleum and then to wash and comb it. We slept in tents, big tents for sixteen girls. And then there was a beautiful big house with a kitchen and machines for washing clothes. Every day, they came from the house and changed the sheets on our beds. Twice a day, they changed our clothes. Twice a day, we were showered and disinfected, and there were sprays in the showers, wonderful sprays like waterfalls, but if you shot your spray at the others you were punished. You had to peel potatoes. I had to peel potatoes often. I was wild then. I was not nice. I used to hit the others, and then there was no sea that day. I would have to go to the pine tree and sit under it without bread, without fruit, without my 'four-o'clock.' There was always bread and jam at four o'clock, just like the bread and jam rich countesses had. And there was water, good fresh water—never wine, like children who are poor have to drink at home. You see, they weighed us, they examined us, they gave us

medicine. We were healthy. We were fat and strong. And then one day the buses would come, and they would take away our wonderful clean white smocks and our hairbrushes, and dress us in our old clothes and send us home. What do you make of my childhood, eh? *Dica*. A month by the sea, a month in heaven every year, and then, for the rest of the year, sick and filthy.

"I was eight when I went to work at the tobacco farm. Every day, I worked from dawn until the sun went down and it was too dark to see anything. I carried tobacco from the farmers' carts to tables where the women sat and packed it into bundles, and the women would scream and hit me. You see, they were paid by the weight of what they packed. They needed to bundle a hundred pounds

a day, at least, and so they wanted the dark leaves at their tables, because the dark leaves were heavy. But I was small and thin and so tired—I would choose the light leaves, because they weighed less, and then the women beat me and boxed my ears. Finally, I was *intossicata*. I was poisoned, breathing all that tobacco powder, and I turned green. *Vero*. I had to be purged with oil. That was my childhood. Green and poisoned all year long, and fat and brown and strong for a month in summer."

Anna says that she had no intention of marrying anyone—that by the time she met Mario at the *spaccio* she would rather have joined a nunnery, the way one of her sisters did, than wait on one more human being for her supper. Her family had been reunited, after a fashion. Gino, her brother, had found a good job on the railway, and then a wife, and he had added a room to his grandmother's cottage and was already acting like the family *capo*. Anna's second sister was at home, too, a disgrace to the family—pregnant by a blacksmith who was engaged to so many women at the same time that when Anna's sister finally delivered she had to share a room at the charity hospital with two girls who were also giving birth to the blacksmith's children. Anna was so sick of men by then, she says, that she told Mario he would be better off throwing his kisses to her pregnant sister. She did not know how bashful Mario was. The only shepherds she had ever talked to were the wild Sardo boys who grazed their sheep near the sea where she had gone in August—boys who would lure the old-



er girls to the woods with candy and throw them on the ground and rape them in unspeakable ways and leave them bleeding and beaten. Now, though, it was Gino who beat Anna when he saw that a shepherd was hanging about outside their house after supper. He said that he was cursed with a family of crazy, wicked women, that Anna would surely end up a whore or a nun, like her sisters. But then Mario talked to Gino, and asked properly for his sister's hand—the way Renzo Strocchi had told him it was done. And Mario and Anna walked to the village church that Sunday, and ate a marriage feast of chicken and pasta at the Strocchi's, and, by way of a honeymoon, took an hour's stroll before it was time for Mario to gather the sheep for their evening milking.

Anna has no pictures from her wedding—she says that there was no money for pictures—but she still has the short white dress and the veil she bought for the ceremony. She keeps the dress in her marriage chest, which sits in the bedroom of her new house now, under the imitation-crystal chandelier she chose from the Vestro mail-order catalogue. "My grandmother said to me when I was small, 'If I die, who will make your dowry?' And so she started sewing. She sewed sheets and towels and twelve beautiful white nightgowns. And when I was ten years old the chest was full, and my grandmother said, 'Now I can die at peace.'" The sheets are gone by now, and during the war, when there was not even *rigatino* for making clothes, most of the nightgowns were cut down as dresses for the little Cecchi girls. But Anna still has one of her nightgowns. She keeps it in the chest, and takes it out when her granddaughters come to visit. It is made of rough homespun, but there are pink flowers embroidered on the bodice, and a lovely pink "A," for "Anna," and every edge is finely scalloped. She never wears the nightgown anymore—she has bright brushed-nylon nightgowns now, with sleeves and collars to keep her warm—but she likes to look at it from time to time. She will handle it shyly, the way she sometimes holds the big Spanish doll, with the slim waist and the red satin gown and the black mantilla, that Mario brought back from his trip to Monte Carlo. It is the gesture of a woman who has had some satisfaction in her life, and even some passion, but not much beauty. Anna herself likes to say that the first half of her married life was "cheese and childbirth." She delivered her four daughters hanging on

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to a cord above her marriage bed. And the only help she had with them was Rosa Benetti, who stood by, boiling water and drinking wine and talking to Anna about women who died in labor. Now Anna has a granddaughter of sixteen—a girl who goes to Switzerland on her school vacations and talks about studying to be an architect—and she has trouble convincing this rosy, petted child that her mother was swaddled in dish towels, in a house without heat or electric lights or running water, and laid to sleep on the first night of her life in a soft, round heap of ricotta cheese.

Anna was in charge of cheese in her new household. One of the surprising pleasures of married life for Mario Cecchi had to do with walking his sheep across a meadow and knowing that someone else was home stirring the milk for the Pecorino, or heating the dregs for ricotta, or shaping and draining and storing the wheels of cheese to sell. When the war came, Anna had to graze the sheep and make the cheeses—with only her grandmother to help her with the babies. She says that she knew the war was coming to San Vincenzo when, one night, their white sheepdog began to howl. In minutes, bombs had hit the railroad tracks and some of the farms around them, and after that whenever the sheepdog howled Anna and her grandmother would gather up the babies and run to a shelter the neighbors had dug behind the Benettis' house. She was in the shelter when the Benettis' house was hit, and Carlo Benetti's mother, who had refused to leave, died under a beam in the rubble. Sometimes when the bombs fell, she was out with the sheep, far from any place to hide. She says that she would walk for miles, that there were no men left in San Vincenzo to keep her out of anybody's pasture—but no men to protect her, either. While the war lasted, she could never stay out to graze the sheep after sundown. Even so, she managed to save five thousand lire while Mario was away. She had come upon an abandoned cannon box in a neighbor's field, and she and Elena Spina put it on a cart, dragged it home, and then, with the box and a bicycle pump and some rubber tubing, they concocted a kind of steam engine that served the village women as a permanent-wave machine.

"What did I think of during the war?" she asks sometimes. "To continue. Just to continue. There were no rules. There was no *capo* in any house, no man to divide the meat on Sundays. No one to say, 'Today there

will be new shoes for the family. To-day there will be sweets for the children.' And the men who were left got funny in their heads. Like Roberto Filippini—his brothers went and he was left. No one knew why. He was a strong boy and only twenty, but he was left behind, and it made him strange. He fell in love with his count's daughter. Think of it—a *contadino* making love to the daughter of his count. They rode together every day. Oh, it was terrible, terrible, seeing them. Every day, he brought a horse for her to ride. He should have known that you do not come with a peasant's horse to a lady, but he didn't know anything anymore. What did he know? Gathering olives? Threshing wheat? And to see him gallop across the fields on that peasant's horse, smiling and nodding like a prince. Well, the girl fell one day and hurt herself, and there was trouble. The police came and beat Filippini because he had harmed the count's daughter. They said next time they would bury him alive—they had just buried a partisan that way at Fontana di Sanguè—and the whole village would have to watch. Filippini never went back to the count's daughter. He never married, and now it is too late, because who would want him? Why would a woman marry a *contadino* now? To be a maid for a man like Filippini—who comes with a father to wait on, too? To work like a mule? To stay home and make prosciutto? A woman now can earn money in a factory or a shop. She is not interested that a man has two carts and a new threshing machine and a dovecote. She is interested in how much money he earns. No—Filippini lost his chance because of the war and the craziness it brought."

None of Anna's girls have married shepherds or farmers. Anna was determined that they would have a kind of release from the land. After the war, she took the five thousand lire from her permanent-wave business, borrowed another five thousand from Filippini, and bought a sewing machine, to teach the girls to sew. There were agents in the valley then who contracted out piecework for the big clothing factories in Prato and Milan, and Anna knew that as long as a girl could sew on a machine and take in work—*lavoro nero*—she would have money of her own. It never occurred to Anna to educate her girls. Each girl had two or three or four years at grammar school—depending on how much work there was to do at home—and then Anna would put her in front of the machine, and her lessons in inde-

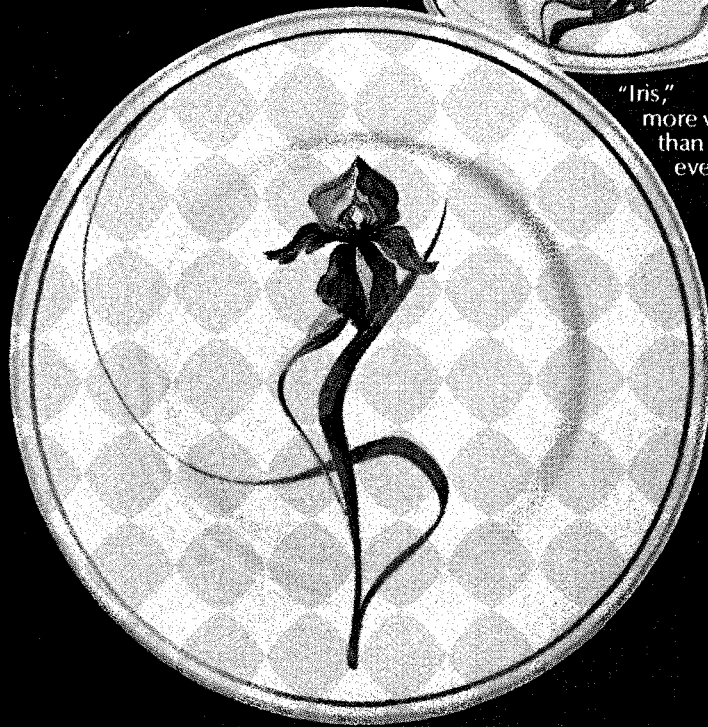
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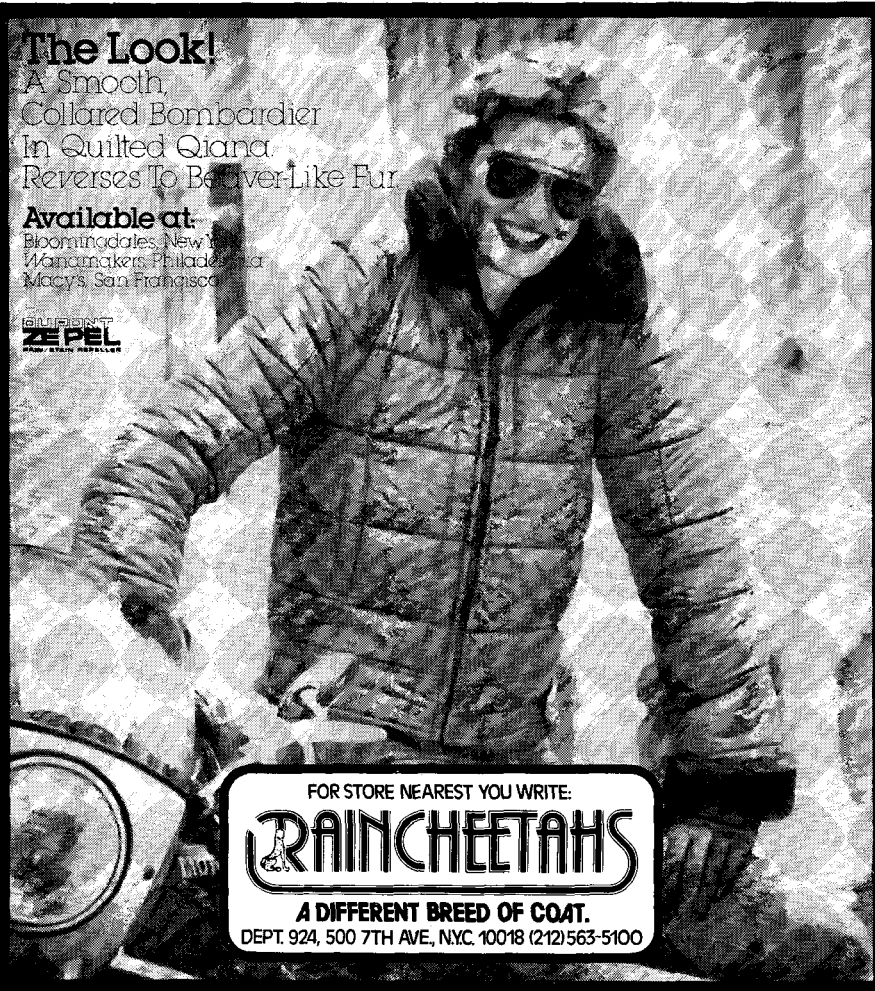
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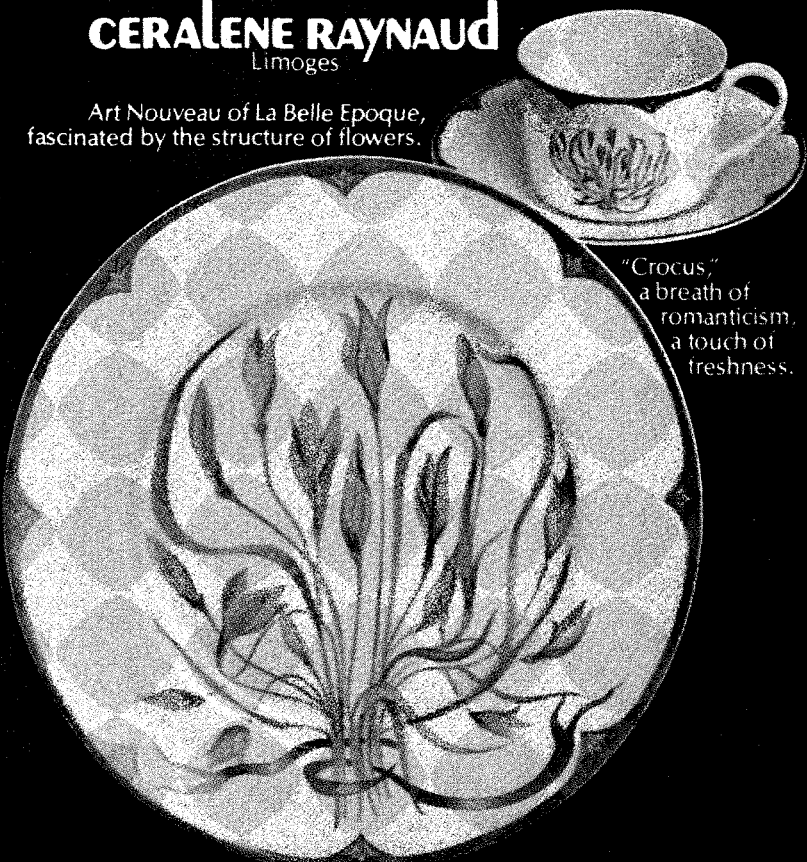
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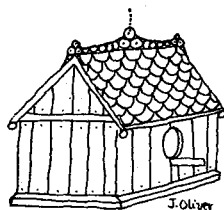
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pendence would begin. Pia still sews at home in Bologna, where the village boy she married is now a clerk in the social-security office. Sofia and Angelina live near Anna, in the new town, and they sew together in a local factory and have both even married stonemasons, though Sofia's mason is Catholic and Angelina's Communist, and the two men never meet. As for Teresa, she got married to one of the clothing-factory agents and went to live in Rome, and she has stopped sewing and become a lady, and complains now when farmers like Carlo Benetti come to demonstrate and block the traffic with their marches, so that she has trouble getting around to all the shops.

Anna believes that she has done well by her daughters. Sofia and Angelina visit every week, and Pia and Teresa come in August with their families—which means that every summer Anna has eleven boys and girls to entertain her, reciting her favorite folk story about the stupid shepherd from the mountains and his misadventures in the big city. Italian children love the story. There are as many versions as there are adventures to invent. But now Alfredo has told his mother that it is much more than just a funny story. It is a parable, he says, about the significance of money, about a pure man in a capitalist world. Anna does not believe Alfredo. She thinks he is a little touched, with all these odd ideas, and while she is proud to be the mother of the next mayor of the *comune*, she likes to tell Alfredo that something must have happened to his head during his long and troublesome birth—something to make his conversation so peculiar. Alfredo was born during the *sole-one*, and it was very hot, she says, that year. She had been in labor from five in the morning to seven at night, and still there was no sign of Alfredo—not even after Elena Spina and Rosa Benetti held her for two hours over a pail of boiling water. Finally, the women sent Mario for the midwife, who arrived on her motor scooter. The midwife stayed for an hour, Anna says, but then she saw by her watch that if she stayed much longer she would be late for an important meeting of the Party's local committee, and—being an ardent Communist who could not imagine missing an important meeting—she gave Anna an injection and pushed and pounded with all her strength on Anna's stomach. Five minutes later, with Anna shrieking curses at the midwife and at Communists everywhere and their meetings, she had cut and tied the cord and cleaned the

baby and was racing toward town on her scooter.

"You see, Alfredo was *born* a Communist. Born in time for a meeting. I vote for my son, and I am proud that he succeeds, but when he is with the group, to me he is another Communist. He is one of them. I remember how his father was so happy, at last, to have a son. He ran to the neighbors shouting, '*Ciondolo! Finalmente, ciondolo!*' And I was already nervous because the men had been waiting for a boy for the Party. I told them, '*Italians! You change your faith anytime it suits you*'—because I remembered when half the village believed the Catholics. Well, now everyone is Communist. Alfredo is Communist. He is a good boy, but he believes anything. First, the priests were after him, with their football games. The priests are smart. They make football games for the little boys, and before you know it they have your son in the seminary. And then the left was after him in high school. Not his father's friends from the Party. Oh, no—he thought that his father's friends were old reactionaries. These were *new* friends he called the left. They were the ones who told him to go to the university. I said, '*No. It is time for you to go to teachers' school or accountants' school—to a school where you will learn something useful and be able to get a job.*' But one day I went away to Pia's—Pia was sick, and there were all the children—and when I came home Alfredo was gone. Gone to Rome, to his sister Teresa. He had enrolled at the university behind my back. He said, '*Don't worry, Mama. I am going to study economy and commerce and make you rich.*' But one week in Rome and he had changed to philosophy—*political* philosophy. He was already listening to that nonsense. Even now, he believes what his professors told him. He goes from house to house, he talks to



the peasants. What does he think? Does he think that in San Vincenzo they are all Communists? They vote Communist—the people here—to get jobs on the railroad, jobs with the *comune*, but when they have a holiday there are two Masses and a procession of saints. Alfredo has enough to do with his office—but for these people he works for the Party and loses time and sleep and money. He even goes to Fontana di Sangue every day now, and in Fontana di Sangue they are *all* Catholics. He does the priests' work for them. He takes the children for bocce and vol-

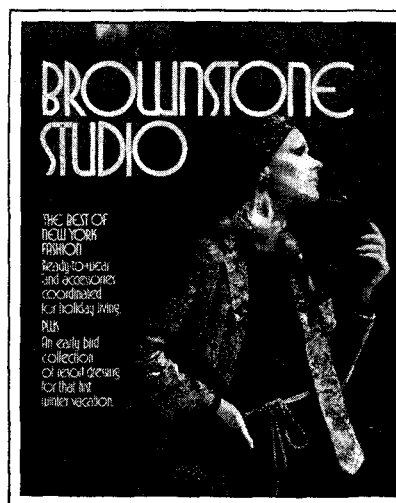
leyball and football, and the priests are happy, because they can rest. '*Basta,*' I say to him. '*Basta.*' I say, '*Your politics don't interest me. They are a joke, like the politics of the other side.*' I never went to the Fascists' meetings—not even when all the other women went, with their black vests, and Fascist ribbons across their chests. So why should I go to the Communists' meetings now? I have my house and I want to be a free citizen, and I do not understand all these discussions. When they begin, I do not understand, and by the end I understand less. I say, '*Perhaps I am stupid.*' I ask Alfredo, '*What do you solve with all this talk?*' First, the Communists come with one kind of propaganda. Then they come with another. Now there is no one coming—there are only orders. No, I do not see clearly why there is all this fuss. I will vote for my son, but do not ask me to believe."

ALFREDO CECCHI is involved in so many projects these days that he often sleeps at his office, just across the street from the Casa del Popolo in the new town. Alfredo is still an enthusiast. He cannot resist a scheme that looks as if it might help him along in his life's work of "looking for communism," as he puts it, and after his rounds of the valley farms and a visit to the dairy coöperative he usually has to stop at the office to finish work he has promised someone earlier in the day. Looking for communism is important to Alfredo. He says that Berlinguer has stopped looking for communism, and so has Luciano Lama, whose Confederazione Generale Italiana del Lavoro includes a coöperative-

farm union and a union for *mezzadri* and an agricultural workers' syndicate. Alfredo admires restless, critical people, like Pietro Ingrao, who was the first Communist president of the Chamber of Deputies and used to visit the students in

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munist Youth group and start a secret society for talking about the wonderful left to come. Even then, he says, the Party had got stiff and stale, like a corporation. Even then, there was a Mafia of Party bureaucrats. A peasant who needed a contract signed or a birth certificate for his baby had to leave his fields and his animals and walk—sometimes for ten or twenty miles—across the valley and up the mountain to town, and then if he arrived at five minutes past one in the afternoon instead of one o'clock, he would find the town hall closed for the rest of the day, and a notice telling him to go home and come back tomorrow. All the offices of the *comune* are in town; there is not even a branch in the new town, where most of the peasants go to shop. Alfredo says that by now, after twenty-five years of local power, some of the old Communist civil servants are so confident in their jobs at the town hall—the way the Catholics are confident in *their* jobs at the federal post office—that they open their offices only from ten to noon and spend the rest of the day in the cafés, dealing and politicking.

One of the things Alfredo says he learned from all his reading was that "looking for communism" meant looking for ways to give people a sense of pleasure and control in their lives as citizens, instead of deceiving them with the same old and self-important hierarchies presented under new names. His experiences with the *comune* have convinced him that a kind of political technician is taking over the Party—that the frescoed offices of the town hall are filling up with tedious and pretentious men whose only real contact with *il popolo* is with the porters who hurry from room to room with balance sheets and planning charts. Now that the mayor is certain to retire, and Alfredo has the Party's blessing to take his place, Alfredo is promising people that by this time next year there will be a branch office of the town hall in every village.

Alfredo knows why so many important Communists from Perugia, and even Rome, take him to restaurants these days and feed him lobster. There are seven men, including Alfredo, on the secretariat of the Party's local committee, and without Alfredo they are deadlocked. Three of those men are more or less disposed to Berlinguer and his politics. Three are old apparatchiks, like Domenico Spina, whom everyone in town calls the Russians. And for the past few months—ever since the mayor



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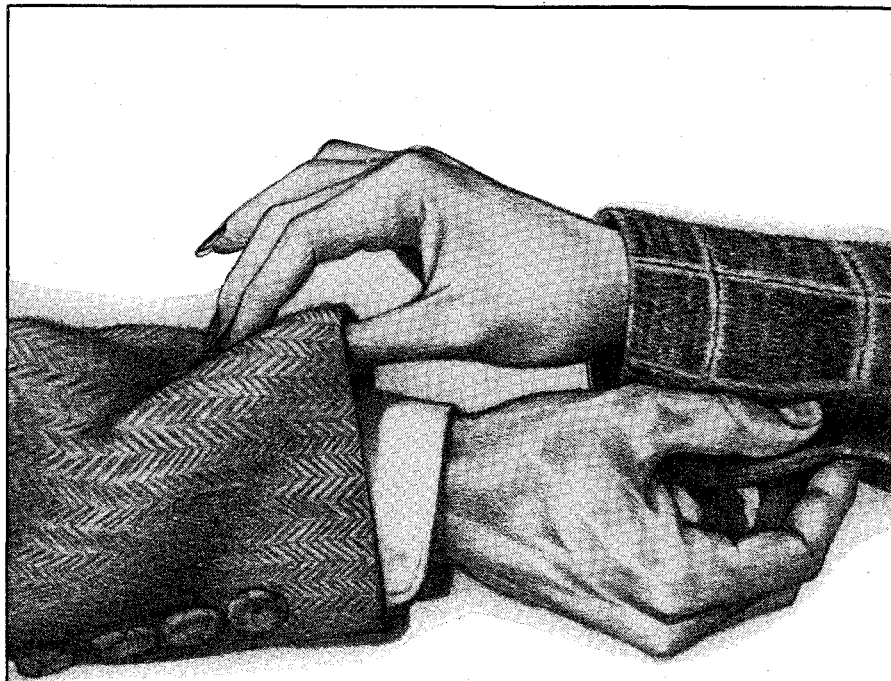
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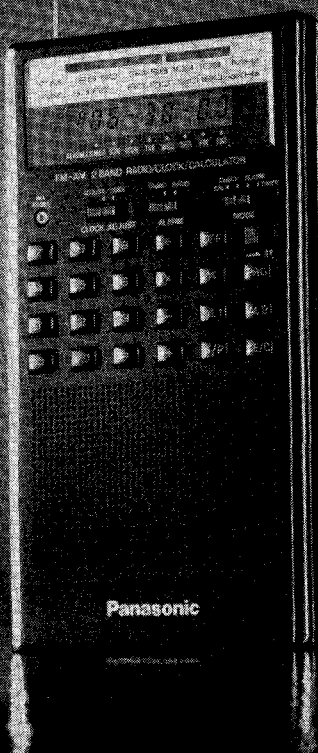
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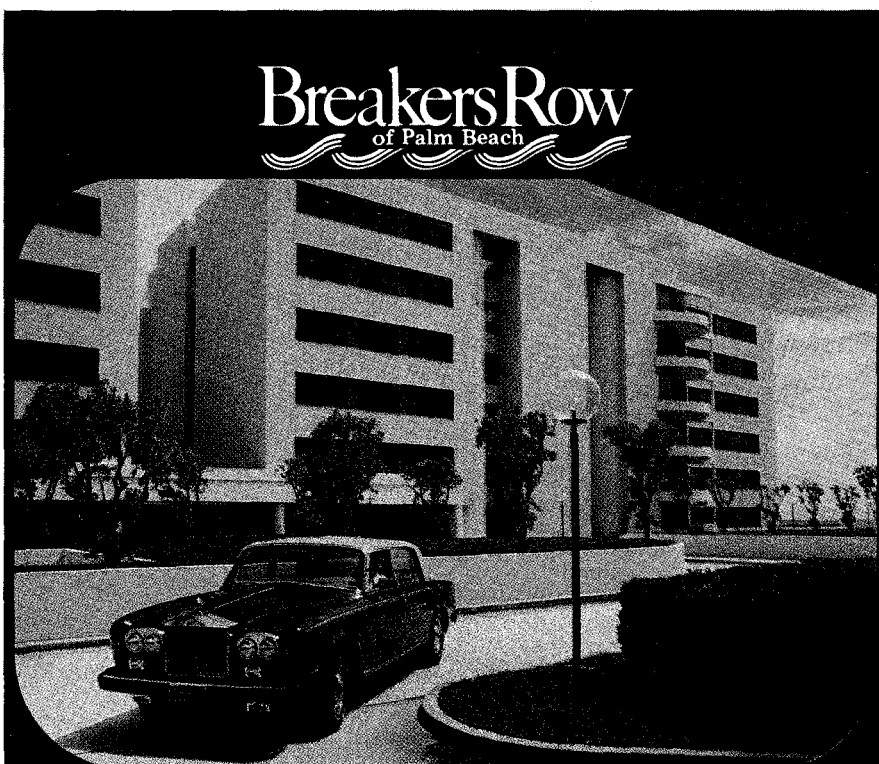


bought a little villa on the Adriatic and started bargaining with the town movers—they have not been able to agree on any candidate but Alfredo. It is not that they approve of Alfredo—it is simply that they are sure that while Alfredo is out planning football games and coöperative farms and otherwise looking for communism, they will be free to go about their important business of sabotaging one another. Besides, Alfredo is young, and appealing, and people like him. All those nights of visiting in the valley have made him popular—much more popular than any of the six others. The last time he ran for the town council, nearly three hundred people wrote in "Alfredo Cecchi" on their ballots—which meant that they wanted to cast a vote for Alfredo in particular, quite apart from the list that included him. He is certain to win by a lot more votes than the old mayor did. Even Catholics in the pious village of Fontana di Sàngue will vote for him. The Party will get a lot of good publicity, what with a new mayor who plays football with the priests. And the old-timers will get to keep on fighting over the *comune's* patronage and power.

Alfredo has nearly convinced himself that once he is mayor he will be able to lead the people against these dreadful politicians, to give them back their cells and their local power, to inspire the kind of excitement that will prove to them that Communism in Italy is not "an idea that stopped"—as five young San Vincenzo Communists who quit the Party this year in protest wrote to the local paper. He says that his real problem has to do with terrorism and the panic over terrorism and the kind of paranoia that has started to infect the valley—that it has to do with a lot of Communists who are going to look at any complaints he makes against the status quo as a sure sign to the opposition that they are all halfway into the Red Brigades.

Still, Alfredo takes on project after project, like a *galantuomo*, and one of his charms—a charm evidently lost on his five friends who quit the Party—is that the most outrageous schemes that come his way will usually appear "creatively" Communist to Alfredo, for the simple reason that they involve him. Alfredo knows his appeal. He is tall and strong, with a thick neck and curly black hair and his mother's astonishing dark eyes, and he likes to dress up in a pair of cowboy boots from a trendy Western shop in Rome. His boots tip him backward when he walks, and make him look as if he were sizing

up something—an opportunity, perhaps, or an opponent. There is a kind of energy about Alfredo that could seem edgy, nervous, in a thinner, smaller man. In Alfredo—leaning back, and a little barrel-chested in his fitted Western shirts—it turns into something amiably ruffled. He hustles himself and his schemes and his politics with a kind of interchangeable good will. Lately, for instance, he has been talking a lot about banking. A small, close group of noble families control the banking in the *comune*, and Alfredo, doing a little research in the town records, discovered that their banks—with twenty billion lire in working capital—have invested some fifteen billion lire in industry in northern Italy and put only five billion back into the *comune*, in the form of loans or credits and investments. He tried to explain this to people on his nightly rounds of the valley and in his council speeches, but no one seemed to understand. He says that poor people in Italy are afraid of banks, afraid, sometimes, just to enter a bank—they are so in awe of that kind of institution and the power it represents. Some of the old peasants in Alfredo's *comune* will gratefully accept three or four per cent interest on their savings at one of the private local banks, when the interest at any bank in the nearest city would be nine, or even as much as twelve, per cent. Once, hoping to change this, Alfredo applied for a seat on the board of the richest bank in the *comune*, and then, when he was refused, he wrote to the Russians at their embassy in Switzerland, outlining a brand-new scheme to open branches of their State Bank in Italy for Italian Communists. He told the Russians that as a good Communist he was always happy to donate his councilman's salary, say, to the Party but that business was business and as a businessman he considered a commission appropriate. He has not heard from the Russians, but he is counting on some connections he made in Switzerland through a friend he met in the summer of 1968. He had driven to France that summer with a few other students to see how the French left was doing with its protests, and in the course of his visit he was seized by the Aix police, who, for reasons they were never able to explain, took him for Daniel Cohn-Bendit—and Alfredo became a kind of celebrity by proxy. Alfredo met his Swiss friend in jail, where they were both waiting to see the *juge d'instruction*. His friend was a Trotskyite at the time, but now he is an important investment banker in Geneva, and while Alfredo



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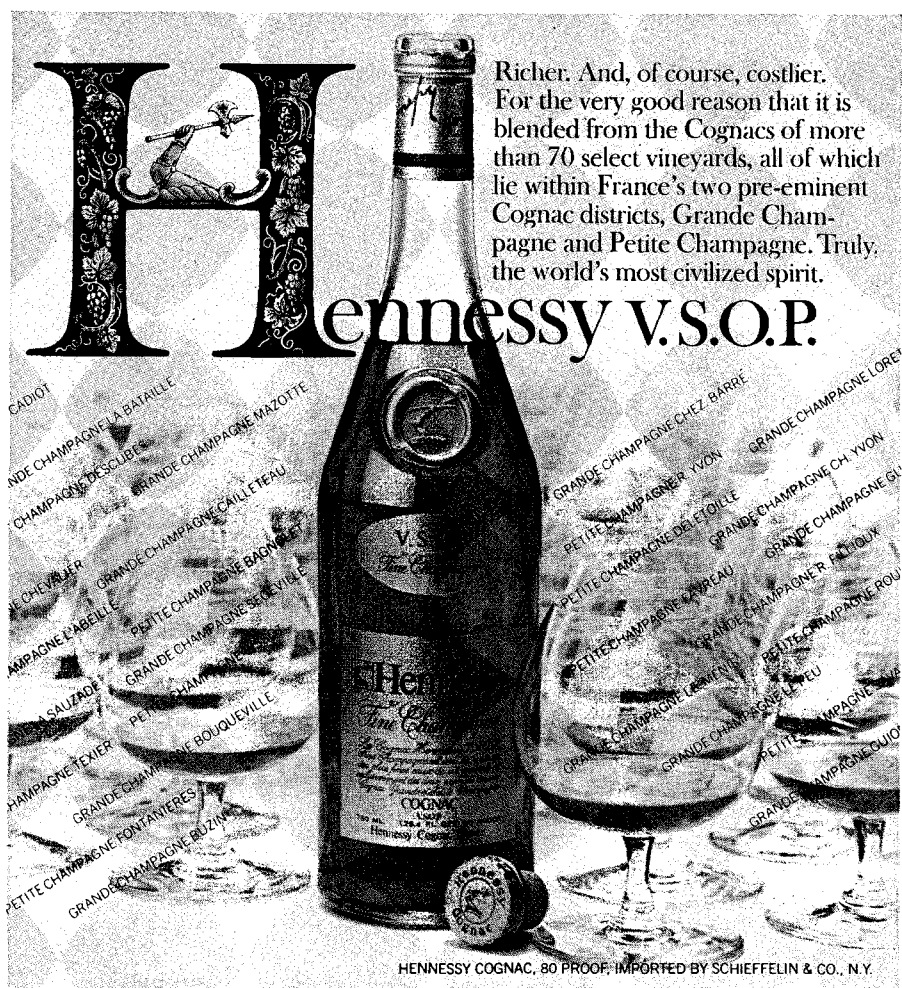


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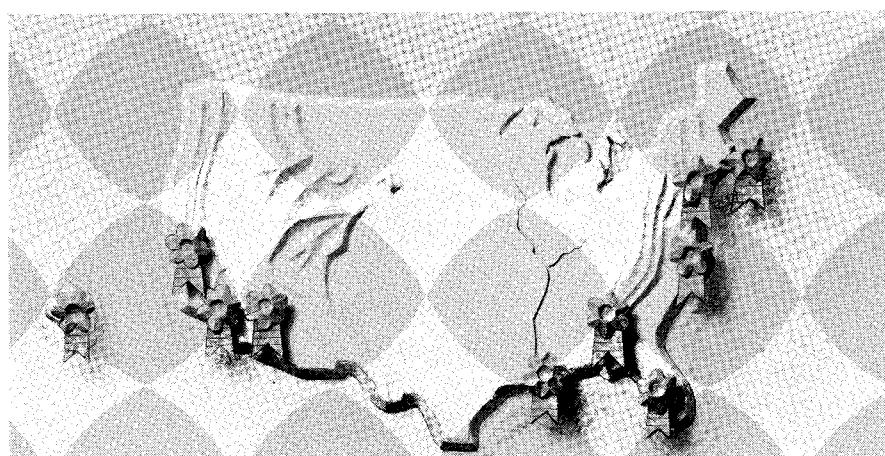
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is waiting to hear from the Russians his friend has put him in touch with an Arab consortium that has placed a standing order for three million hectares of vineyards no more than seven miles from downtown Rome. Alfredo is trying hard to convince the Arabs, who like the shopping in Rome, that they will have a little trouble buying three million hectares of anything seven miles, or even seventy miles, from the city—that, for that matter, three million hectares is a tenth of Italy. He tells them to consider something more modest—maybe three thousand hectares or three hundred—and sends them postcards of the Po Valley and the Chianti Mountains. He stands to make a lot of money if he finds a vineyard for those Arabs, but more important than the money, he always says, is their solemn promise to study his plans for running the vineyard as a cooperative, with the peasants sharing in the profits.

Actually, Alfredo is making a reputation for himself as a "specialist in cooperatives." Even the office he shares with four friends is a cooperative, and it has prospered in the thirteen years since they set up shop under the aegis of someone's big brother, who was twenty-one and the only man the five boys knew who could legally register a new business and was willing to do it. The office then was one small room above the movie theatre. It was a kind of all-purpose enterprise, which according to the flyers Alfredo handed out would "pay your taxes, audit your books, administer your payroll, build your house, sell insurance to you, buy you a new factory or farm, and sell your old one." Alfredo sold the insurance for his Rome promoter, and the others did what they could to make enough money for buying books and food and renting rooms for five or six months a year at their various universities. The sign on their door said, "All Your Business Needs Are Met Here," but the business itself consisted of six folding chairs and a couple of wobbly desks begged from the local school board. Today there are Parsons tables and fancy stainless-steel arc lamps and dark-brown Habitat couches in big, sunny rooms they started renting four years ago, and the five young men are all *dottori* now and have added a secretary to their collective. In fact, theirs is the first and most important office in the province to concern itself with the planning and administration of cooperatives. The dairy cooperative was their project—and quite an original project, considering that Umbria has never been a very



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hospitable place for cows. Alfredo took the project to his friend Pietro Gaspari, who was already an important person in the Party, and together they went to the provincial Coöperative Federation for help in establishing what the Italians call a *stalla sociale*.

Alfredo says that coöperative farms are going to save Italian agriculture. The country has been importing close to half its food since the nineteen-sixties, when national illusion had it that Italy, with a little building, was going to be a rich industrial power, freed from the old, punishing rhythms—not to mention the punishing economics—of the land. Everyone ignored agriculture then. The Party saw to it that the *mezzadria* laws were changed, and then it seemed to stop caring. It gave up on the terrible farming problems of the Mezzogiorno. It never arrived at any intelligent national program for the land, either—for what to farm, or where, or how food should be distributed. Not even the success of the Party's huge coöperative farms on the plains of Emilia-Romagna—farms that, with their enormous capital investment, now amount to one of Italy's major economic institutions—seemed to indicate to the Party that farming was worth much interest or much thought. The Communists concentrated on industrial Italy, on the working class and its demands and problems. And it is probably true that if the Confederazione Generale Italiana del Lavoro had fought for its farmers fifteen or twenty years ago the way it did for its workers—had seen to it that a valley like the Cecchis', bone-dry in summer but often too wet in winter to hold the wheat, or even to support the weight of a modern plow or a machine for cutting fodder corn, got proper irrigation and electric lines and decent, intelligent rules for land division and land tenure—most of the young men and women who fled to factories would still be on the land.

Alfredo's coöperative is the local showplace. It uses land that once belonged to a farm-machine coöperative—a co-op that failed because the big landlords owned their own threshers and tractors and the peasants did better with people like Domenico Spina, who was saving money for his own land at the time by hiring himself out by the day, with an old tractor he had bought on loan. The gifts and the credit that brought the dairy coöperative its land and its long aluminum barns and eighteen stainless-steel milking machines and a fancy vat to keep

the milk at an even four degrees Celsius—that was only the beginning, Alfredo says. He and his partners wrote a charter for the twenty families in the coöperative. Each family would contribute six cows—cows of its own or cows that it could buy with loans, at seven per cent, from the Federation. And each family that could would also contribute its fodder harvest to the coöperative, which would deduct from that family's contribution the amount of feed its particular six cows consumed and then pay for the rest at going market prices. Families like the Cecchis, with no land to speak of, would agree

to deduct the cost of the feed for their cows from their share of the yearly profits. Alfredo bought his parents their cows as a present, in time for a parade of proud *contadini* marching with their

cows through the village and down the road to the co-op barn. That day, all the cows were draped with flowers. Carlo Benetti had saved the money from two of his pension checks and bought a Polaroid camera for the occasion. He took a picture of every cow, and those pictures were duly stapled to pieces of paper and handed out as certificates of stock in the coöperative. That night, the members elected an administrative council, and the council elected a president to call meetings twice a week and be a sort of coöperative manager and live in the big new house that had just been built for him. And there was a big village party in the barns, too—singing and dancing, and a feast of roasted pig and *tagliatelli*, and the presentation of the three white bulls that had been the coöperative's first purchase.

No one in the San Vincenzo cell expected that belonging to a co-op would be complicated. They seemed to forget, with their stock certificates and Polaroid pictures, that cows had calves and that calves grew into heifers and had their own calves. They never expected the strange, skinny red cows that kept arriving from Czechoslovakia and Poland as part of the Party's crossbreeding program. No one knew how to divide these new animals—how to divide the cost of feeding them, to begin with, and then how to divide the profits from their milk. That was the first problem. Then the coöperative started to make a little money—mainly because the *comune*, being Communist, decided to donate five million lire a year for every hundred of its cows. What this accomplished was to convince a lot of strangers that they belonged in San Vincenzo's co-



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operative, too. Socialists and Liberals and Social Democrats, and even Christian Democrats, including a nephew of the count who had once been Roberto Filippini's *padrone*—they all came to the coöperative council and asked to join and help Italy build socialism, and the coöperative got a lot of bad publicity refusing them, because the count's nephew told the newspapers that San Vincenzo's dairy coöperative was part of a Russian plot to keep Italy's milk from the mouths of its Catholic children.

Finally, there was the year that Domenico Spina, who was on the coöperative council, along with Roberto Filippini, Carlo Benetti, and Alfredo's father, decided that the co-op was based on wrong notions of privilege and private property—that a true coöperative would not ask six cows from every family but would belong to all Communist families who wanted to join it, whether or not they had a cow, or six cows, or sixty, to contribute. This time, it was not the *padroni* but the drifters who started to show up at the door to the milking barn—without cows, without grain or fodder or even work of their own to contribute, demanding their share as "fellow-Communists."

Strangers have stopped appearing at the barn now, but Alfredo still spends at least one night each week with the co-op president—a toothless old man who rattles around his enormous house in an undershirt and a Red Sox cap and has yet to understand, or perhaps divulge, the co-op's peculiar finances. Alfredo goes over the books each week—and the books of a new meat coöperative, across the valley, that takes San Vincenzo's calves in exchange for its own breeding heifers—and he keeps track of whether the three hundred San Vincenzo cows are doing well. But he no longer pretends to understand what the president writes in those big red ledgers with the hammers and sickles on their covers. It seems to Alfredo that the village *contadini* have simply taken their shiny new co-op, with its incubators and tiled barns and all the other paraphernalia of modern farming, and adapted it to an arcane and slightly shifty logic that goes beyond the understanding of a young *dottore* sitting at a Parsons table with a pocket calculator.

Alfredo has organized a lot of co-operatives since then, but none, he says, with pictures of people's cows stapled to their stock certificates, and none that have meant as much to him as the *stalla sociale* that got the men of the old

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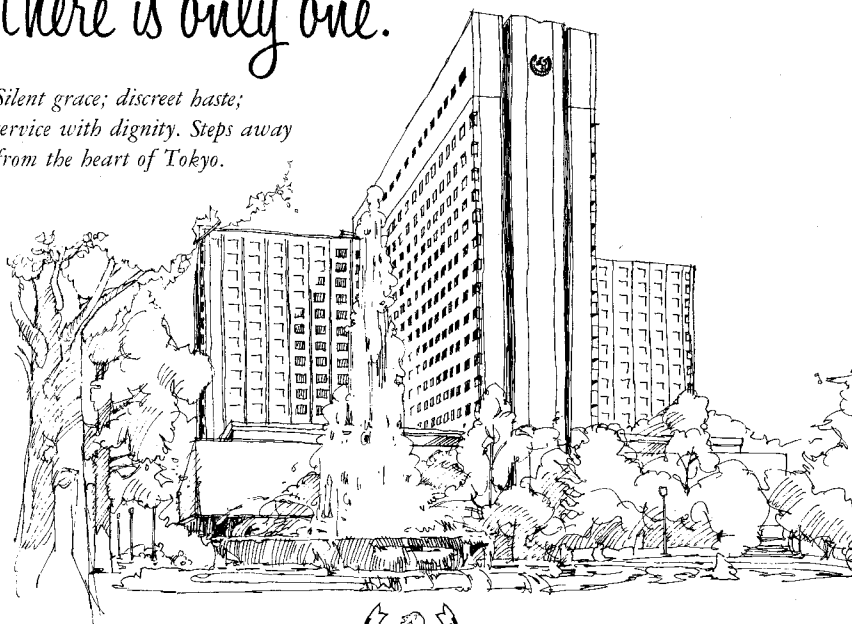
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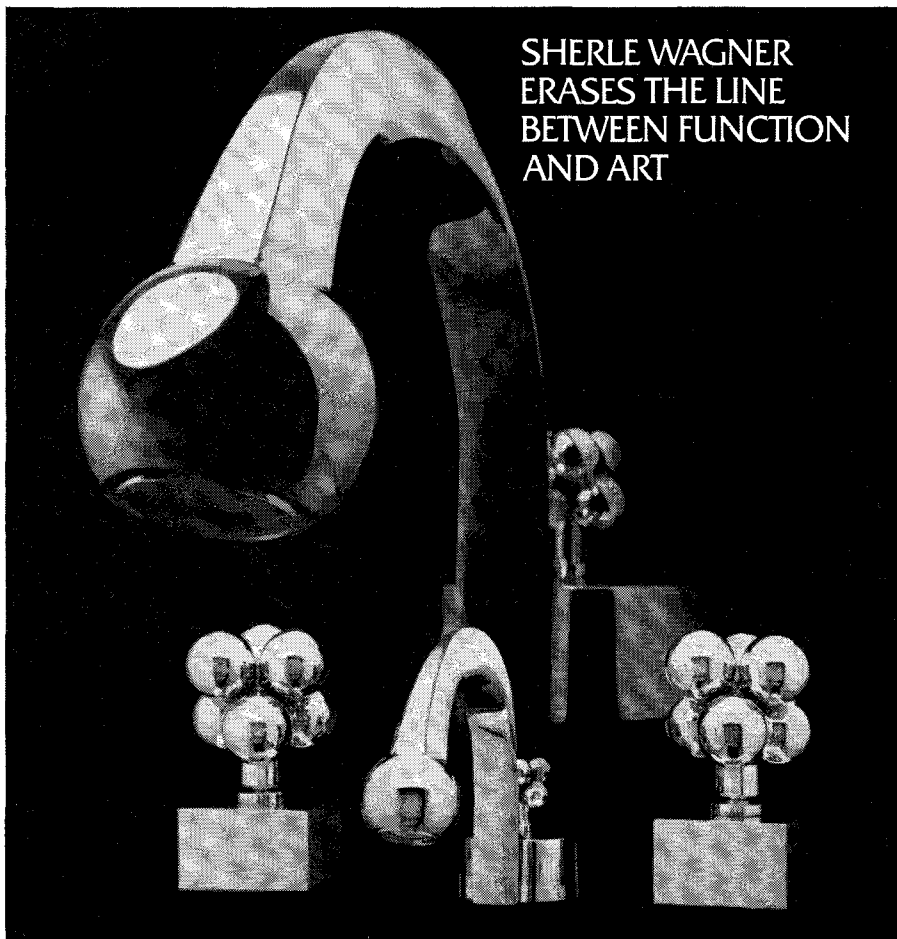
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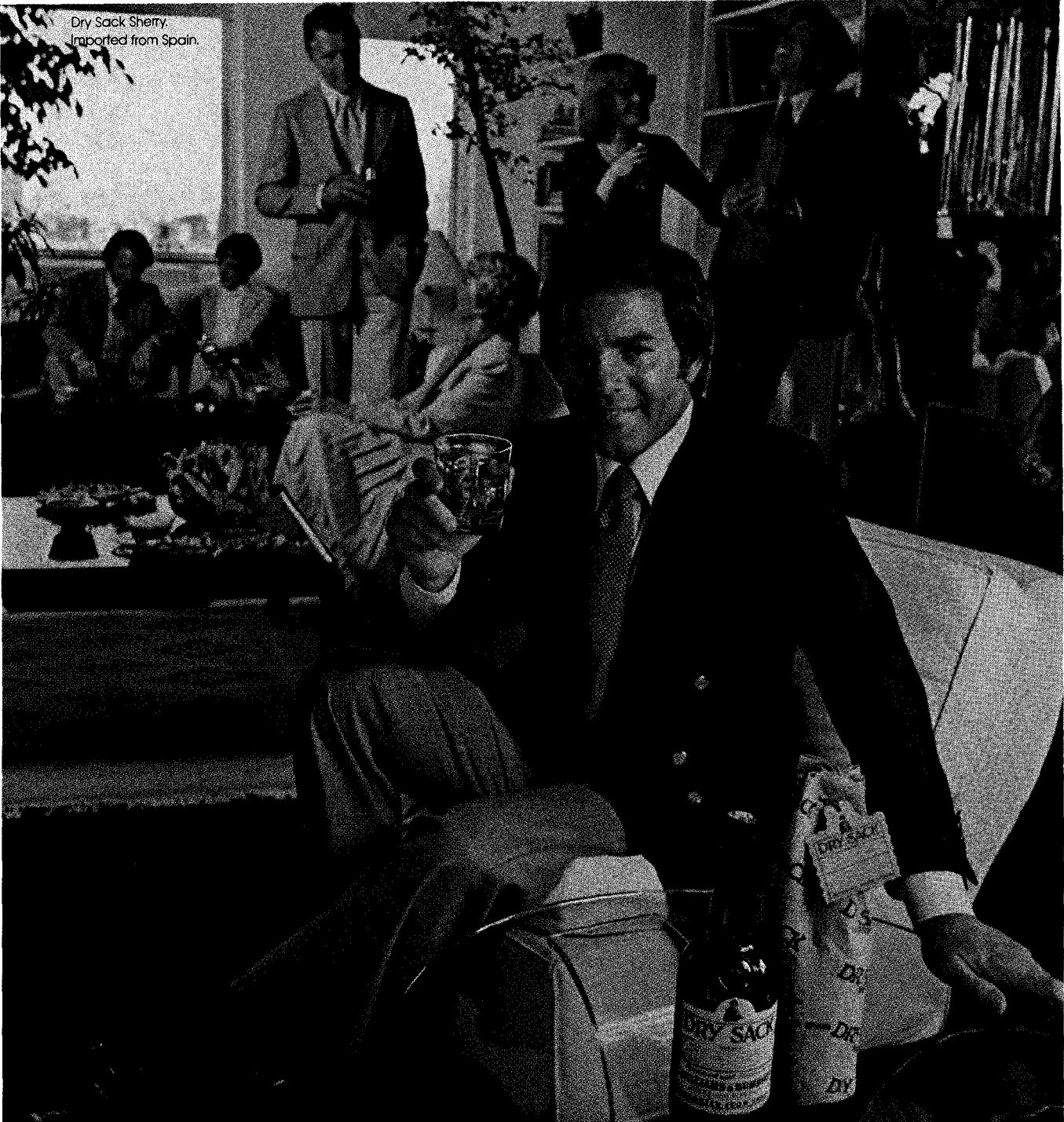
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San Vincenzo cell to share their work and their money as well as their frustrations and their August parties. The co-op families have, all told, about a hundred hectares at their disposal, but Carlo Benetti and Roberto Filippini, being a *mezzadria*, still have to farm for their *padroni*, and most of the other men in the co-op have to take outside jobs to help support themselves. Domenico Spina is the only one with enough land of his own to be able to farm exclusively for the co-op. Still, everyone gives at least eight hours a week of his time to work at the co-op barns or on his own farming for the co-op, and there is a month during the harvest when one man from each family is always there cutting and baling straw. So it matters less to Alfredo than perhaps it should that he cannot read the co-op books and has no idea what the co-op owes in taxes—no idea, really, whether the co-op is thriving or is on the edge of ruin, as the president, who believes that paying taxes is against God and the Italian character, likes to complain over his glass of wine. The president knows that as long as the *comune* is Communist, the Party will always rescue him with gifts and credits, because the Party has decided to consider the San Vincenzo cooperative a model for the world.

Actually, the cooperative that seems to be "looking for communism" in ways that please Alfredo most is a weekly paper that he and eleven friends began this year. Most of his friends on the paper are Radicals. They are part of a movement that is new to Italy but has now managed to put twenty deputies in Montecitorio—a movement away from the empty rhetoric of Italian politics to the real issues of Italian life, like birth control and abortion and nuclear safety and civil rights. There are a few Communists on the paper, but Alfredo says it has been the Radicals who have fought for the kind of articles he wants. Alfredo wants articles for farmers, say, or for local businessmen with money problems. He wants the paper to give people advice about credit, about schools, about marketing, about child care and abortion. He has even invited a priest he knows—a young worker-priest with a degree in anthropology—to write about the problems of reconciling Christ and Marx. He says there is nowhere else that people in the valley can get the practical and honest information that they need or see a man like the young priest write openly about the thoughts that trouble them the most. The other Communists on the paper want only comics and cheerful propaganda and



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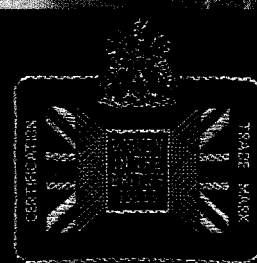
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advertisements. The paper is losing money, and despite the fact that Alfredo and his friends have each put in three-quarters of a million lire and are asking readers for contributions, the bank that Alfredo once tried to join is charging them twenty-five per cent interest on a seventeen-million-lira debt. The Communists say that country papers in Italy do not survive on the contributions of intellectuals or on advice about telling scarlet fever from roseola. Papers, they say, survive on advertising money and on the kind of news that makes the people who read them forget their disaffection.

"There are people in the Party who could pose the same questions the Radicals pose," Alfredo says. "Questions that concern *people* and the way they live. But the Party burns men like that. To get to the top, you have to agree with the Party. Disagree and you are finished. The trouble is that there is no self-criticism in the Party, no spirit of self-criticism. I joined it—but only because the country here is not Rome or Milan, where you can do something as a Radical or with a *real* communist party. Here you need a base that people know, that means something. The left? What is the left to these peasants? It is nothing. To them it is only long hair and sex, and now terrorism. No—I joined the Party to accomplish something, and for that the people had to accept me. My friends who quit—they were valuable people to the Party. If they had stayed, we might have accomplished something together. Now it is up to me alone. The Communists will make me mayor, but they will fight me. They fight me now. They call me a bohemian, because I write for divorce and abortion, and they—Well, they usually take a good stand in the end, in Rome, when it is necessary for the Party image, but they will never pose the problem first. Here, for instance, they refused to put a woman on the secretariat. For years they refused. And then when there was pressure—when they *had* to—they went to the nearest factory and chose the stupidest woman there and put her on the secretariat, and that way they could say they had found a woman *and* a worker."

Alfredo considers himself a feminist. He has argued in the town council for a local branch of the *Unione di Donne Italiane* and for a column on women's issues in the weekly bulletin of the *comune*—both of which the council rejected. He is proud to be married to a "new" woman, a modern woman—a woman, he says, "who is rational, like a man." His wife,



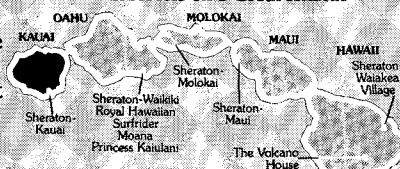
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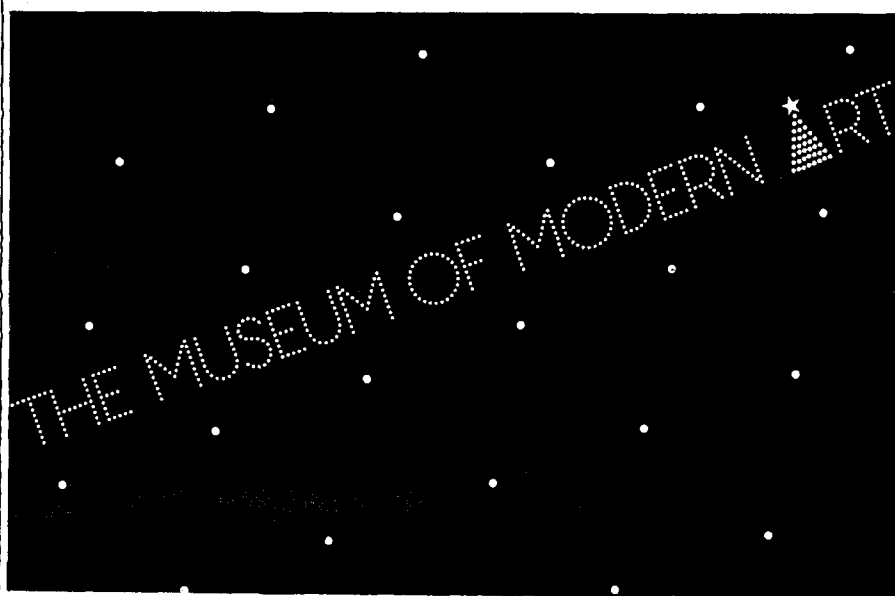


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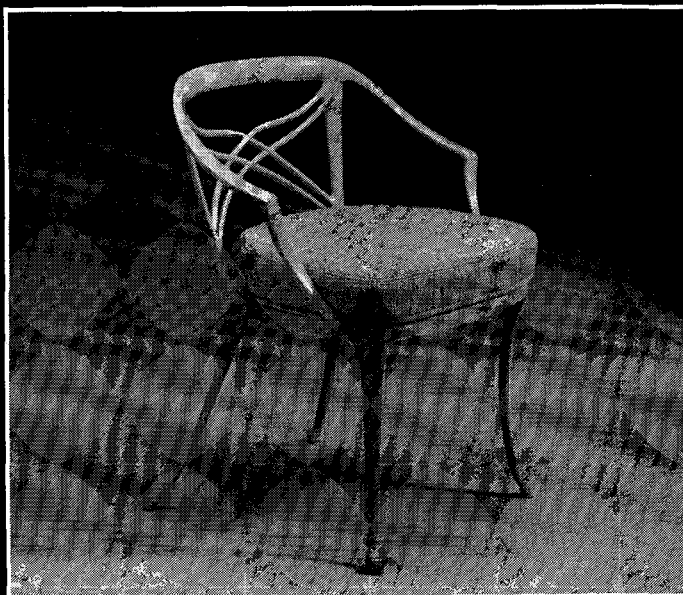
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Lidia, is a lawyer's daughter from Rome, a dark, lovely-looking girl with the starch and the quiet fervor of a wellborn radical. They met at the university, and it seemed to Lidia then a kind of miracle—finding a boy who was not a bourgeois Marxist, like the others, but whose roots were gloriously, enviably popular. The thought of living in Alfredo's valley, near a mother-in-law who cured insect bites with raw potato slices and a father-in-law who talked of herding sheep in the mountains—to Lidia, it was a mission, something pure. She and Alfredo built their house on a little plot of land, next to the Cecchis', that had been set aside for Alfredo, and they furnished it with navy sheets and rheostats and Danish woods, with Picasso and Robert Indiana prints and a wall of books and good German stereo equipment. Lidia had come to San Vincenzo with gifts from her Roman friends, money from her family, and a pale-blue trousseau—and she was tender and amused and never angry when Anna refused to cross the yard and visit because the house, to Anna, seemed odd and plain. Actually, Lidia came to love the Cecchis. Her interest in their lives is genuine, and so is the affection that at first seemed too stubborn, too determined, to last for long. But Alfredo—for all his speeches about rights, and his campaigns to get the village women on the road and marching to the town hall on National Women's Day—drops his clothes all over the house, and talks too much about his mother's cooking, and has yet to wash a pair of his own socks. He disappears for hours without telling her where he has gone, and then he comes home to a drink and a book and a pleasant record on the stereo, and tells Lidia to hurry with the supper. If he promises a favor to a friend—a book bought or an errand run—he sends Lidia into town to do it for him. And he is always promising someone something. One of the reasons he is free to drive around the valley visiting is that he can always leave Lidia in the office with the paperwork, and then she is right there if he decides to spend the night. Lidia admires Alfredo, but she says that the only liberated Italian men she knows are priests like their friend from the paper, who have no women to exploit. She says that, whatever Anna claims, Anna was waiting for a son to spoil.

Alfredo, in fact, depends on Lidia. She has shaped his appetites and his tastes and, in a way, his confidence. She has given him the courage of her class to believe in his own image as a

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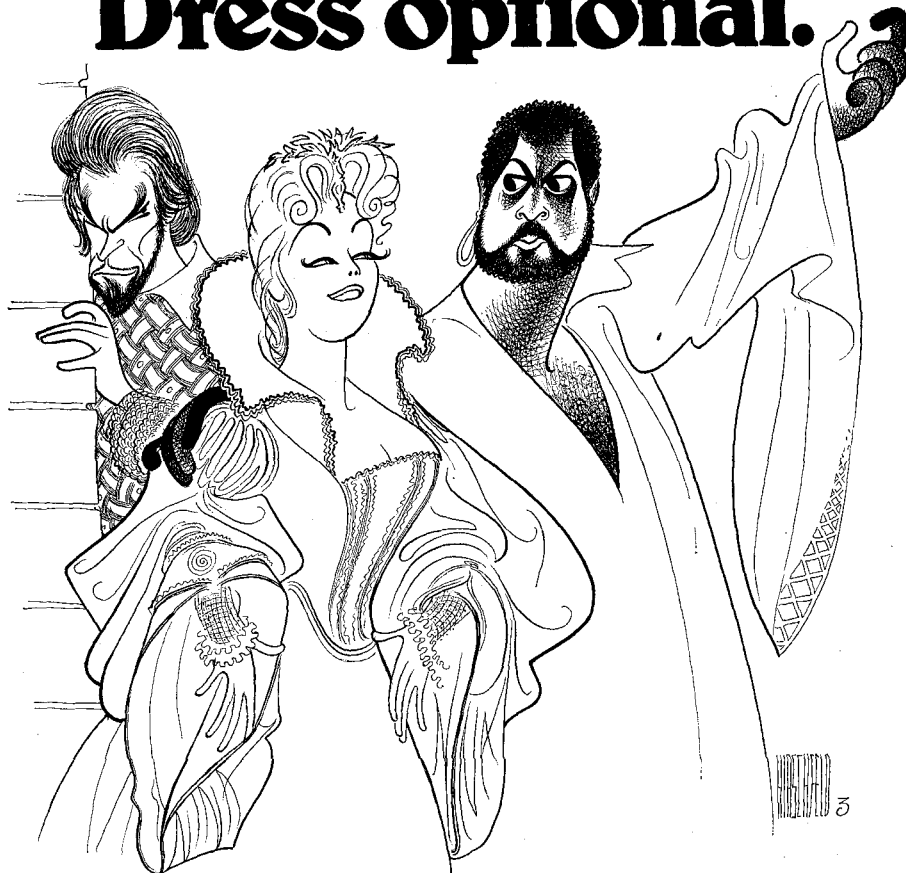


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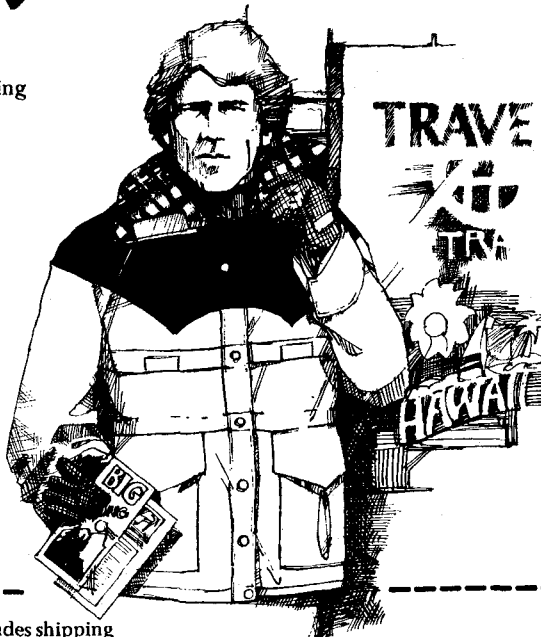
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maverick. "The Stalinists on the secretariat—they can't control me. They can control the jobs. They can control the men who run the sections. But the base is mine, the valley is mine, and they know it. I have a strength—country children have it. We have lived through troubles, and it makes us different, stronger. With me—it *pushed* me. I wanted to win, always. I began with sports. I believe in the power of sports. I believe in *lo spirito di squadra*. I played football, because I knew that if eleven people could get together on one point, could reason together—I knew that was something valuable. My mother hated football. She said it made me late to supper, it made me dirty. But my father understood my ambition. He never said much, but he knew that I was getting the strength of character a boy from the country needs. I had good breath and good sense, and I was the captain. They said that all I needed to be a real football player was technique in passing. That was my dream, you see—to be a football star. I had to go to high school in the city, where I could get the kind of diploma that would let me work and earn money for the university. I was not a rich boy—I could not go to the *liceo*. So I went to the city, and I had to get up at six in the morning. I went by bicycle to the station and then by train to the city and then by bus to the nearest stop, and finally I walked. It was always eight by the time I got there. That was my life for five days every week. But on the weekends there was football. The football field—it was the only place where I felt free. Maybe this is why I organize the football games in Fontana di Sangue—so that those boys will feel free, too. I consider that village my cell now. San Vincenzo is already Communist, but Fontana di Sangue is Catholic, and I do not like it when the Party turns its back on the Catholics. The people from Fontana di Sangue told me that for twenty years there had been no real discussion in the village—and then five years ago we formed our group for football, and we began to talk about things, playing. We began to talk about the village school, about getting electricity. After a while, we got signatures and made a bocce court and brought electricity to the village, and then public sewers and a public road. The priests had ignored the people in Fontana di Sangue. But it was still the priests they trusted. They did not trust the Communists until we started our football games and taught them how to make choices and decisions about their lives. The Party always laughed at my

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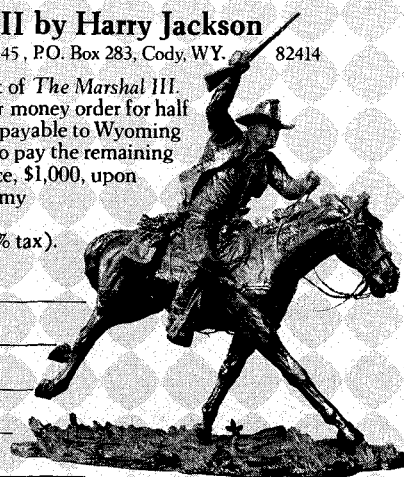
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work there—but one day the women of that poor, superstitious village marched on the town hall, demanding street lights, and now the Party listens when I say that soon the children of those women will be Communists."

Alfredo likes to say that he, too, is a Communist because of football. He played for the village church when he was small, but once he was old enough for a bicycle he started going to the Casa del Popolo in the new town on Saturdays and Sundays for a game. There was a vacant yard behind the Casa del Popolo which made a perfect football field. Alfredo and his friends liked it so much that they started playing hooky weekdays, and Alfredo claims that whenever a grown-up passed the field they fled through an open window into the Casa del Popolo's library and pretended to be reading. Not many of the boys read much otherwise—they went to school for as long as they had to, and then they apprenticed in workshops or garages and ended up as electricians and masons and mechanics. But a few read everything they could get hold of, and they started reading in that little library. Alfredo says that soon boys and girls from all the villages of the *comune* were coming to the Casa del Popolo to meet. They came, he says, to escape the "suffocation" of the Party and its youth groups, but evidently the Party also wanted to escape these critical and irritating children. They were thrown out of the Casa del Popolo library, and then they had to make their clubhouse behind a pile of used tires in a local tire shop.

Two of Alfredo's new-town friends went on to universities, and they all had trouble of one sort or another—and ended up as important Communists. Alfredo's trouble had to do with passing his oral examination in political philosophy. He failed it six times in as many years. The first time, he says, was because he did not know Thomas Hobbes' birthday. Alfredo called the test a "quiz show," and the professor called Alfredo a Communist, and after that every time Alfredo took the test the professor asked him about Hobbes' birthday and Alfredo refused to answer. Finally, in September of 1972, with four hundred students waiting in the auditorium for what had become an annual piece of theatre, the professor bowed out, saying that Alfredo was "irrecoverable" and might as well have his doctorate—and adding, for the record, that Thomas Hobbes was born in 1588.

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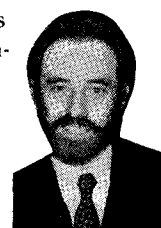


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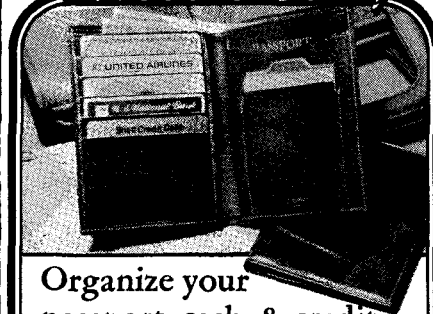
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him, anyone on the left was a Communist. I went, of course, to the Communist student cell. There were a lot of us on the left in our department, and we all went, but I was not inscribed in the Party. I didn't like the red scarves and the hats and the exhibitionism—and I was not at all convinced that the Party was good. But I knew, even then, that it was necessary for the left to stay together. There was violence at the university in '68. There were many groups on the left—good groups, like the Partito Socialista Italiano di Unità Proletaria—but there was a big law school and a medical school, and those students were always on the right. They wanted to fight us. And so we organized our occupation to protect the cause and to protect ourselves. We took over the cafeteria and slept there and drew up lists of what we wanted. We wanted different exams, rational exams—not exams about birthdays. We wanted a say in the curriculum. We wanted better fellowships, because, as things were then, only the rich students could afford a good, clean room. I think now that that one year—1968—was more important politically than the twenty years that went before it. It was the year when the left woke up, when we began to understand that the *people* counted—that the Communists were wrong in thinking that only the political class, the Party class, was charismatic.

"There was nothing but politics that year. We wrote tracts. We travelled. We organized debates, made marches. We took over some of the university accounts. We took turns guarding the university, because the Fascist students were making trouble, destroying everything and telling the public it was us. Finally, we began our contacts with the workers. We had meetings with workers, and talked to them about a new politics, so that by 1969 our protest involved the whole cultural life of a city. There was a moment when we became a true city of the left. And the right was desperate. The riot police came every night, and there were infiltrators everywhere—in our bars and in our classes. Women came to us at night and pretended to be liberated women and offered themselves to us in the name of the revolution, and they were infiltrators, too."

Alfredo can still spend hours talking about 1968. The memory of '68 is exhilarating to him, and, in a way, his running around the valley now—playing football, talking to peasants every night—has to do with trying to recap-

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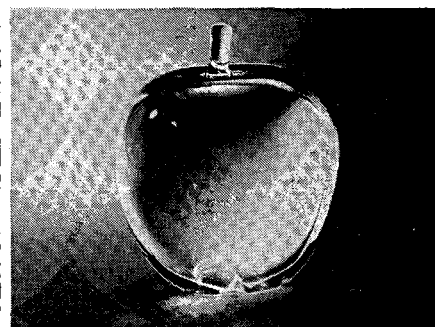
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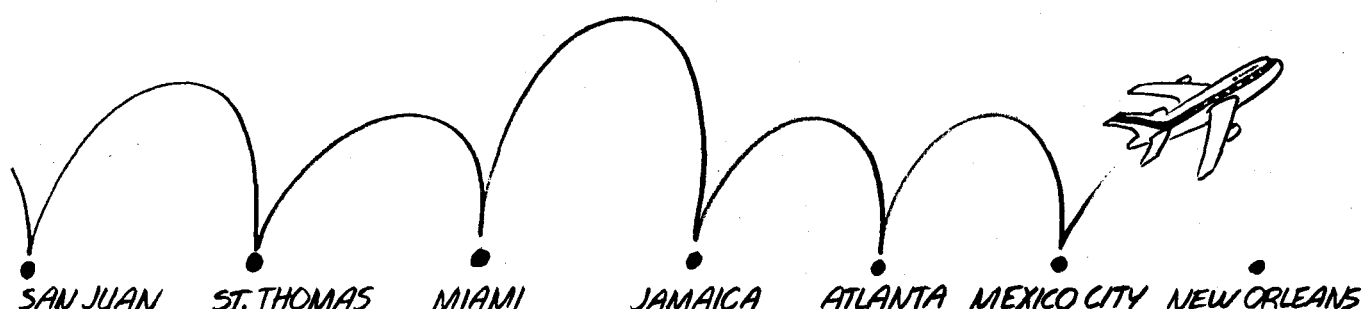
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ture some of his old passion. It is very important to Alfredo that no one think of him as selling out the principles of his one moment as a hero. He refused for a long time to join the Party. He let the Party pay for his first campaign for the town council, but he ran then as an independent on the Party list, and did not join until a few years after he had won. He says now that he had come to realize that the left in Italy could advance only through its official numbers, that it was stupid to refuse a Party card, like a spoiled boy. But he is too smart to believe that entirely. He knows he joined the Party under pressure, and this is something it upsets him to admit.

Every Saturday morning these days, Alfredo gets up at six o'clock and bicycles alone, on his ten-speed racer, for thirty or forty miles, thinking about himself and the Party and what he is doing with his life—and why. He says that early morning on the road, with the mist rising from the valley, is the best time for reflection. He knows, he says, that socialism is possible, that people can build a kind and functional world in which to live. But when the sun comes up, and the trucks start across the valley, and the *contadini* begin to work their fields like figures from an old novel while the rich *padroni*, in their Mercedes, head for weekend houses on the mountain—then Alfredo suspects that socialism may be as hard to come by as three million hectares of vineyards in the shadow of the Vatican.

THEY met at the Cecchis' on the first Saturday night this month—Mario and Anna and Alfredo, Carlo Benetti, Domenico Spina, Roberto Filippini, and a few others from the San Vincenzo cell. It was the first meeting of the cell since the Festa dell'Unità. Families had come and gone on their August holidays. The Benettis had just sent their oldest son and his wife and four children back to Düsseldorf, to a flat in a factory housing project that Carlo and Rosa Benetti had only seen in photographs. Anna herself was still putting the Cecchi house in order after a month of Pia and her family. They had come to work on the villa they were building for the time—not much longer now—when Pia's husband would retire from his government job with a nice pension and could bring them home to stay, and they had camped on air mattresses in the Cecchis' living room. Teresa, who had been home in San Vincenzo, too, had settled *her* family next door,



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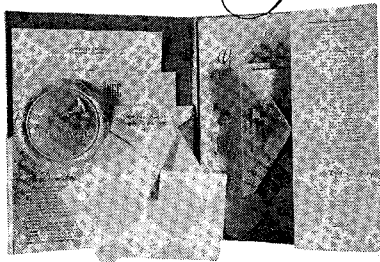
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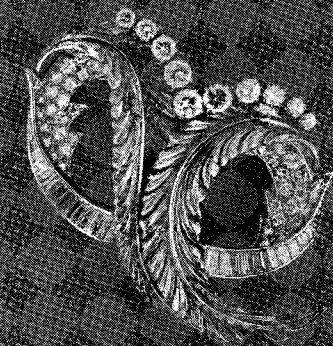
at Alfredo's, while Alfredo and Lidia went to the beach for two weeks with Lidia's parents. There were still signs of them all tonight in Anna's kitchen—forgotten toys, a volleyball and a plastic Kojak in the corner, and, on top of Anna's new refrigerator, boxes of sticky cakes from the *pasticceria* which the grandchildren had never finished. Near the door, there was a case of *amaretto* with a couple of bottles gone.

Anna Cecchi has a weakness for *amaretto*, and she always gets to indulge it in September, when Alfredo comes home from the Mediterranean and presents her with a case of the sweet liqueur as a kind of consolation prize for the vacation she refused to take. Tonight, she sat with a big glass of *amaretto* and dealt the cards while Mario circled the kitchen table looking at everybody's hand and pouring, and Alfredo made the toasts. First, he said "*Salute!*" for his father, because the Compagni di San Vincenzo had played so valiantly for the seven nights of the festival that they were already booked for next year. Then he said "*Salute!*" for the Party, which had made more money this time than at the past two festivals put together. And, finally, "*Salute!*" for San Vincenzo's Festa dell'Unità, because thanks to the festival there were five new Party members in the village; Domenico Spina's youngest daughter was engaged to the butcher's son from the new town; Roberto Filippini, at fifty-six, had won another silver-plated cup for "middle-age class" bicycling; and one of Alfredo's protégés from Fontana di Sanguè had knocked down the middleweight from Perugia for seven counts.

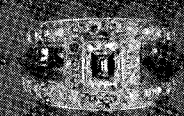
Domenico Spina drained his glass three times, glanced at his cards, and announced that one day soon the Communists would be taking over Italy, and then France and the rest of Europe. He had spotted three counts and their countesses dancing at Emilio Vanni's *spaccio* on the last night of the festival, and this was a sign, he said, that the nobility—which had a nose for this sort of thing—was already trying to ingratiate itself with its future rulers.

Roberto Filippini added that the group of tourists who had come to the boxing matches had included Clint Eastwood, the American movie star, or Clint Eastwood's brother, or perhaps his cousin or someone just like him.

Anna called "*Briscola!*" She had made a thousand lire while the men were talking about movie stars and movies, and listening to Alfredo's gossip about the great movie director who



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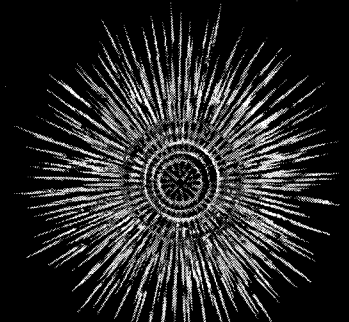
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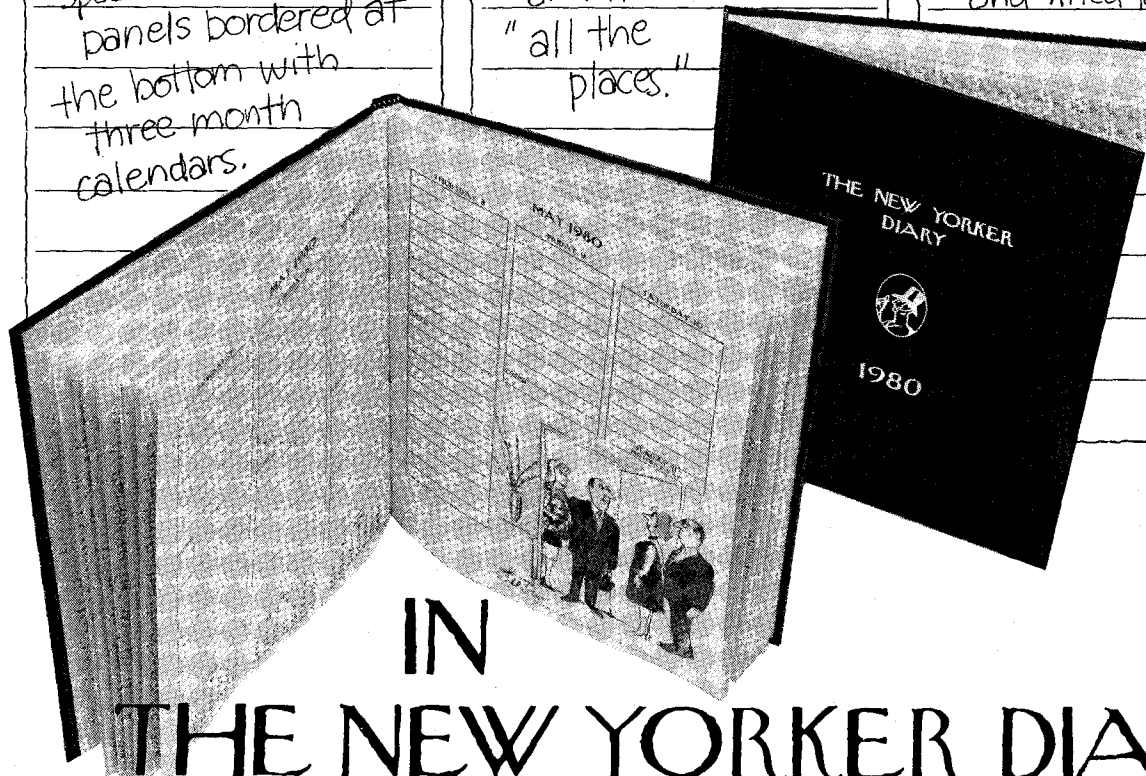
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was in the neighborhood—well, nearly in the neighborhood—at the villa of a beautiful American woman.

Mario watched his wife—an old woman now, with her wispy hair and half her teeth gone—dealing cards to his comrades of more than forty years. He stood there fingering his shiny trumpet, which he kept on the kitchen windowsill, for decoration, like a flowerpot or a doll or one of Roberto's silver cups. "I remember fifteen years ago, twenty years ago," he said, "the old house was always full for a meeting."

"It was the television," Alfredo said, grinning. "You had a television set before the others, so they came to watch. Now everybody has a television."

"It was the girls," Roberto said. "Four daughters in a house. With four daughters, you can expect the village."

Domenico growled, "In the old days, there were more people at one of our meetings than at all the speeches of the Christian Democrats."

"People today are too well off," Carlo Benetti said. "They get a little and they are satisfied. They stop fighting." Carlo banged his fist on the table, splashing some of his *amaretto*. "I am for the hard fight. If we are tender now, we accomplish nothing."

Mario shook his head. "No, it is not us. It is the Party. The Party wants to decide everything now. The Party doesn't care if we are red—or black or white, for that matter. The Party cannot be bothered. Those people in Rome—they have lost the habit of listening. What do they want with us? With some old men who haven't studied, who know nothing?"

"They wanted us in '48," Roberto said. "They wanted us when the Fascists shot Togliatti. They wanted us then, ready with our guns, ready for the barricades. They wanted us in '49, when the Fascists were burning our Casa del Popolo. I was there, in '49. They came from Rome and asked if I had a stick or a club or any weapon. I said, 'I have a fine stick—a machine gun with forty rounds.'" Roberto always warms to the subject of the Party. It is like a wife, he says. He cannot go to sleep at night angry at the Party. "Let them lead me!" he shouted now. "I am happy to be led by a brave man like Enrico Berlinguer!"

Mario went on, not paying much attention to Roberto. "I remember when everybody came to a meeting like this. The whole cell came. The women, too, and sometimes neighbors, cousins. It is something I do not un-



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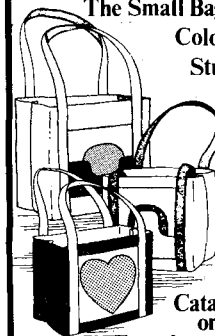
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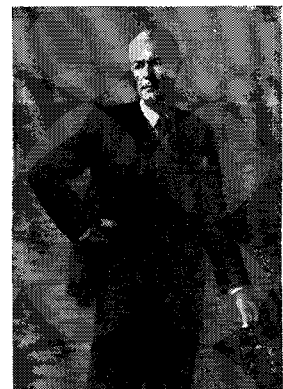


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derstand—that everyone came then, but the vote was small. Now no one comes to meetings, and the vote is huge. I do not understand it.”

“I understand it!” Carlo shouted. “We are soft. We have cars, bocce, football, movies. We have television in every *casa*. To give up a night for a meeting—it’s practically a sacrifice.”

“It is because there is no order in Italy anymore,” Domenico told him. “Look at Russia. Everything is in order in Russia. There is no crime in Russia. No one throws papers in the street in Russia. Ha! If we are soft, the Americans have made us soft. They have said that liberty is cars and television, but the Russians know that liberty is order. Order and a good balance of payments.”

Anna won another thousand lire, from Domenico.

Carlo was excited. “We used to be called the Little Russia here.” He thought for a moment. “No, the Russians are getting soft, too. I am for China. I am for calling ourselves the Little China.” Carlo chuckled.

“If we continue like this, talking nonsense, we can call ourselves the Little Vatican,” Anna muttered.

Alfredo burst out laughing. He was standing behind his mother, studying her cards, her sleeves, her apron folds. He has never been able to figure out precisely how she wins at *briscola*, but he keeps on trying. “Listen,” he said, finally. “You can change this. You can go to the section, to the *comune*, to the province. You can speak up at the big meetings, at the congresses, you can sign petitions. You can say that the people are angry, that the Party will have to listen, that it is not right for all the decisions to be made in Rome. No, it is not right.” Alfredo, who was getting a little drunk, raised his glass. “To the people! *Salute!* To the cell and the people in the cell!”

Mario drank proudly.

Anna shrugged and put her winnings in her apron pocket. “We will see, in a few years, when you are the mayor,” Anna told Alfredo. “*Vediamo.*”

—JANE KRAMER

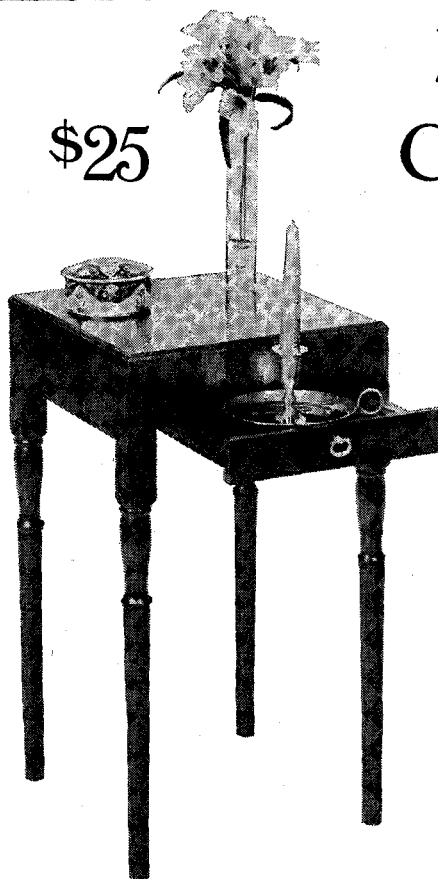
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—Troy (Ohio) Daily News.

Too plotty for our taste.

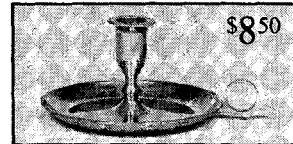
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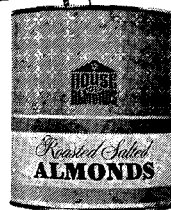
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Special Devotions

IN "The Films in My Life," François Truffaut reflects upon his own writing about films: "Was I a good critic? I don't know. But one thing I am sure of is that I was always on the side of those who were hissed and against those who were hissing; and that my enjoyment often began where that of others left off." American audiences don't hiss overmuch, but "The Green Room," Truffaut's seventeenth full-length picture, has been so greeted, I'm told, at some European showings. If this is true, I think it's because the film from the beginning excludes the viewer, shuts him out, and although that may be appropriate to a story about obsession, it's as likely to provoke hostility as any other exclusion. This most ingratiating of directors ("Jules and Jim" was at one time the deadliest contrivance in the seducer's filthy arsenal, in dozens of languages) deals here in closed doors.

"The Green Room" is drawn from Henry James, principally "The Altar of the Dead," not one of the Master's merriest tales. The script is by Truffaut and Jean Gruault. Truffaut changes the locale from England to France, ten years after the First World War, and plays the lead himself. James's "poor Stransom" has become Julien Davenne, a provincial journalist whose real career is the preservation of the memory of his wife, killed

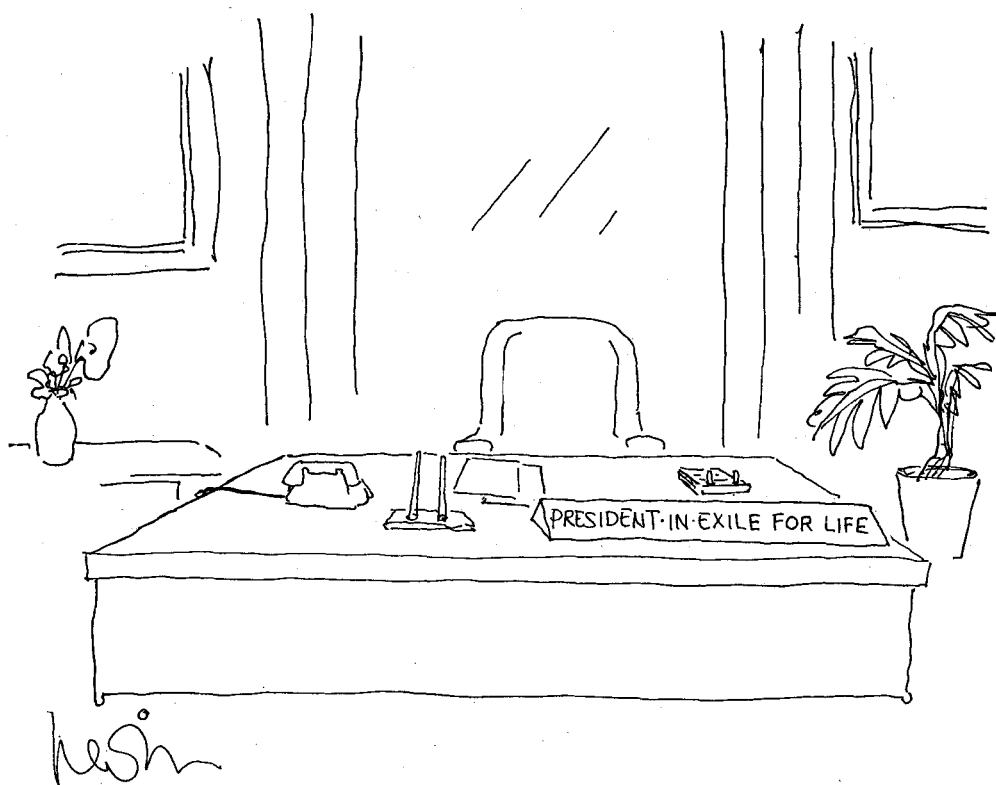
in an accident shortly after their marriage. He maintains a shrine in his home (the green room of the title), decked with candles and photographs of the dead woman, and lingers in the cemetery. He's angry with a friend who's delighting in a new wife, horrified that the friend's dead wife can be, in any sense, replaced. He commissions a wax mannequin of his own lost love, then flies into a rage when he finds that the artisan has produced an imperfect image; it's chopped up. Tracking down objects that once belonged to his wife, he visits an auction house in search of a particular silver ring; there he meets Cécilia (Nathalie Baye), a pretty young woman with commanding griefs of her own.

His obsession enlarges to accommodate others of the Dead (irritatingly capitalized in the film, as in James), friends and heroes. Stumbling upon a disused chapel, he conceives the notion of refurbishing it, ostensibly an act of piety but in fact a perversion—the chapel will be used for his own special devotions. The ecclesiastical authorities are suspicious but in the end acquiesce. Cécilia is enlisted as co-religionist, although Julien doesn't know whom or what she's mourning. The place fills up with candles, each candle a Dear Departed, the camera enjoying, or trading upon, the flames. Truffaut permits himself some private *hommages* here; the icons in his chapel include Henry James him-

self, Oscar Wilde, I thought I saw Cocteau, and Oskar Werner (the Jules of "Jules and Jim"), representing the German war dead of 1914-18. Julien exhibits slides of slaughtered soldiers to the young ward of his housekeeper, a boy with speech difficulties (an echo of "The Wild Child," Truffaut's treatment of the Caspar Hauser story). This cross-referential filigree, which suggests that the truly worthy filmgoer must have paid attention over the span of the director's whole filmography, is less fun than it used to be. Julien eventually discovers that the man for whom Cécilia is carrying a taper is none other than a certain Paul Massigny, once his own best friend, who betrayed him in a shockingly vile, although unspecified, way. Can he bring himself to allow a candle honoring this person in his sanctum? A bean I won't spill. What does *not* happen, of course, is a love affair between Julien and Cécilia; she is, as May Bartram is in "The Beast in the Jungle," what the man misses.

It's the solemnity with which all this is parsed out that is discouraging. From the moment Truffaut appears in his poilu's uniform before blue-green First World War newsreel clips, looking sad and serious, the dolor is unrelenting. The journal Julien writes for is itself dying; the editor shows him bundles of returned copies addressed to deceased subscribers. When the editor says of him admiringly that he knocked out thirty-one obits the previous year, this is funny, but it's not meant to be—you're not allowed to smile. The film becomes stuffy. Its central idea, that obsession with the past can stifle life, is painfully commonplace. Dressed in Jamesian overtell, the story works because of the mad virtuosity, the insistence, of the telling. Without it, there is only a certain amount of beautiful candlelight.

"LOVE AND BULLETS" is entertaining whenever Rod Steiger, as a stammering, resplendently bathrobed Arizona mob chieftain, is on the screen, which is not often enough. He lives in an enormous Edward Durell Stone palace on the side of a hill, with a screening room where he shows Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald movies and fulminates against the exigencies of his métier. Steiger is always first-class or better (I've admired him ever since he walked into Jack Palance's lavish movie-star layout in "The Big Knife," in 1955, and pronounced, exquisitely inflected, the words "This... is... an... unhealthy... environment"), and Charles Bronson, too, is good at what he does, as solid as a tool-pusher



on a Texas oil rig. In the present instance, Bronson is a Phoenix detective charged with the recovery, from a hideout in Switzerland, of Steiger's paramour (Jill Ireland), with the hope that she will then sing to the Feds. Steiger, pressured by colleagues and with a reluctance that actually seems real, orders the lady cooled; Hotshot Hitman Vittorio Farroni (Henry Silva, in his familiar iron mask) gets the assignment.

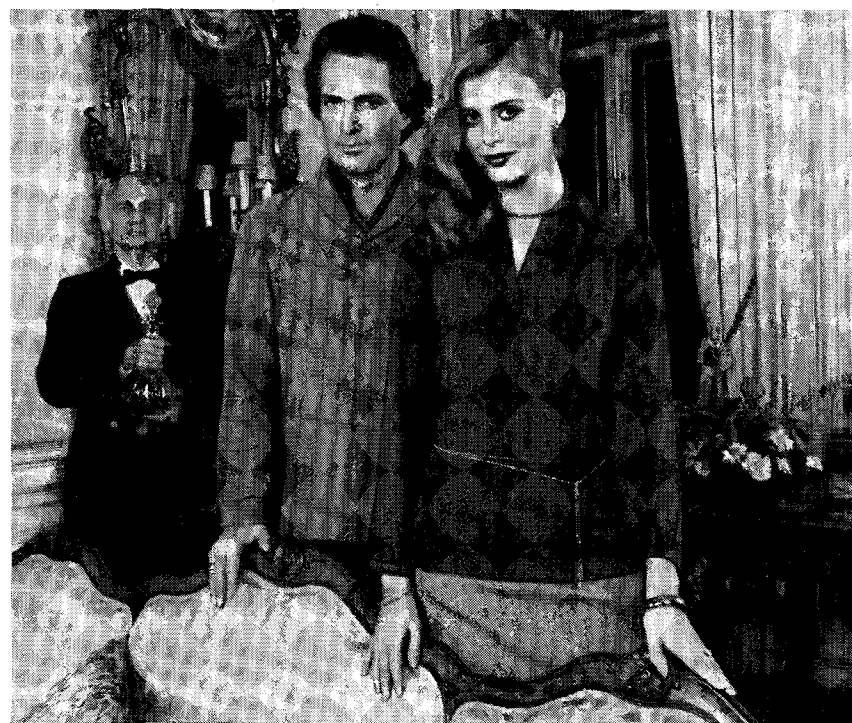
In defending his prisoner, Bronson is called upon at one point to sink a hatchet in some poor fellow's spine; at another, he fashions a blowgun from a lampstand and with it blows away three or four heavily armed enemies. Ireland is fine in a Dolly Parton wig, issuing country-girl squeaks and squeals. A lot of bright-red Swiss machinery is involved—trams, ski lifts, cable cars, which function to slow rather than speed the action. The exteriors, in Zermatt, Kandersteg, Montreux, and Geneva, are grand. Lord Grade (formerly Sir Lew Grade), first cause uncaused of this production, is said to have spent three hundred thousand dollars on a replica of the Stone edifice, which is blown to flinders at the film's conclusion. Antonioni's exploding house at the end of "Zabriskie Point" was better.

—DONALD BARTHELME

The plant of modern industry originated by mutation in the gradual evolution of technology, and blossomed first in the hospitable climate of Britain. Some shoots were transplanted to the Continent before 1789; other cuttings were stolen by the enemy in time of war. But in the years after Waterloo the pollen wafted across the Channel in clouds on breezes stirred by tradesmen and engineers. Sometimes, too, seeds fell on ships destined for the Mediterranean or the Baltic, as well as across wider seas; on arrival in foreign ports sweating porters unloaded them with cargoes of textiles and machinery. In some areas they fell on fertile soil and sprouted quickly, as in northern France and parts of North America. Elsewhere in Europe the period of germination was longer; in many areas they lay dormant until crossed with other Continental strains. Much of the work of pollination was, in fact, carried out by Frenchmen. But the seeds were planted; as the earth parts to permit the growth of nature's plants when the sun moves northward in the spring, so, slowly, did the plant of industry break the "cake of custom" as it sprouted in lands farther and farther distant from its breeding ground in Britain. —"France and the Economic Development of Europe, 1800-1914," by Rondo Cameron.

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AROUND CITY HALL

THE CAPITAL OF EVERYTHING

DURING the ceremony on August 8, 1978, when President Carter came to New York to sign the bill granting a billion six hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of federal loan guarantees to the city, a sturdy, white-haired man named Donald Gormley spent the time pacing up and down the rotunda just inside City Hall's front doors. On hand for the happy event were not only the President and Mrs. Carter and Mayor Edward Koch but also Governor Hugh Carey, Senators Jacob Javits and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, most of the city's delegation to the House of Representatives, and several hundred invited guests representing the local political, civic, and financial worlds. Occasionally, Gormley, who was then the executive secretary of the city's Art Commission, would peer through the windows of the City Hall doors trying to see what was happening on the steps below, but he was not trying to identify celebrities. In the morning, it had rained, and he had been concerned about that. Now the hot sun was beating down, and that also distressed him. "I'm worried about my table," he kept telling other pacers in the rotunda—most of them Secret Service men, who were worried about other things. To underline the historic significance of the occasion, special movers, earlier in the day, had brought down from the chamber known as the Governor's Room, on City Hall's second floor, the delicately carved mahogany writing desk that had been used by George Washington in his Presidential office here in 1789 and 1790. In the confusion after the ceremony, a crystal paperweight in the shape of an apple, which had been set out among the pens and documents as a symbol of the city, disappeared into the pocket of a local member of Congress, who was later persuaded to return it. Gormley's table, however, came through without mishap.

To most New Yorkers who read about the table's provenance in press accounts the next day, it came as news that their city had been the capital of the United States during its first twenty months as a nation. The information is still unknown to all but a few of their fellow-residents, as is the fact that New York had been the national capital under

the Articles of Confederation four years before that; in each case, it beat out Philadelphia, which had fought hard for the honor. Eventually, of course, the federal government decided to build itself a new capital on a largely rural tract along the Potomac. The actual site was chosen by Washington, and was as close as possible to his home at Mount Vernon, whose value was thus greatly enhanced. Thomas Jefferson wrote with satisfaction, "There will be something to displease and something to soothe every part of the Union, except New York, which must be content with what she has had." Because of the decision to build the new capital, the United States differs today from nearly all of the major foreign nations with which it has diplomatic relations. Capitals such as Rome, Paris, London, Moscow, Tokyo, and Mexico City are also the largest cities in their countries, whose citizens do not seem to have shared to the same degree the historic mistrust of large cities which is characteristic of many Americans, part of their heritage from such Founding Fathers as Washington and, particularly, Jefferson. (Jefferson once wrote that an epidemic of yellow fever should not be considered a tragedy, since it would "discourage the growth of great cities in our nation, and I view great cities as pestilential to the morals, the health, and the liberties of man.")

THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES



No. 687

During last year's negotiations with the federal government over granting New York the loan guarantees, local pleaders pointed out that for France, say, to let Paris go under financially was simply unimaginable. Moynihan tried to redress America's eighteenth-century aberration by calling New York "the capital city of the world." President Carter, the former Plains resident, described it in more reserved terms as "a center of a number of important fields in American life." One of the things that annoys Americans elsewhere is that, despite the long-ago change of venue, New Yorkers keep acting as if their pestilential town were the capital of everything. If this is truly the local delusion, it was reinforced in recent weeks, when an unusual number of events that could seriously affect America's relations with other nations bore a New York City dateline.

LATE last month, as the prospect continued to diminish for ratification of the second SALT treaty, a delegation of six senators was in Moscow to warn officials there of changes in the agreement that they were sure the Senate would insist on and to get the Russians' reaction. National attention here, however, was trained not on those meetings but on another U.S.-Soviet confrontation: the dramatic vigil going on at Kennedy Airport as American officials sought to discover whether the dancer Ludmila Vlasova was returning to Moscow of her own free will after the defection to the United

States of Alexander Godunov, her husband and fellow-dancer in the Bolshoi Ballet. Since Godunov gave the furtherance of his artistic career as his reason for requesting asylum—not that such asylum would be available to the average wetback or other illegal alien who wanted to better his lot—New York was the logical place for him to approach American authorities. Ballet is one of the fields that President Carter would agree New York is the national center of. ("True, they nourish some of the elegant arts," wrote Jefferson of large cities, "but the useful ones can thrive elsewhere.") Eventually, of course, Ludmila Vlasova satisfied American officials that she was returning to Russia willingly, ending the confrontation that for a time was being treated as if it had the potential for international disaster of the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. Bolstering another impression about New Yorkers—that they tend to be subversive sorts,

especially where the Communist menace is involved—Pete Hamill, of the *News*, compared this country's indignation over the Soviet officials' stand at the airport with America's probable response "if an American defected to the Russians in Moscow, if his wife then went to the U.S. Embassy, and then passed through Russian immigration and boarded a Pan Am plane to go home; and if that Pan Am plane was then stopped, and held on the airfield until that wife of the American defector cleared everything in a private audience with the KGB." Jimmy Breslin, Hamill's fellow-columnist at the *News*, took another tack. "JUST A BUM WHO SKIPPED AND LEFT A WIFE IN TROUBLE" was the headline over his account of the incident, and he jeered at the notion that our national honor was at stake or that if this country did not get Godunov's wife back "we will surely be a second-rate power." Often cited in the television and press coverage of the airport negotiations was the contrast between the intense concern for the Russian dancer's human rights and the treatment of Simas Kudirka, the Lithuanian sailor who tried to defect to the U.S. Coast Guard in 1970 and was turned back. No one, apparently, sought a statement on the matter from Kudirka, who was eventually allowed to emigrate and for the past five years has been a janitor in the Bronx.

The case of the beautiful Bolshoi dancer was only a three-day wonder, but the consequences of other events in this city in recent weeks will have longer-lasting national and international repercussions. Of course, the meeting of United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young with Zehdi Terzi, the U.N. observer for the Palestine Liberation Organization, which led to Young's resignation, was a New York event only because this city is the U.N. headquarters. In 1946, Nelson Rockefeller persuaded his father, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to give eight and a half million dollars to buy seventeen acres along the East River in the Forties which a local real-estate man had bought up for development. Thus, the Rockefellers were able to do their home city a good turn and also block the building of a possible competitor for Rockefeller Center, then forty per cent vacant. Once again, the runner-up had been Philadelphia, which for months, as A. J. Liebling wrote at the time in this magazine, "had had its cap set for the United Nations with the single-mindedness of a homely woman who sees a chance of making a creditable marriage at last," and was "left waiting at the church again." In Philadel-

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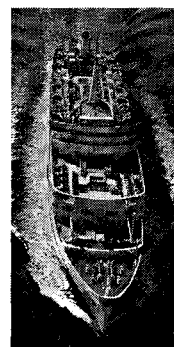
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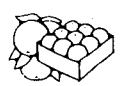
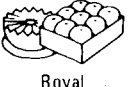
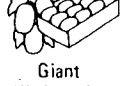
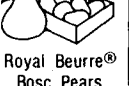
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phia, the editorial writers were inconsolable. They compared their city's trees and other greenery and the rolling hills that surrounded it with the urban blight of New York, with its dens of iniquity lying in wait to trap and corrupt the delegates. "The United Nations would be making a colossal mistake to submerge itself and its hopes of success in the welter and bedlam of New York's masses," said the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. "Gone are the dreams of a sylvan world capital," said the *Evening Bulletin*. In the December, 1946, vote at the United Nations, however, the only delegates opposing the choice were those from Australia, El Salvador, and countries then thought of as so quaint and remote that, in Liebling's account, they were referred to, comic-opera style, as "the *shish kebab* states": Egypt, Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, and Saudi Arabia.

The reason so many of the recent developments concerning relations between Jews and blacks took place in New York was not that the United Nations is here but that this city is the headquarters of most of the major Jewish organizations, including the American Jewish Committee, the American Jewish Congress, and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, and is also the home of the largest black groups—the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the National Urban League. This proximity was a convenience in the old days when these two important elements in American life seemed to be inseparable allies—the Jews working closely with the blacks on civil-rights matters, and the blacks backing Israel down the line. During the weeks of strife following Young's resignation, more distance might have helped. It was from this city that there came the first outraged complaints that the blacks were now meddling in foreign policy, and the first countering expressions of anger that the Jews were now telling blacks whom they could talk to. From there, the controversy went on to encompass the morality of the blacks' allying themselves with terrorists and the morality of Israel's allying itself with apartheid governments of South Africa—each charge bearing complex implications for the State Department. It was in the N.A.A.C.P. offices at 1790 Broadway that more than two hundred blacks representing organizations from all over the country met on August 22nd and unanimously endorsed a manifesto, which several of the leaders, including Georgia State Senator

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Julian Bond and N.A.A.C.P. executive director Benjamin Hooks, then read aloud, point by point. The gist of the message was that the blacks asserted their right to have a say in the nation's foreign policy, which, especially in matters concerning the Middle East, American Jews had heavily influenced for the last three decades. Moreover, it said, "Jews must show more sensitivity and be prepared for more consultation before taking positions contrary to the best interests of the black community." The statement did not advocate a formal alliance with Israel's sworn enemies in the P.L.O., but it was clear that the relationship between Jews and blacks would never be the same. The attorney Joseph Rauh, who is Jewish and is a member of the board of directors of the N.A.A.C.P., came up from Washington for the summit meeting but was not allowed inside. Afterward, the black psychologist Kenneth Clark said of the manifesto, "This was our declaration of independence."

The following day, eleven leading Jewish organizations issued a statement here rejecting the blacks' position "with sorrow and anger." A week later, Jimmy Carter, who had not helped bring the groups together by his late-July comparison of the Palestinians' struggle for their rights with the black civil-rights movement in this country, urged American black and Jewish leaders to remember their old shoulder-to-shoulder days on the barricades, an era that had already been half-forgotten in the black-Jewish conflict over affirmative-action programs. Alarmed at the new belligerence between these two major elements of Democratic political strength, Carter may well contemplate another meeting at Camp David to resolve seemingly irreconcilable differences. Once again, the P.L.O. would be the spoiler in absentia. There was also the troubling prospect that Arab financial support from here and abroad would replace the funds formerly contributed to black causes by American Jews—further muddling the situation in which problems reflecting the troubles in the Middle East increasingly loom over all aspects of American life.

The preoccupation with events having to do with the Middle East here in recent weeks caused some New Yorkers to be misled by a headline taking up most of the front page of the excitable *Post* which read "NEW JORDAN BOMBSHELL." The headline, which actually referred to alleged misbehavior by Carter's chief of staff at one of New York's iniquitous dens, Studio 54, pro-

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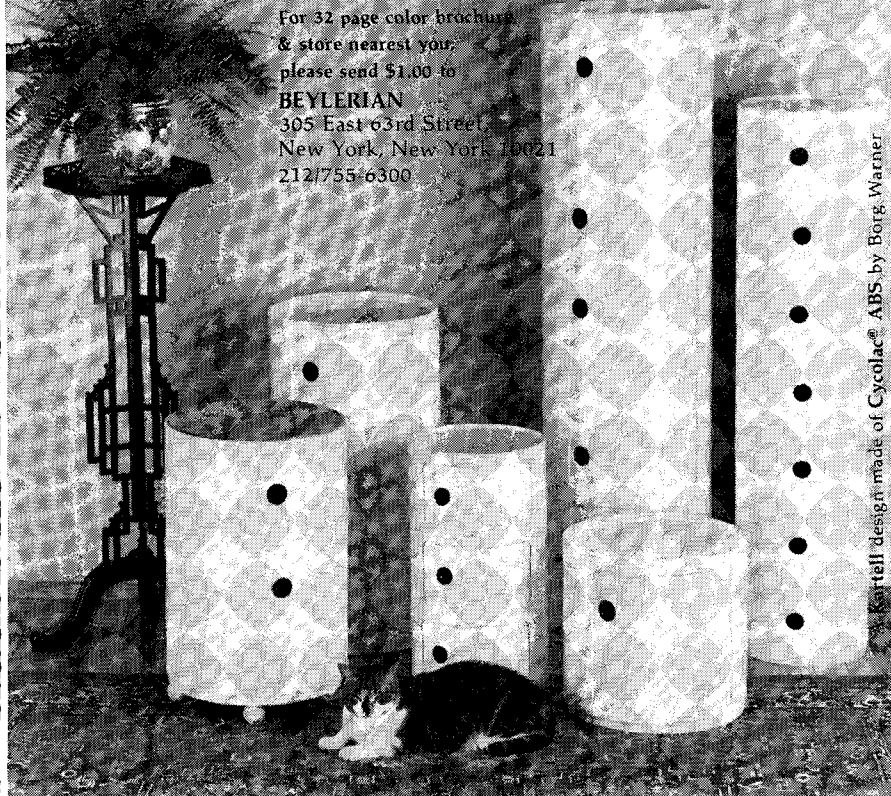
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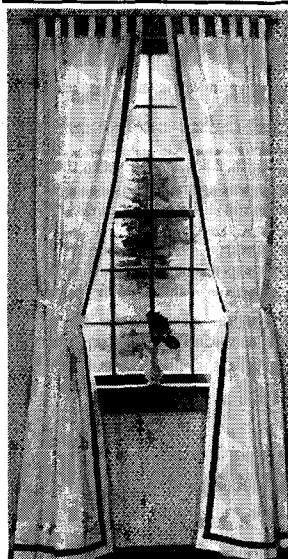
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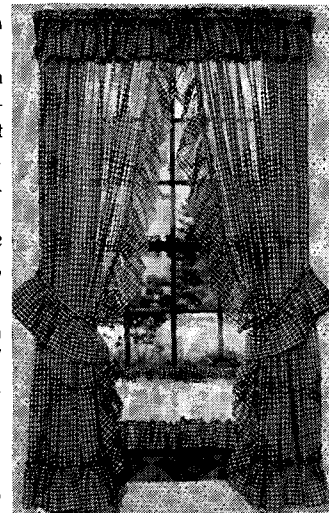
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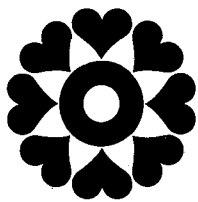
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vided another national crisis with a New York dateline.

THE Reverend Herbert Daughtry, the founder of a Brooklyn-based group called the Black United Front, took part in New York's new civil conflict in his own way. Daughtry, who first came to local attention in June, 1978, as the leader of demonstrations protesting the death of a black businessman in the hands of the police, has since led so many marches on City Hall to denounce one or another alleged outrage by the Koch administration that when he and his followers now appear at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge the City Hall police often just shrug and shout to each other, "It's him again!" On August 27th, Daughtry led several thousand blacks in a demonstration in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn against the firing by five city policemen of a fusillade of twenty-four bullets to kill a young Hispanic former mental patient armed with a pair of scissors. The demonstrators carried a symbolic coffin, and many of them waved signs referring to the suit charging a pattern of police maltreatment of minority groups which was brought last month by the United States Department of Justice against the Philadelphia Police Department, Mayor Frank Rizzo, and the city of Philadelphia, where life is apparently not as sylvan as it was in 1946. On the same day, the busy Daughtry, crossing the Brooklyn Bridge again, marched on the United Nations and demanded the installation of a United Nations peacekeeping force in Bedford-Stuyvesant. Going international like other local black leaders, he also led several hundred of his followers to the Israeli consulate, where they waved signs reading "LONG LIVE THE P.L.O." and railed against what Daughtry called "the Zionist racist pressure" that they held responsible for Andrew Young's resignation.

Soon after this Black United Front demonstration, a press conference was called at the headquarters of the Jewish Defense League. The League's advocacy of the interests of Israel is so militant that some of its members are not welcome in Israel. The J.D.L. leader Brett Becker said that black violence would bring Jewish violence, and that the Jewish community "must be ready with guns." According to a reporter for Harlem's *Amsterdam News*, "as Becker spoke, he was flanked by two bodyguards, one of whom was helmeted, wearing a ski mask, a sash with a machete, and clutching a baseball bat against his breast, military style."



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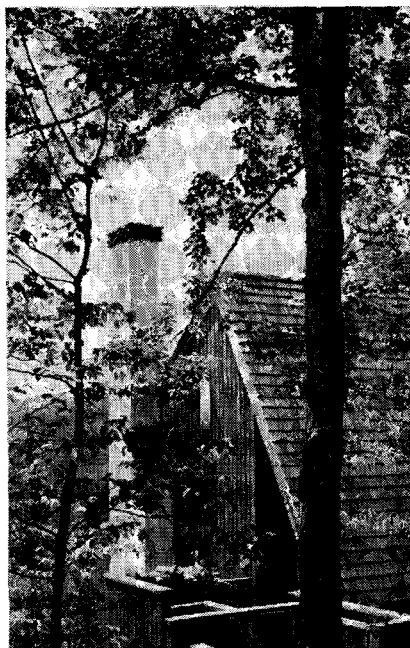
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"Arabs have a long history of being anti-black," said Becker during the press conference. The week after the Young resignation, however, the city was host to thirty thousand visitors who demonstrated that some blacks have long felt an affinity for Arab ways, and also contributed to the impression that life in New York is one continuous costume party. Holding their annual convention here were the Prince Hall Shriners, nearly all of whom are black. They are more formally known as the Ancient Egyptian Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North and South America and Its Jurisdiction. Among the members are Benjamin Hooks, of the N.A.A.C.P., and former Ambassador Young, who was one of the convention speakers. For several days, the visitors thronged through midtown Manhattan, staging impromptu parades that sometimes stopped traffic entirely and otherwise attracting attention in their tall maroon velvet fezzes, whose design, they explained to bystanders, represented a pyramid with a flat top.

WHILE large numbers of New Yorkers were preoccupied with human rights in the Soviet Union and the Middle East these past weeks, others were especially concerned with those in Northern Ireland. After the assassination of Lord Mountbatten and three companions by members of the Provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army, and the ambush killing of eighteen British soldiers in Ulster the same day, some British politicians suggested that their government might now be responsive to a suggestion for dealing with the Northern Ireland dilemma which had been made by Governor Carey. Others accused Carey of having caused the assassinations, since a moderate solution is the last thing the I.R.A. wants. Vacationing in London early in August, Carey had proposed to Humphrey Atkins, the British Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, and Michael O'Kennedy, the Foreign Minister of the Irish Republic, that they meet in New York, which he described as "a neutral place," to try to work out some alternative to what seems at present to be a condemnation to unending bloodshed. O'Kennedy accepted at once. At first, Carey had the impression that Atkins was also receptive, but after conferring with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, Atkins flatly turned it down. British newspapers then accused Carey of meddling in Northern Ireland affairs to increase his popularity with Irish-American voters, and one tabloid described Carey and



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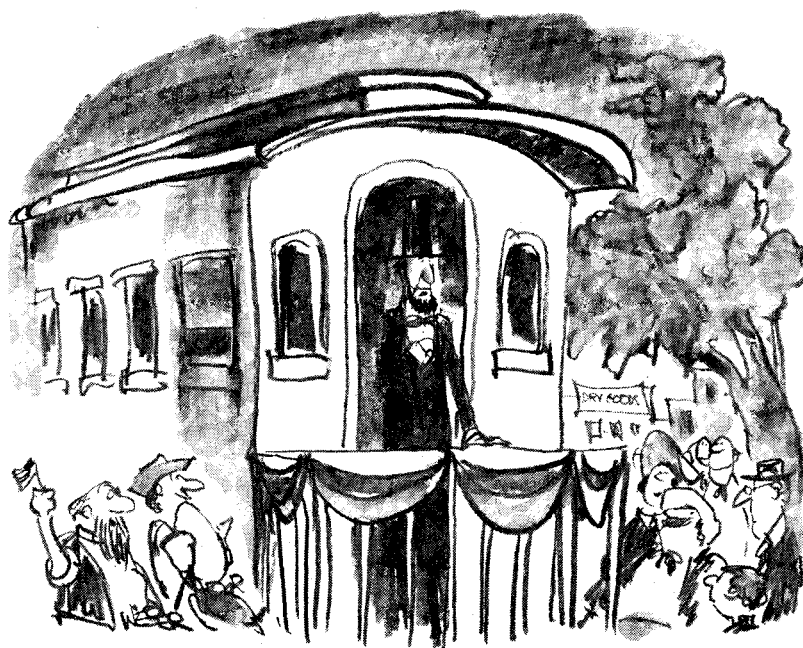
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other prominent Irish-American politicians as "grubbing after votes out of tragedy and bloodshed." They were also accused of inciting Irish-Americans here to send money for the arms that keep the I.R.A. on its murderous path. Carey could be excused for concluding that on the subject of Northern Ireland some British, like most I.R.A. members, are beyond listening.

In two successive St. Patrick's Day statements, beginning in 1977, Carey had joined with Senator Moynihan, Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy, and Speaker of the House Thomas O'Neill in calling publicly for a peaceful resolution in Northern Ireland and particularly urging an end to contributions to the I.R.A. from this country. On a visit to Ireland in April, 1977, Carey went further, and denounced the members of the I.R.A. as "killers" and "Marxists" engaged in "the politics of death." These charges resulted in the besieging of his Manhattan office by hundreds of local Irish-Americans, including Paul O'Dwyer, the most prominent New York politician of Irish descent who supports the I.R.A. The demonstrators for the Irish irregulars also included Percy Sutton, then the city's most prominent black politician, who that year was giving up his seat as Manhattan Borough President to run for Mayor. However, the belief of some British that admirers of the I.R.A. are a major American political contingent is further evidence of their misunderstanding of the Irish question, here and elsewhere. I.R.A. partisans can get up a fair demonstration, especially if they invite their relatives in from Long Island and the suburbs, but O'Dwyer is a perennial loser in local politics (he is now out of office), and to most citizens of Irish heritage the cause of the I.R.A. is far from being the single issue on which their votes will turn, as the security of Israel is for many Jewish voters.

In an editorial last month, the *News*, whose chief editor is named Michael O'Neill, urged Carter to use his powers to persuade the British to reconsider the Carey proposal. "The U.S. goes all out to bring peace to many parts of the globe," said the *News*. "We have at least the same responsibility to try to end the war in Ulster." In that same paper, however, Breslin and Hamill, who dealt rather lightheartedly with the human rights of the Bolshoi dancers, have not been so flippant over the years when it has come to the rights of their fellow-Irishmen. Carey's reference to I.R.A. members as "killers" had caused Breslin to declare that the Governor had

"departed from his...senses," and Hamill said that he could never forgive the Governor. After the latest attacks by the I.R.A., Hamill demanded a solution in which the leaders of the Provisional I.R.A. would be at the negotiating table. This is also generally the position of Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, whose mother did not come from Ireland, but who has a large bloc of militant I.R.A. supporters in his district. Biaggi is viewed by British and Irish Republic leaders as the most dangerous American meddler of all. Whatever tentative enthusiasm these leaders showed for the Carey proposal came in large part because they saw it as far more reasonable than that of Biaggi. Thus, in formulating their policies, two foreign governments found themselves responding to the maneuvers of two New York politicians. In their 1979 St. Patrick's Day statement on Northern Ireland, Carey, Kennedy, Moynihan, and Speaker O'Neill, who are known jeeringly in England as the Gang of Four, dwelt less on I.R.A. depredations than on British mistreatment of I.R.A. prisoners. These charges were often cited in the recent attacks on Carey by British politicians and the London press. Nevertheless, the previous calls by the Gang of Four for an end to I.R.A. support in this country had apparently had an effect. Such contributions have reportedly been greatly reduced. In a demonstration of the proposition that everything that rises must converge, most arms for the I.R.A. are now said to be coming through the Middle East, some of them directly from the P.L.O. No mention of this development was made by Kieran Nugent, an I.R.A. veteran who had entered this country illegally to spread the word here about alleged British atrocities. He was caught, and his immigration hearing was scheduled for the day after the Mountbatten assassination. Concluding that it was not a propitious moment to request political asylum, Nugent asked to be allowed to return to Belfast voluntarily. About two hundred I.R.A. supporters gathered in front of the Immigration Service building to demand that he be given asylum anyway—and to denounce the British. Several of them pretended to be victims of a British raid and lay down on the sidewalk taking care to continue waving signs that read "BRITISH GET OUT OF IRELAND" and "HE HAS HUMAN RIGHTS EVEN IF HE CAN'T DANCE."

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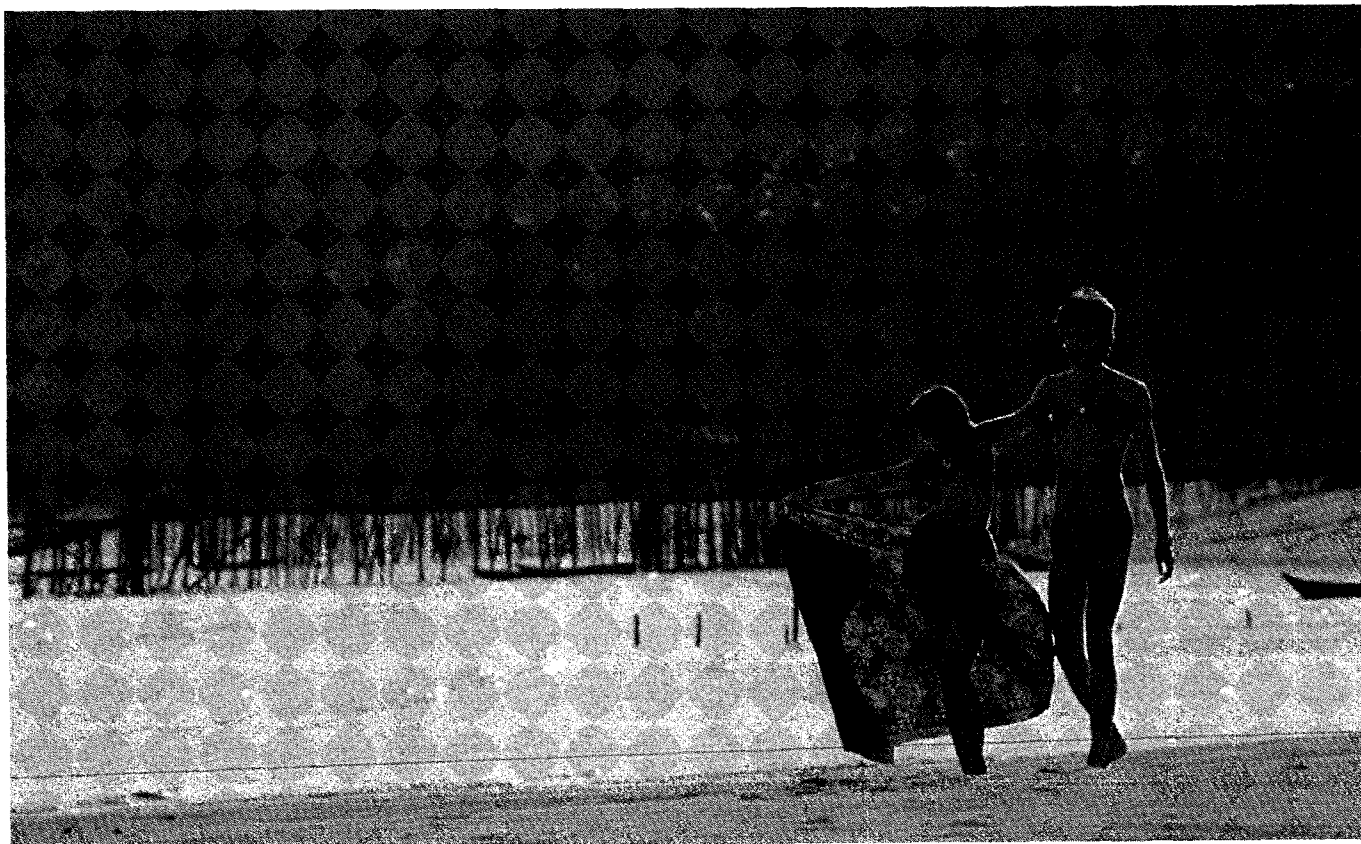
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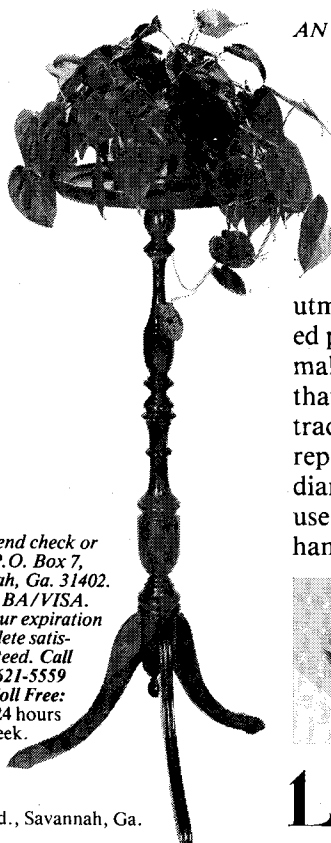
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tween blacks and Jews in international matters has had some effect on city government. Andrew Young had attended the swearing in of Haskell Ward as Koch's only black Deputy Mayor last March. "I commend you for being brave enough—or foolish enough—to join with the Mayor," Young said at the time. Young's friend City Clerk David Dinkins, who is black, speculated that it was the Ambassador's August 15th decision to resign that led to the August 20th resignation of Ward on the issue of Koch's proposal to close some municipal hospitals—closings that are bitterly opposed by minority groups here but that Ward had until then defended. Early this month, Young publicly urged the nomination of State Senator Joseph Galiber—the only black in the race—as the Democratic candidate for Bronx Borough President. (There are no other elections of significance here this year.) Because of the customary low turnout of minority voters, Galiber didn't seem to have much chance. Fired by the Young resignation and its aftermath, however, virtually every one of the city's leading black politicians, who have often, for their individual political purposes, spread their support around among candidates of other races, came out for Galiber and began to work for his election. The mission was to right a situation that has become the symbol of black powerlessness in the city: since January, 1978, there have been no blacks on the Board of Estimate, where they had been represented since 1953. The Board is a hybrid administrative-legislative body, whose powers include ruling on the nature and funding of programs vital to minority groups. The theme of the campaigning in black districts in the 1977 municipal election was "Without the Board of Estimate, we're nowhere." In its last issue before the September 8th primary that year, the *Amsterdam News* ran a banner headline in red: "JUDGMENT DAY IS SEPT. 8; SUTTON-DINKINS ON THE LINE." On judgment day in the mayoral race, Percy Sutton, then the only black member of the Board of Estimate, was fifth in a field of seven. Dinkins came in third in a field of four in his attempt to succeed Sutton as Manhattan Borough President, a seat that went to Assemblyman Andrew Stein.

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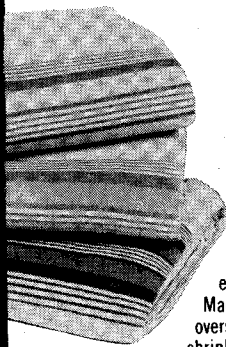
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Badillo, then the Bronx Borough President. In other cities, members of minority groups have made considerable progress in the last decade; in New York, they have been losing political ground. Of the present Board, President of the City Council Carol Bellamy is a white Protestant, Staten Island Borough President Anthony Gaeta is an Italian-American Catholic, and the six other members, including, of course, the Mayor, are all Jewish. It is sometimes referred to in black and Hispanic circles as the Knesset. Last year's election of Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams as State Attorney General meant that Bronx Democratic boss Stanley Friedman could control the choice of an interim successor. The post went to City Councilman Stanley Simon, who then had to stand for election this fall. In last week's Democratic primary, he had the advantages of incumbency and full clubhouse support. He also benefitted from the actions of Mayor Koch, who, although not officially pro-Simon and, indeed, on record as favoring a black or Hispanic borough president of the Bronx, was publicly effusive in his gratitude for Simon's support on various Board of Estimate issues and made sure that he was photographed beside him in a ceremonial, strictly nonpolitical visit to the Bronx. Simon won the Democratic primary, taking a little less than a third of the vote. In the Democratic Bronx, the November election is traditionally only a certification of the primary results. Another Jewish candidate, Assemblyman Oliver Koppell, a reform Democrat endorsed by the *Times*, came in third. Galiber was last. To the surprise of many, State Housing Commissioner Victor Marrero, a Puerto Rican, had received the strong support of the *News*. On Primary Day, he had a surprise of his own, coming in second with almost a quarter of the vote. Nevertheless, it appears that at least until 1982, after the next citywide election, there will be no minority member on the Board of Estimate. The Bronx, which is at least fifty-four per cent black and Puerto Rican—the only borough with a nonwhite majority—will continue to be represented, as it has been for the last nine years, by a Jewish borough president. And the local racial lines have been drawn more sharply than ever. Further confrontation between blacks and Jews over events in other parts of the world, and especially the identification of blacks with those enemies of Israel the Palestinians ("The Palestinians are the niggers of the Middle East," said the Reverend Wyatt Tee

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Walker, pastor of Harlem's Canaan Baptist Church, the day before last month's black summit meeting), will surely not help. And, of course, none of this tension is relieved by the attitude of New York's Jewish Mayor toward blacks and Hispanics, which some are now calling basic racism.

Administratively, the Koch City Hall is in severe disarray. The Mayor's two-a-day-vaudeville-style schedule—hugging celebrities, mugging for the cameras in funny hats, hiring staff members with a big burst of publicity, and then firing them, also dramatically (some idiot let him down again), and giving newspaper readers each day their daily show of moral outrage, often set off by an event that will once more arouse the anger of white, middle-class New Yorkers against members of local minority groups—evidently entertains a large share of local citizens. Others see it as a deliberate policy on Koch's part to keep constantly in motion so that no one will notice that he hasn't got his act together. The more distressing truth seems to be that he thinks this is the way to run a great city. The worst consequence of his performance since he took office is the deterioration in race relations in this immensely diverse town. What moderate-minded members of the local black political establishment used to describe as the Mayor's "insensitivity" to the problems of local minorities is now viewed by many of them as outright hostility, cynically employed for political advantage. There are even some who regard it as the reverse side of what they also deplore: the Reverend Mr. Daughtry's reckless and well-staged stirring up of black feelings against whites for what they consider to be his own self-promoting purposes.

After the recent furor over revelations of past Koch remarks describing blacks as basically anti-Semitic, and whites as basically anti-black but with the moral character to regret their prejudices, Koch said that this was all history and that he believed in looking to the future. In previous administrations, black and Hispanic leaders who were depressed about City Hall's treatment of their constituents would make ritual references to a future of sorts: a long hot summer ahead. Since Koch took office, that practice has largely stopped, because, as Harlem Councilman Fred Samuel said last week, "no one at City Hall is listening." Though it is not necessarily being said out loud—and although only a few New Yorkers are wearing ski masks—it could be an ugly winter ahead.

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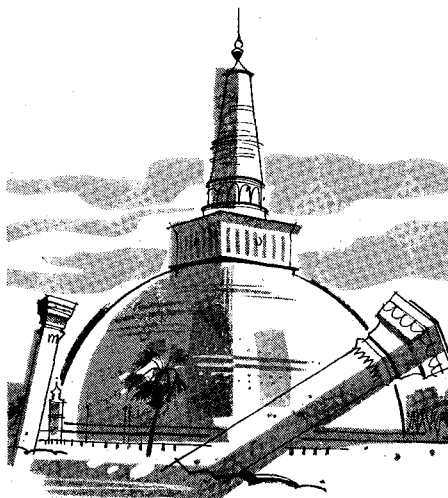
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FOOTBALL

New World

THE autumnal sport no longer begins in this town when Columbia entertains its first guest on its old playing field up on Morningside Heights. That field has gone with the wind. It begins when Grambling and Morgan State, two members of the Inquiline League, open up against one another at Yankee Stadium—a far, far cry indeed from their two campuses. So there they were again, the first Saturday after Labor Day, and again, for the eleventh time in a row, Grambling put away Morgan, this time at the count of 28-18. A

fair number of the graduates of this meet, it is reasonable to expect, will next fall adorn the rosters of the professional leagues. This past weekend, further members of the Inquelines—Syracuse and West Virginia—played at the Giants' ballpark, out in Jersey, which is a long remove from *their* campuses: Syracuse 24, West Virginia 14. Graduates of this event are less likely to turn up among the pros. Columbia, which may by the greatest of luck take three or four of its nine matches this season, opens up, more modestly, this weekend. Its current Champ de Mars is likewise actually on the island of Manhattan. All this, it may be argued, ignores the theorem that the Jets and the Giants, the professional representatives of this city, also were beginners of the new local season, but a study of their statistics for the first fortnight's play renders this theorem inoperable.

There will be a thousand opinions as to what was the most entertaining event of the past two weeks. A persuasive candidate is the trumping, last Saturday, of Michigan by Notre Dame, at 12-10, a week after Michigan had thoroughly disassembled Northwestern, at 49-7. Other candidates are the happenings out in Boulder, home plate of the University of Colorado, which last year assisted the then coach of the New England Patriots in his miraculous escape from a seemingly unsolvable contract with the Pats. The Pats have carried on fairly well without him; *with* him, Colorado began its new season by dropping behind Oregon, at 33-19, and then Louisiana State, at 44-0. This observer's choice, though, remains a maneuver by Michael Kelley, quarterback of the quite outmatched Georgia Tech in its encoun-

ter, Saturday before last, with the seamless, practically invulnerable Alabama. In grave peril, at third down and plenty to go, far too near his own goal, he fell back into a deep-shotgun set, and as Alabamians swarmed in to overturn him before he could launch a despairing pass, he instead let fly with a quick kick that put the ball eighty more yards away from his goal.



LAST fall, this department was rather taken by Sweitzer, the freshman quarterback pressed into service by his coach, at the University of Connecticut, as—in addition—a runner-back of punts. This fall, Sweitzer has a sufficiency of teammates to allow him to be just quarterback, and last Saturday, up at West Point, he had another pretty good afternoon, even though Army managed to come out ahead, at 26-10. Connecticut and Army are, because of their scheduling, often required to play way over their heads, and to use freshmen to plug the holes that pop up interminably. They play good, hard football, laced with the fumbles and broken plays and wrong turns that are concomitants of the sport on a human, uncomputerized level. On Saturday, it was possible to enjoy, in unpartisan fashion, the work of Mulrane, the persevering Army quarterback, and Sweitzer, his opposite number; to enjoy the fine punting and the fine kicking of field goals; to enjoy watching Connecticut shift defensive formations after plays had been sent in from the Army sidelines; to enjoy Hill, who ran as fiercely against Connecticut as he had in so many lost causes last fall; to enjoy the sturdy performance of Walton, on defense for Connecticut. The one disappointment was the nonappearance of Pruitt, Army's new, five-foot-seven, hundred-and-forty-five-pound flanker back. It is nice to know that in a world in which "football" is too often spelled "G-o-l-i-a-t-h" there are still Davids waiting in the wings.

—J. W. L.

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JAZZ

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THE BOB BROOKMEYER SMALL BAND
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A CONTINUOUS and often beautiful celebration of melodic improvisation, carried out by the leader on valve trombone, Jack Wilkins on guitar, and Michael Moore on bass, with the excellent Joe LaBarbera on drums. The recording, which has presence and clarity, was done a little over a year ago at Sandy's Jazz Revival, a night club in Beverly, Massachusetts, and it is made up of fifteen numbers, ten of them standards and the rest originals or reworkings of standards by Brookmeyer, Andy Laverne, and Art Koenig. Melodic improvisation—as opposed to abstract improvisation—comes in several weights. The lightest is embellishment. The player alters the melody subtly, as if he were translating it into another language, by adding grace notes, subtracting notes, rearranging rhythms, and applying his particular timbres. Variation is a fussier form of embellishment. Sometimes the melody vanishes altogether and the player becomes as important as the melody itself. Total improvisation, the rarest of the lot, is just that: the player, using either the melody or the chords of the tune as bedrock, builds a new and far more complex melody. If the original song is a winter tree, total improvisation is a July tree. Brookmeyer is a master of all three forms of improvisation, but he concentrates here on the first and last. His masterly embellishments are evident on "Sweet and Lovely," "Some Day My Prince Will Come," and "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To." The total improviser does his vanishing trick on "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Body and Soul," and "I Can't Get Started." His rebuilding of the three is complete; there is no way of knowing what the original melody is without being told. Brookmeyer is a brilliant but puzzling musician who has just returned from a long exile on the West Coast. His one fault is that he won't let the listener alone. He plays him to death. He is a lyricist, but he buries his poems in notes, smears, arpeggios, in a kind of anti-

sisy bravado. It is instructive to compare Brookmeyer with Jimmy Knepper. Both are middle-aged, second-generation beboppers, but Knepper has become an aphorist while Brookmeyer is still an explainer. Wilkins, in his thirties, is a superlative guitarist who, like Jim Hall, is not hemmed in by his instrument. He likes to get off figures that suggest pianists or saxophonists or trumpeters. He uses a full tone and he prefers the upper registers. He values silence and he has a good sense of dynamics. He is a wild melodist. He will throw a cluster of notes into the high register, make them ring, fill the space after them with silence, and dive into his lowest register, touching each octave as he falls past. Then he will suddenly ascend and strike more bells urgently and repeatedly, and go into driving, heavy Django Reinhardt chords, which give way to more silence and curling, meditative middle-register single notes. His rhythmic attack accents his melodic freshness and independence. He shadows his notes, rides in front of them, and dots their "i"s. He and Michael Moore

work together consummately. Moore's improvisations, often done in *his* high registers, are pure and lofty. Without resorting to any of the devices fashionable among young bassists (singsong notes, wooden tone, needless scale-running), he has perfected a melodic improvisation that has been forwarded, bit by bit, over the past twenty-five years by Oscar Pettiford and Charles Mingus and Scott La Faro. Moore plays over half a dozen solos on the album, and all are superior. The album marks the first time in recent years that Moore has been heard properly and at length on records. As is generally the custom on "live" recordings, the applause has been retained between the numbers. It's a silly practice.

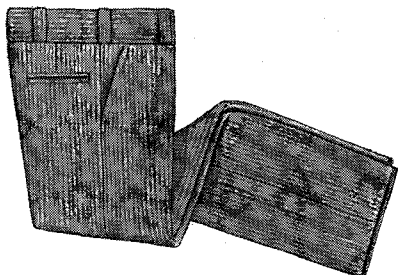
THE TRUMPET ALBUM (Savoy SJL 2237).

THE trumpeters on the earlier of the two sessions reissued here (1955) are Joe Wilder, Donald Byrd, Ray Copeland, Ernie Royal, and Idrees Sulieman (with a rhythm section of Hank Jones, Wendell Marshall, and Kenny Clarke), and those on the second, made two years later, are Royal, Shorty Baker, Emmett Berry, Art Farmer, and Charlie Shavers (with a rhythm section of Don Abney, Mar-



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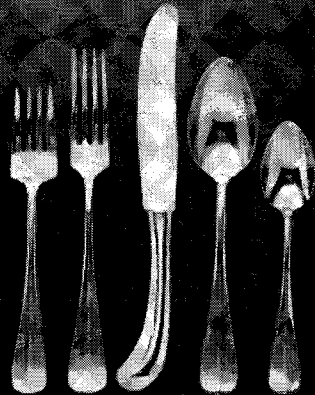
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shall, and Bobby Donaldson). The arrangements for both dates were by Ernie Wilkins, who was much involved at the time with Count Basie's shiny aluminum big band. Two similar all-trumpet sessions unavoidably loom over these. The first, done in Paris in 1937, had Bill Coleman, Bill Dillard, and Shad Collins (plus Dickie Wells on trombone), and a relentless rhythm section built around Django Reinhardt. The three trumpeters, ignited by the mercurial Coleman, roared and exulted, and Reinhardt was a locomotive. Their "Bugle Call Rag" has never been surpassed. The second session, done in New York seven years later, included Roy Eldridge, Emmett Berry, and Joe Thomas, backed by Johnny Guarnieri, Israel Crosby, and Cozy Cole. Eldridge, ever aquiver for a challenge, played as if possessed, and Thomas and Berry reacted by shifting into a serene legato attack. Eldridge hurtled and they rowed, and the results were a superb draw. (The two ten-inch 78s that the three trumpeters made on the old Keynote label have never been reissued in this country.) The Savoy sessions are somewhat glossy, but there are good passages. It is a treat to hear Wilder, who remains largely out of sight in the studios. He is a matchless player with an enveloping tone and an easy, steplike way of improvising. And it is a pleasure to hear Baker and Farmer, with their soft sound and polite, graceful phrasing. Berry, though, isn't his usual abrasive, swinging self, and Shavers, who liked to be silvery and explosive when no one was looking, doesn't have enough space. Copeland, Sulieman, and Byrd are agreeable post-bebop players, but it isn't clear why Royal was included in both sessions. He never says much, even though he says it in every imaginable way.

JAY McSHANN: THE BIG APPLE BASH (Atlantic SD 8804).

McSHANN is a middling Kansas City-oriented blues pianist and singer who once listened closely to Pete Johnson and led a band in the early forties which included the fledgling Charlie Parker. This record is an attempt to gussy him up with clever arrangements and out-of-the-ordinary soloists (Gerry Mulligan, John Scofield, Herbie Mann) and material (Duke Ellington's "Blue Feeling" and Count Basie's "Dickie's Dream"). It was done in the summer of 1978, when McShann was at Michael's Pub with a hot group that included Hal Ashby on tenor saxophone, Jack Six on bass, and Joe Morel-

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lo on drums. How fine simply to have recorded them, since they were a working group and since the marvellous Morello had just come out of semi-retirement! This belated wish brings to mind another: Doc Cheatham, who plays better as he gets older (he is in his seventies), is on four tracks here, and he is long overdue for his own full-scale album. His recent duet recording with Sammy Price didn't work, and his classic duet with Shorty Baker, done almost twenty years ago, has long been out of print.

AIR: OPEN AIR SUIT; AIR: MONTREUX SUISSE; and AIR: LORE (Arista Novus AN 3002, 3008, 3014).

AIR is made up of Henry Threadgill on reeds and hubkaphone, Fred Hopkins on bass, and Steve McCall on drums, and it is still another offshoot of the inexhaustible Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. Like the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Air relies on subtle racial humor and on collective abstract improvisation. Its endlessly turning wheels throw off showers of timbres and textures: Threadgill plays baritone saxophone, making Queen Mary honks, while Hopkins plays wild arco figures and McCall bounces from tomtom to tomtom; Threadgill plays flute and Hopkins supplies delicate pizzicato runs while McCall sallies through his cymbals with wire brushes; Threadgill plays his hubkaphone, which consists of a dozen or so hubcaps strung out on a kind of drying rack, and Hopkins and McCall go into furious Afro-Cuban rhythms. "Open Air Suit" and "Lore" were made in studios in 1978 and 1979, and "Montreux Suisse" was recorded at the 1978 Montreux Jazz Festival. Threadgill plays flute, and alto, tenor, and baritone saxophones on the first, which has four studied pieces. They are described this way on the back of the album: "'Open Air Suit' was cut and designed for Air as a five piece suit. Whereby from a customized viewpoint Air was considered, however it was conceived as something that Air would have to fit itself up to or rather into. As a piece each person had to play a hand on the basis of what they had in their hand, secondly on the basis of what was possibly open. Remembering at all times never to photograph one's entire position or game plan prematurely." "Lore" is a conservative, somewhat puzzling investigation of Jelly Roll Morton ("Buddy Bolden's Blues" and "King Porter Stomp") and Scott Joplin ("The Ragtime Dance"), and the approach is

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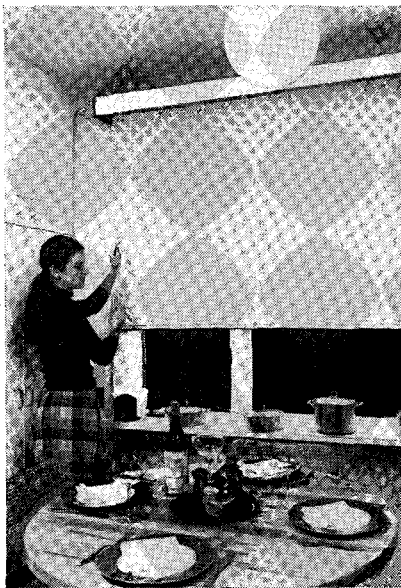
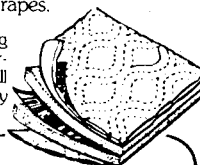
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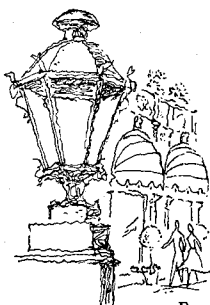
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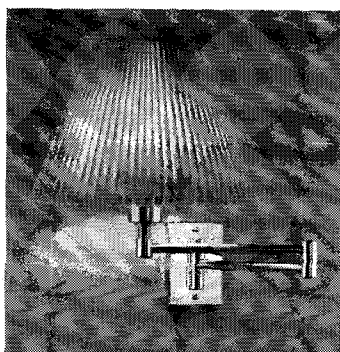


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either gently parodic or *almost* straightforward (Threadgill does some fine embellishing), so that one doesn't know whether to laugh at the old-timey music or weep at its suggested beauty. Perhaps Air started out laughing and discovered they had made a mistake. The group is firmly on its own ground in the festival recording. "Let's All Go Down to the Footwash" has an Ornette Coleman melody, and "Abra" is an abstract blues. The fifteen-minute "Suisse Air" is largely Threadgill bonk-bonking on his hubkaphone, with Hopkins and McCall supplying a lot of Afro-Cuban rattling. It achieves considerable momentum but near the end is blown to smithereens when Threadgill picks up his baritone.

ELLIS LARKINS: A SMOOTH ONE (Classic Jazz 145).

THIS is the first solo piano album Larkins has released since the fifties. (The marathon tapes done by the publicist Eddie Anderson some six or seven years ago remain unedited in Larkins' New York apartment.) There are five standards and one Larkins original, and he idles much of the way. His magic piano sound—pearls on velvet, feathers on marble—is only suggested, and so is his sly, inward style, with its short-arrow runs, treading-water chords, and rock-a-bye rhythms. Recorded in Paris two years ago with George Duvivier on bass and J. C. Heard on drums, both of whom frequently rest Larkins.

DON BYAS—BUD POWELL (Columbia 35755).

A MELANCHOLY but invaluable session, made in Paris in 1961 and, according to Gary Giddins' liner notes, "exposed to light for the first time." In this country? Anywhere? If so, why? Idrees Sulieman is added on four of the nine numbers, and the rhythm section is Pierre Michelot on bass and Kenny Clarke on drums. Byas is fluent, even eloquent, and Powell's broken, running single-note lines glitter, but there are few surprises. Both men, so brilliant in the forties, give the impression that they had been here before many times, and, anyway, who cared? They were out of fashion in their own country, and had become taken for granted in Europe, where they lived. But here is the great Byas, the most accomplished (with Ben Webster) of Coleman Hawkins' progeny; and here is Powell, whose work lights the playing of every modern pianist. Byas died at fifty-nine, in 1972, and Powell at forty-one, in 1966.

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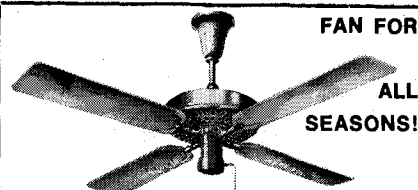


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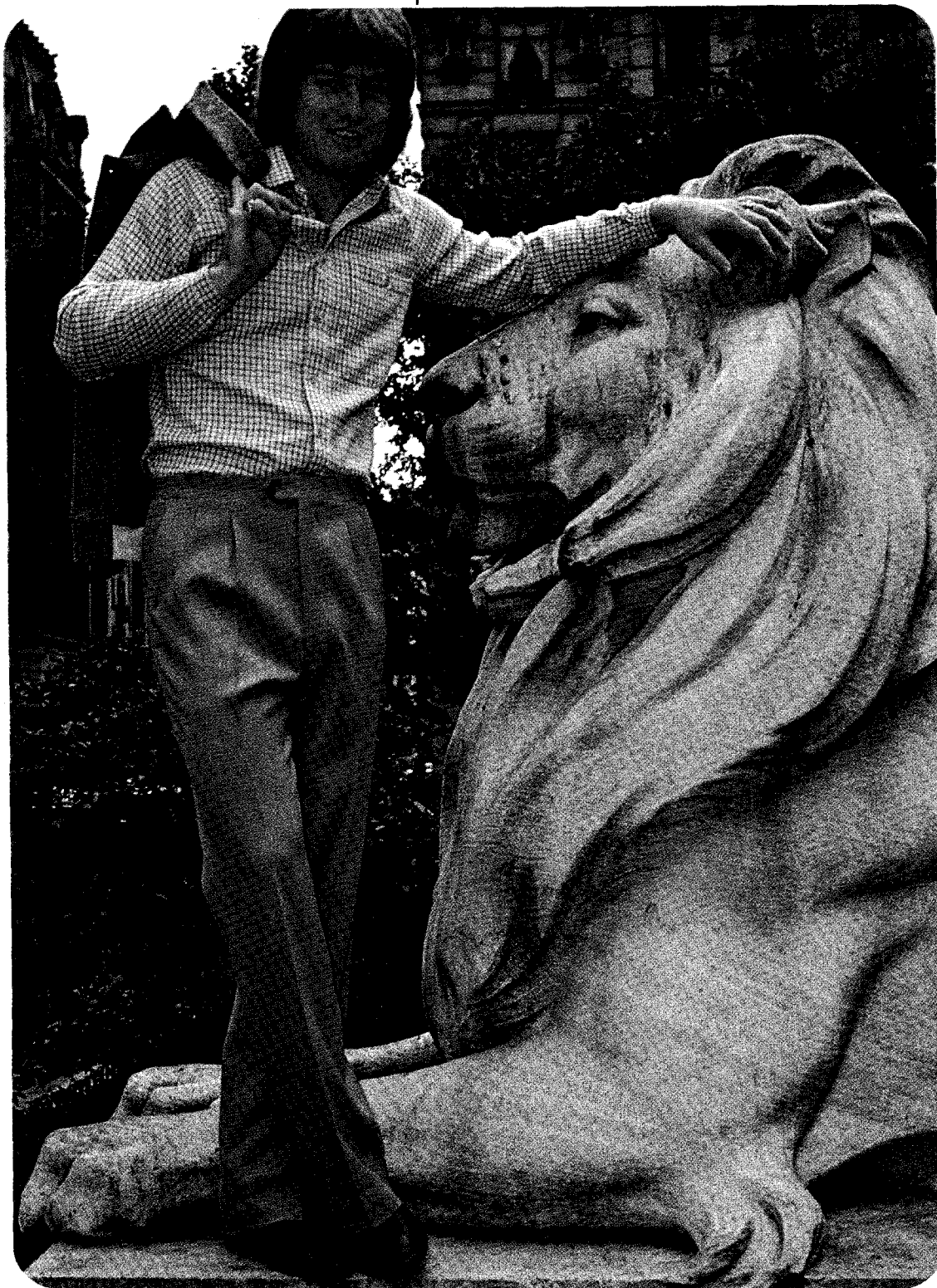
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BOOKS

Bloomsbury

IT is one thing to write a cradle-to-grave biography of a man of genius and to bring to the surface the psychological forces that seemed to form him, as Leon Edel did in his five-volume life of Henry James, a masterpiece of the biographer's art. It is quite another to evoke the interlocking lives of a group like "Bloomsbury," in which there are two geniuses and many talents—all individual, though united in their beliefs and tastes, and who die, variously, in youth, their middle years, or extreme old age, outside the biographer's convenience. Another pattern is necessary, and here Mr. Edel succeeds again. "Bloomsbury: A House of Lions" (Lippincott; \$12.95) is by far the most instructed and graceful book we have had on a subject that has attracted many partial theorists.

The "Bloomsburys" hated to be called a "group": the word seemed to them to deny the diversity of their gifts and, at best, merely to describe the passing novelty of their manners or to suggest a coterie's preoccupation with power. With his taste for playing the part of the Devil, Lytton Strachey mocked, and called his dear friends "the gang." Virginia Woolf evaded the word by a leap into fantasy and called them all "the zoo." David Garnett, of the younger generation, more aptly speaks of them as "a circle of loving friends." Since they did obtain considerable power and influence in the arts and in manners, and even became a political force, Mr. Edel thinks they cannot wriggle out of the title, though in their private, and even their public, lives, he is half inclined to think of them as what a later generation would call a "commune." They were not promiscuous in their androgynous love affairs, their "sarabands of love;" they were distinctly decorous, perhaps spiritual, bohemians. They were not sloppy or incompetent. Divorce did not occur. They liked creature comforts. In their adventures, the members of "inner" Bloomsbury stuck to their class, though with some veering toward the aristocracy, whom in many ways (as Osbert Sitwell once said) they displaced in setting the tone of manners. They knew that artistic and intellectual pursuits required stability. If there were out-and-out hedonists among them, all worked hard—as hard as the conventional Victorians against whose ethos they scornfully rebelled.

Mr. Edel's book was planned fifteen

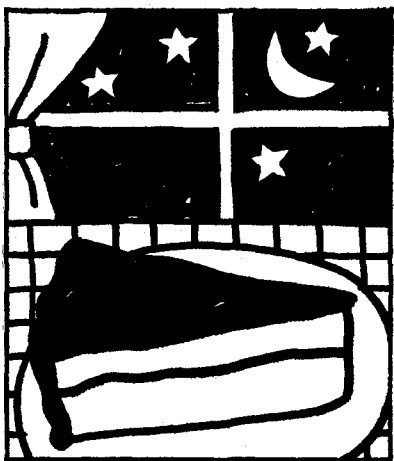
or twenty years ago, long before the present Bloomsbury boom began. He had seen himself writing a collection of separate biographical essays in the manner of Strachey's "Eminent Victorians," in part because the essay is a delightful form, naturally free of academic exigencies. Happily, he gave up: he lacked Strachey's very English bent for the murderous word and the mocking roll of the eye. Also, Mr. Edel was still toiling with Henry James. A vast number of intimate Bloomsbury letters, diaries, and recollections have appeared since those days. Solid lives of Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, and Maynard Keynes have been published. Leonard Woolf wrote the five volumes of his full and candid autobiography. More than a collection of isolated essays was required. Mr. Edel saw that he would have to interweave. He would be loyal to the facts, but the task called for certain gifts of the novelist—not the dubious ones of novelizing biographers, who invent scenes and unlikely dialogue and impose a plot. For Mr. Edel, narrative is foreshortened but psychological examination expands. His task, he says, was like stringing beads—one picks them up one by one and rearranges

them as character and relationships change or fate alters them, until the last bead brings them harmoniously together. As the best novelists do, Mr. Edel speaks for his people; he has a sound judgment of their gifts. He is candid about their follies and natures—as, indeed, on principle they were themselves. Privileged though not wealthy members of the British upper class, they were self-confident, independent, sometimes arrogant, even downright rude, and had their snobberies. Their parentage was, variously, generals with surprising intellectual hobbies, colonial servants, distinguished scholars; there is a notable lawyer, a newly rich squire. All were insiders except Leonard Woolf, the Jew, and Roger Fry, the Quaker, whose family had been famous for generations of good works. The young were united by the spell of Cambridge humanism—Kings and Trinity, the most distinguished of colleges, had formed them, as they had so many of those who had openly or discreetly ruled England for hundreds of years. From this enchanted society at that time, women like Virginia Stephen and her sister Vanessa were excluded, but they caught something of the dream from their parents and brothers. Vir-



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ginia's university was her famous father's study; Vanessa's was the Slade. The assurance of Great Britain was at its peak when they were all born, in the seventies and eighties. In that assurance lay the tradition of independence of mind and the rights of criticism and liberal reform to which privilege gave a special power. To question all beliefs and habits, to create a new ethos, different from the Victorian, would seem quite personally their obligation if it occurred to them. It did.

Mr. Edel brings the hopeful youth of his very intelligent and talkative people delightfully to life. He moves the tangle to middle age when success, tragedy, or disillusion has come to them. (Their stories are well known.) They have often been denounced as a mutual-admiration society—and a scheming one—unduly preoccupied with personal relationships, with the decorative, and with androgynous love and a class consciousness that set them apart from the vulgar world outside. Yet the two geniuses—Maynard Keynes and the Woolfs—had distinctive public influence. Keynes' power as an economist was international. Virginia Woolf was important to modern feminism. Leonard Woolf was eminent in his laborious investigational work for the Labour Party and in his advice on international labor problems during the founding of the League of Nations. If he had stayed on in the Colonial Service in Ceylon, he would almost certainly have ended as a colonial governor, for he had a ruling mind. Lytton Strachey altered the course of biography in his time; Roger Fry and Duncan Grant brought Post-Impressionism to England; Desmond MacCarthy became the foremost English Man of Letters; and if the masterful Vanessa seems to modern critics uneven as a painter, she did some fine portraits.

When we ask for criticism of the beliefs that united the circle, we find them doing it themselves, later on in their lives. Characteristically, in their cult of devastating candor, they formed a Memoir Club, where they were sometimes outspoken, even scandalous, about themselves, regarding silence as sin and touchiness as a distemper. D. H. Lawrence (who was, of course, outside the circle, the son of a miner) had denounced them and said each was "cased . . . in a hard little shell of his own." He said they merely talked endlessly—"but endlessly." Wyndham Lewis detested them, and satirized them in "The Apes of God;" among the painters, Walter Sickert and Mark

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Gertler mocked and mimicked from outside. Leavis thought them all trivial. But, as Virginia Woolf said, they had grown up in an age of conversation not unlike that of Dr. Johnson. Maynard Keynes, a successful financier in middle age, addressed the Club with hard words, and Mr. Edel, in the last chapter of his book, very cleverly uses this as a happier alternative to the oration at the graveside. Keynes said that when they were all young and under the influence of G. E. Moore's "Principia Ethica," they had been too entranced by abstractions, such as the Good and the Beautiful. Now he asked:

How did one compare the value of a good state of mind which had bad consequences with a bad state of mind which had good consequences? ... Was there a separate objective standard of beauty? ... Were all truths equally good to pursue and contemplate? ... We were disposed to repudiate very strongly the idea that useful knowledge could be preferable to useless knowledge.

Hadn't they all "enjoyed supreme self-confidence, superiority and contempt towards all the rest of the unconverted world"? Keynes now felt that "it was hardly a state of mind which a grown-up person in his senses could sustain literally." To be sure, Mr. Edel adds, "the 'Moorist' air had been purer and sweeter than the air they now breathed—that of Freud-cum-Marx. What Moore had *not* done for them—or they hadn't done for themselves—was to make them aware that there was a distinction between 'goodness as an attribute of states of mind and rightness as an attribute of actions.'" What they had done, Keynes said, was to overlook, and even repudiate, "customary morals, conventions, and traditional wisdom.... We recognised no moral obligation upon us, no inner sanction, to conform or to obey. Before heaven we claimed to be our own judge in our own case." The formidable author of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" and the revolutionary "General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money" could be as poetic in his fantasy as Virginia Woolf herself:

I can see us as water spiders, gracefully skimming, as light and as reasonable as air, the surface of the stream without any contact at all with the eddies and currents beneath.

There was an artist in the notoriously rude economist: he spoke of a "peculiar ecstasy" in "feeling his mind working smoothly and imaginatively" on complex problems. During official meetings, he amused himself by looking for

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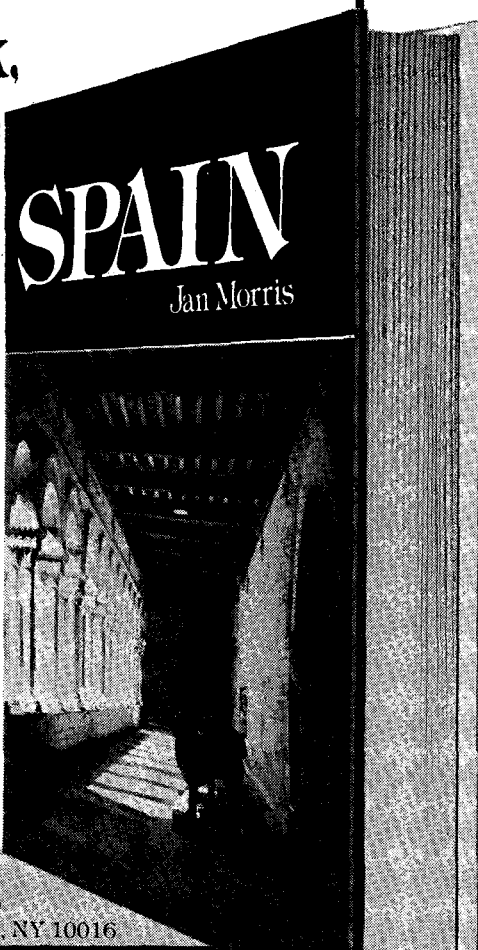
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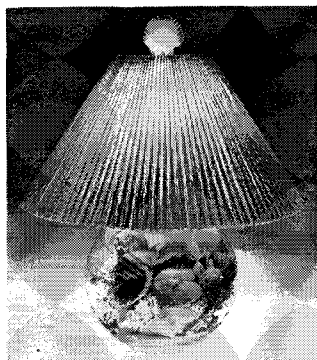
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clues to the characters of Clemenceau and Woodrow Wilson in their hands, and even their fingernails. It was a bad sign that Clemenceau sat on his hands and wore gloves.

In the next generation, Quentin Bell—the son of Clive and Vanessa—was to write that in art his father and Roger Fry had stressed form at the expense of content, had "allowed Post-Impressionism to degenerate into something wholly frivolous and fashionable," and had "acquiesced in a social system which [they] knew to be wrong." But he puts the movement in its historical perspective when he says that Bloomsbury was "conscious, deeply conscious of the dark irrational side of life but absolutely convinced of the necessity of holding fast to reason, charity and good sense." Mr. Edel adds that they were like Fabian reformers—sheltered optimists, far removed from realities that were known to the working classes and that had formed the genius of Lawrence.

Mr. Edel is delicate and tender in his psychological perceptions, where biographers have lately been too ready to treat people as mechanisms. Bloomsbury—both those who were pacifists and those who were not—first saw the jungle creep in during the 1914 war. As a stretcher-bearer, Desmond MacCarthy saw the blood and mud of the trenches, and his long letters describing his experiences are certainly not the work of a water spider. They are the most forceful utterances in the book. Keynes faced the Germans at the Armistice negotiations in Paris and at Versailles. If we turn to private life, Leonard Woolf had seen and feared nature's jungle in Ceylon as a young man and had been schooled there in the need "to be absolute master of himself so as to cope with the violence of life, such as presiding at a hanging in the colonies or rescuing his wife from the abyss of madness." He had the "ancient" quality of the Jewish race and had the reputation of being a severe judge. He was to become deeply pessimistic and more rationally drastic in mind. He thought Keynes worldly and wrong in politics but was on Keynes' side in regarding "free and unguarded talk as useless as a medicine"—Virginia's strength and weakness. He regarded "copulation"—the vogue word for the sexual act among intellectuals of the time—as a mere passing frenzy. There was an artist in him, as we know from his autobiography. This is revealed also in his young love of Virginia, whom he saw as an idealized Aspasia—for him no courtesan

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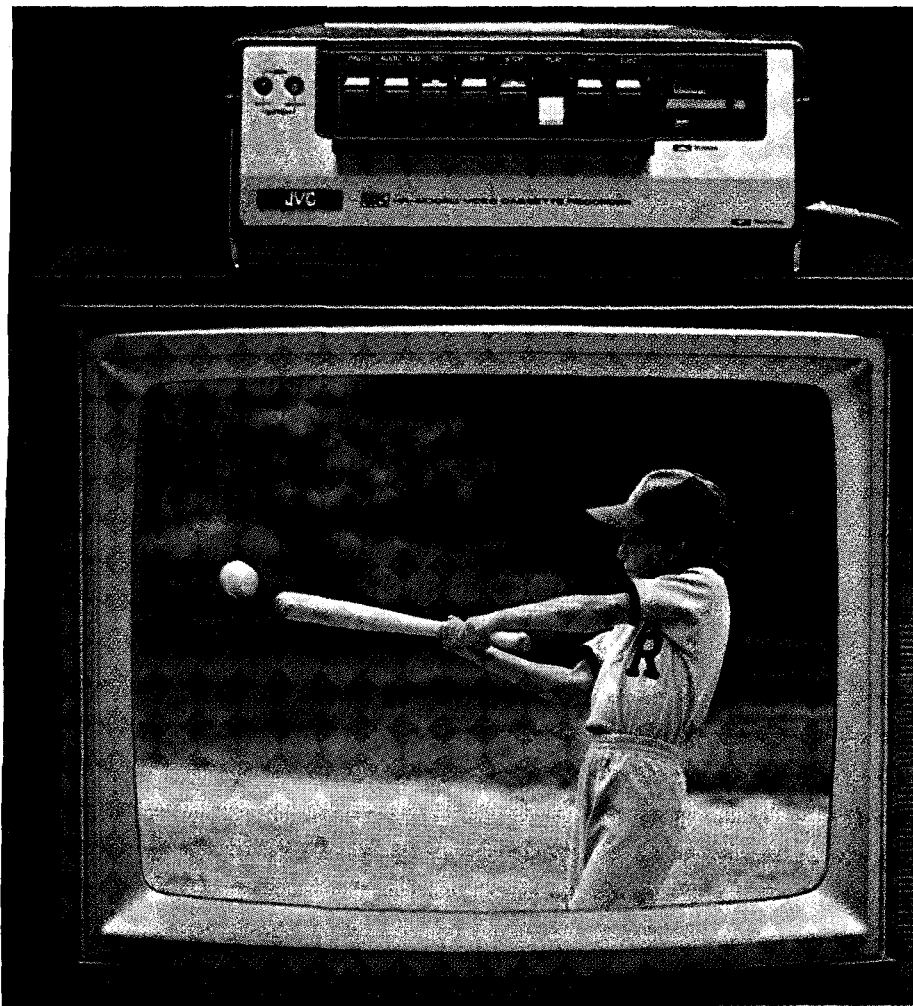
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but as exalted, cold, and remote as rock. "You mean," said Virginia sharply, "not loveable?" In his old age, one saw most clearly the artist in the boyish raillery fluttering in his penetrating eyes, in his humor as his soft and classic Bloomsbury voice argued and serenely dismissed his opponents as "mad, quite mad."

We see Duncan Grant, all instinct, vivacity, and play right into his nineties, and, like the rampantly sexual Lytton Strachey, who died long before, untroubled by his homosexuality. The frail and odd-looking Strachey exploited his comic appearance; dressed as a girl by his mother when he was young, he became a male who mothered his lovers. (However, one must add here that dressing up little boys was a common fond Victorian practice and generally had no decisive influence on their later sexual lives.) Roger Fry was inspiring and then oppressive in his encyclopedic knowledge of the arts. Clive Bell, the wit, voluptuary, and hunting man, hunted in love, fashionable society, and aesthetic theory. MacCarthy was the "conversational minstrel" and "time-deluded Irishman," though, with French and German blood in him, melancholy when alone; he charmed an audience anywhere, even strangers in a shop, who, bewitched, crowded round him as he left. And the women, Vanessa and Virginia? They are well known to us through Virginia's superb diaries and Quentin Bell's biography: Vanessa Bell the dominant manager and mother, uninterested in fame, warm and bold in her love affairs, violently opposed to Keynes' eventual marriage to the dancer Lydia Lopokova, long jealous of Virginia's early, frigid flirtation with Clive Bell; and Virginia jealous of Vanessa's motherhood but far more disturbed by the griefs of childhood and the sexual fumbblings of a half brother than Vanessa was. The tragedies that put their stamp on Virginia were the early deaths of her mother and a half sister and the death of her adored brother Thoby.

Mr. Edel follows the interweaving of the minds, hearts, and lives of these people who were at the high point of a civilization that would be violently changed once more, and dated, by the next war; but he goes far below the surface of what has often been mocked as gossip or a high-class "Peyton Place," in which Leonard loves Virginia's mind, Clive marries Vanessa and woos Virginia, Vanessa discards Roger and loves Duncan, who was loved by Lytton and Maynard. For Lytton, Virginia "had that curious love which

springs up between a homosexual and a woman because they are comfortable with one another in a nonsexual way." Mr. Edel understands the heritage: all were united by love that, because of their principles, was not allowed to be broken by jealousies, whatever stresses they undoubtedly felt; nor were their talents paralyzed or dispersed. Why not? They perceived the strange underground of our natures as we now grant feelings once not admitted. If the group was incestuous morally, we are now aware of impulses often disguised:

Bloomsbury had broken barriers and had discovered for itself the nature of androgyny; above all, it had understood the relationship between love and sex, whereas the Victorians had tried to bury sex as if it didn't exist. They had shown that sex could be freed of its Victorian guilt and shame. And they had shown that private lives need not interfere with public lives. The two hedonists, Desmond, who tended to be asexual, and Clive, who tended to exaggerate his masculinity, might have been thought to be voluptuaries and epicureans, but something within impelled them to work hard in the margin of their pleasures. Lytton had disciplined himself in spite of his amatory nature. . . . Virginia had a lifetime of discipline, she who outside the linked chain of Bloomsbury's loves needed more love than she could give.

And so Mr. Edel's own transatlantic love affair with Bloomsbury ends, leaving us to make up our minds about their works and to read elsewhere of their old age, but placing the circle in English history, leaving them before the jungle came closer, as Leonard sat down to write "Downhill All the Way." Since those days, the jungle has reached our doorstep.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

SHADOW OF THE MOON, by M. M. Kaye (St. Martin's; \$12.95). If officials of the British East India Company had heeded reports that their greedy program of annexation was enraging the native population (instead of dismissing the reports as the delusions of unpatriotic cowards), the Indian Mutiny of 1857 might have been averted, or at least confined to a military conflict. Instead, hundreds of English women and children, repeatedly assured that there was no need for precautions, were among the first to be surprised and slaughtered by frenzied rioters. M. M. Kaye's novel about this shameful catastrophe centers on a farsighted, if hotheaded, aide to the

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corpulent, cowardly Commissioner of Lunjore, and also features the Commissioner's restive young wife, a sultry beauty of Anglo-Spanish stock. This spirited pair increasingly intrude upon each other's thoughts as their concern for appearances is eclipsed by the more pressing matter of simple survival. "Shadow of the Moon" is not a sequel to Mrs. Kaye's "The Far Pavilions," published last year (which focussed on the years between the Mutiny and the Afghan War, twenty years later), and it is thus happily free of the troubles to which sequels often fall prey.

GENERAL

VOLTAIRE, by Jean Orieux, translated from the French by Barbara Bray and Helen R. Lane (Doubleday; \$15.95). Stagestruck his whole life long, Voltaire made his reputation writing plays that now seem unreadable and unplayable, while his prose works, often published surreptitiously, remain forever young—French classical writing at its most effective and most enchanting. Everything Voltaire did was outsize: his jests became great works, and his petty quarrels international feuds. His shrewdness and his generosity were equally immense, and his contradictions were enormous: his search for social acceptance entailed a lifelong drive for royal recognition, but he was unable to curb his ebullience and wit sufficiently to succeed as a courtier. Orieux gives us a thoughtful, beautifully modelled biography. The man we find—a combination of paradox and passion, a forger of a new morality who half concealed it in the iridescence of his comedy—is already familiar in English translation as George Bernard Shaw. The issues that roused the two men are no longer alive, but their works survive the "relevance" of their eras because of their artistic effectiveness.

SO SWEET TO LABOR: RURAL WOMEN IN AMERICA, 1865-1895, edited by Norton Juster (Viking; \$16.95). An anthology of writing by, about, and for late-nineteenth-century farm women. The cash-crop work done by men has been more extensively documented than the support jobs done by women—such as feeding the small armies called out to help with the harvest—and in his excellent introduction Mr. Juster explains that he did not grasp the amount and variety of work required to hold a farm together until

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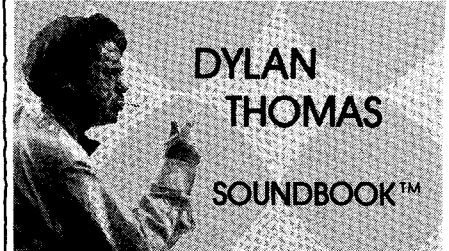
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he moved to one. He then began to take an interest in our rural past, and in the people whose lives were absorbed in the tasks that he and his family were learning. He comments that he was "struck by the amount that [farm] people knew and appalled at the amount they *had* to know"—how to make red ink, pot cheese, and potpourri; how to overcome deafness; what to do in emergencies like swallowing a wasp. His selections—poems, essays, contemporary illustrations—demonstrate immense physical changes (for example, labor-saving devices) and some irritating continuities, among them the apparently unbreakable literary tradition of writing down to women.

THORNTON WILDER: HIS WORLD, by Linda Simon (Doubleday; \$10.95). Because the author tries to account for all the elements in her subject's makeup (his beaming, avuncular good nature, his vein of childlike submissiveness, his personal and professional generosity, his continent-hopping restlessness, his ability to appear a social butterfly one moment and a naïve, ardent schoolteacher the next), this biography, without being anecdotal, gives a reasonably close view of one of the personally least tangible of our best-known writers. But her attitude toward Wilder's life and work has a homework-like perfunctoriness about it. Plopping, for instance, his homosexuality—hitherto a generally surmised but undiscussed aspect of his personality—into the stream of details, and musing on it for something less than a page, she makes it seem as if she could as easily be talking about a headache. Early in the narrative, the reader comes to want a grander, more deep-winded conception of the man who wrote those luminous, lyrically beautiful tapestries "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," "Our Town," and "The Eighth Day;" the still virtually unknown dark comedy of religious zeal "Heaven's My Destination;" and a handful of the most vibrant of all modern one-act plays.

PERSONS OF CONSEQUENCE: QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER CIRCLE, by Louis Auchincloss (Random House; \$17.95). If one had supposed there was nothing left to say about the formidable Queen and her court, one would have supposed wrong, for Mr. Auchincloss, as a novelist, is able to bring generations of councilors and advisers, from the young

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princess's governess, Baroness Lehzen, to the aged empress's last Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, to new life, along with Victoria herself. Although "Victorian" has been used to signify sexual repressiveness, the personalities of Victorians ran riot in every other respect, and practically everybody in the book is an instance of individuality or eccentricity that is exceptionally diverting and perhaps, in what appears to be our more conforming age, enviable.

BALTHUS, by Jean Leymarie (Skira/Rizzoli; \$100). This artist (whose real name is Count Balthazar Klossowski de Rola) is a problem. For his admirers, his paintings are magical, many-sided objects: pieces of representational art that hold their own in an age of abstraction; knowing raids on many past historical styles; images (often of young girls caught at a drowsy, dimly understood moment when they begin to be aware of themselves as sexual beings) that look like no other painter's and—Surrealistic in their dreamlike tensions and Old Masterish in their mysterious shifts of light and dark—appear both modern and old. For the rest of his audience, these same works seem to be no more than the sum of so many mannerisms; though graced by delicious, surprising passages, the paintings feel, ultimately, hollow and overrefined. Close in spirit to a Balthus (and to the pieces of provincial furniture that he uses as props in his tableaux), this book, the first on the artist, who is now in his early seventies, is an immense yet delicately crafted, elegantly understated production: not a record of all his pictures but a sampling—"essentially a magnificent album," as the author puts it. M. Leymarie's long essay is eloquent in spots, but it will not convert the dubious; fundamentally an attempt to set every aspect of the painter's life and each illustrated work on a cloud of cultural distinction, it has the blandness of an official, authorized portrait.

NOTE: "Disturbing the Universe," Freeman Dyson's reflections on his life and work in physics, has been published by Harper & Row (\$12.95). About half of the contents first appeared in these pages.

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